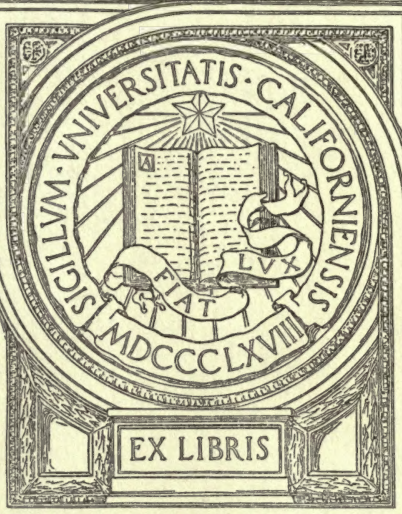
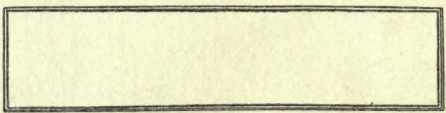






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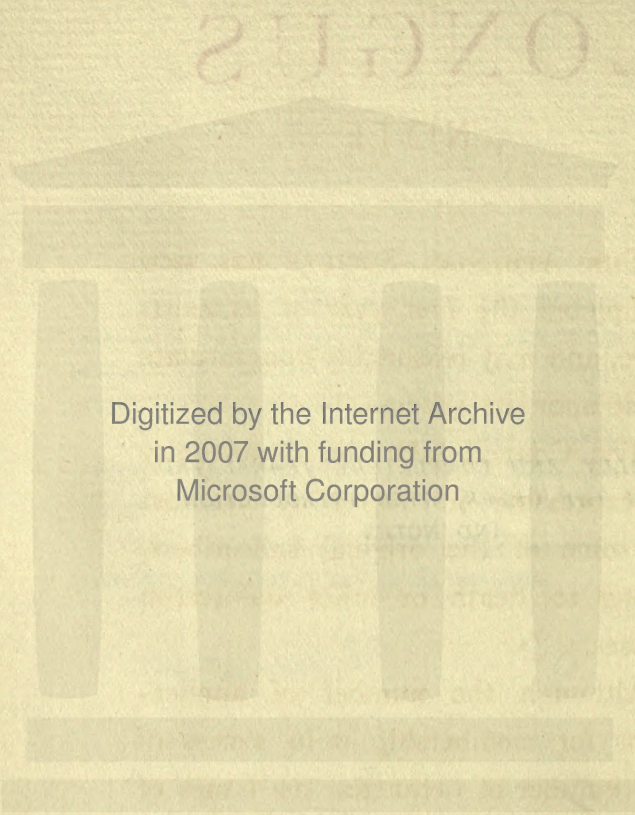
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LONGUS

LITERALLY AND COMPLETELY TRANSLATED
FROM THE GREEK, WITH INTRODUCTION
AND NOTES

ATHENS: PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR THE
ATHENIAN SOCIETY: MDCCCXCVI



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NOTE

THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY has now completed the first year of its existence, and may reasonably congratulate itself upon its success.

The Council take the opportunity of expressing its regret at the loss of some of the original subscribers, owing to death or other unforeseen causes.

Although the number of applications for membership is in excess of the number of vacancies, the issues of the Society will remain, as before, strictly limited to 250 copies.

It is worth observing that three times the original subscription price

has had to be paid for copies of the Society's publications to enable some collectors to make up complete sets.

The volumes which it is proposed to issue during the ensuing year will be produced in the same style and on the same lines as those already issued, but it is thought advisable to avoid issuing more than one portion of an author or authors in the same volume, so that each may be complete in itself.

The present issue contains the Greek Romance of Daphnis and Chloe, which has probably been translated more frequently and into more European languages than any other Greek author of its kind. It has had an interesting history, and it is hoped that the somewhat lengthy letter of Paul Louis Courier will be considered to repay the

trouble of reading it. It is extremely vivacious, and is full of genuine French *esprit* of the best literary kind, and gives a full account of the great literary dispute which was carried on for nearly a year in reference to the famous ink-blot on the Florentine MS.

The style of the Greek narrative is very simple, and quite intelligible to any ordinary English reader; there are no obscure allusions, and to have added notes where none were necessary would simply have increased the bulk of the book to an awkward size without any corresponding advantage.

The General Editor will in future attach considerable importance to the Bibliography of the works translated, in deference to the expressed wish of subscribers. It is hoped that the one

appended to the present volume will be found fairly exhaustive and complete, and that the references to other books and pamphlets bearing upon the subject will be useful to those who may desire to extend their knowledge of the Greek romance writers, as a whole, further than is possible within the limits of the present Introduction.

During the ensuing year it is proposed to issue a further portion of the inimitable LUCIAN ; another of the GREEK ROMANCES ; some select plays of ARISTOPHANES ; and a portion of an author of a more serious kind.

It is also proposed to found, on the same lines and for the same object, a Society, to be called THE ROMAN SOCIETY, and members of the Athenian Society know that the Latin authors

present a large field which has not been worked, and which will appeal strongly to the student. The names of JUVENAL, TERENCE, PLAUTUS, PETRONIUS ARBITER, and MARTIAL at once occur as authors who have rarely, if ever, been presented in a complete English dress. Full particulars will be announced in due course.

In conclusion, the Council of the Athenian Society begs to thank its members for their support, and hopes for a continuance of the same.

INTRODUCTION

NOTHING is known of Longus, or of the age in which he lived. Neither Photius, nor Suidas, nor any of his supposed contemporaries make any mention of him. It has been conjectured, however, that he was a native of Lesbos, and that he lived not later than the fourth or fifth century. Others are of opinion that he never existed at all, since a Greek writer, it is argued, could not have had a Latin name. The title of Sophist, or professional philosopher, is generally added to his name.

Daphnis and Chloe is the earliest

example of a pastoral romance, or indeed of fictitious prose narrative of any kind. This style of composition appears to have travelled westward to the Ionian Greeks, to have been adopted from them by Greek and Latin writers, and transmitted to modern times. "It is not in Provence, nor yet in Spain, as many suppose, that we are to look for the fatherland of those amusing compositions called Romances. It is in distant and far different climes to our own, and in the remote antiquity of vanished ages: it is among the people of the East, the Arabs, the Egyptians, the Persians, and the Syrians, that the germ and origin of this species of fictitious narrative is to be found, for which the peculiar genius and poeti-

cal temperament of those nations particularly adapt them. For even their ordinary discourse is interspersed with figurative expressions: and their maxims of theology and philosophy are invariably couched under the guise of allegory or fable. I need not here stay to enlarge upon the universal veneration paid throughout the East to the fables of Bidpai and to Lokman, the Aesop of the Greeks: and it is well known that the story of Isfendiyar, and of the daring deeds of the Persian hero Rustan are to this day more popular in those regions than the tales of Roland and Amadis de Gaul ever were with us. And so decidedly is Asia the parent of these fictions, that we shall find that nearly all those who in early times distinguished them-

selves as writers of what are now called "Romances" were of Oriental birth or extraction. Clearchus, a pupil of Aristotle, and the first who attempted anything of the sort, was a native of Soli in Cilicia: Iamblichus was a Syrian, as were also Heliodorus and Lucian. Achilles Tatius was an Alexandrian."¹ The first real novels of which we have any knowledge are the "Milesian Tales," short amatory narratives chiefly written in prose. They were characterised by extreme licentiousness. Although they have been lost, some idea of them may be formed from the stories of Parthenius of Nicaea, the tutor of Virgil. Amongst his *Ἑρωτικά Παθήματα*, or "tragical love-stories" are several in which the cha-

¹ Huet, *de Origine Fabularum Romanensium*.

racters are all Milesian, and seem to have been taken from the Milesian Tales. The beautiful fable of Cupid and Psyche, in the Golden Ass of Apuleius, is admittedly borrowed from them, and, probably, the story of the Ephesian Matron in Petronius Arbiter. We also find "Sybaritic Tales" mentioned in Aristophanes.

Previous to the age of Alexander the Great, the European Greeks seem to have attempted few works of this kind; but his conquests brought Greeks and Asiatics more closely together, and gave them access to the sources of fiction. Clearchus, one of Aristotle's pupils, wrote a history of fictitious love adventures, and seems to have been the first writer who distinguished himself in this manner.

Antonius Diogenes, who lived after the age of Alexander, wrote twenty-four books on "The Incredible Things beyond Thule," somewhat after the style of Sir John Mandeville's "Voyages in the Northern Seas," founded on the wandering adventures and amours of Dinias and Dercyllis. The idea of his work seems to have been taken from the Odyssey, and in fact many of the incidents seem to have been borrowed from it. An abridgment of the work is given by Photius, who praises it for its purity of style and the delightful variety of its adventures.

After this, there seems to have been a considerable interval of unproductiveness, as far as romances were concerned.

Lucius of Patrae, who lived during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, collected accounts of magical transformations: a considerable portion of his *Metamorphoses* was borrowed by Lucian, and incorporated in his *Λούκιος ἢ ὄνος*, "Lucius or the Ass," which in its turn furnished considerable material for the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius.

About this time Iamblichus (not the founder of the Syrian school of Neoplatonic philosophy, who lived some hundred years later) wrote his "*Babylonica*," relating the love-adventures of Rhodanes and Sinonis. We only possess an abstract of it by Photius.

About the second half of the third century, Heliodorus,¹ a pagan sophist,

¹ At one time erroneously identified with Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly.

born at Emesa in Phoenicia, wrote his *Aethiopica*, in ten books. It contains the strange story of Theagenes the Thessalian, and Chariclea, the daughter of the King of Aethiopia. It served as a model for most of the later Greek writers of romance, and may be classed with Longus's *Daphnis and Chloe* as one of the best specimens of this kind of literature in Greek antiquity. It is remarkable for original power, clear sketches of character, beauty of drawing, and moral intention: the style is pure, simple, and elegant.

We may next mention Achilles of Alexandria (generally known as Achilles Tatius), who wrote about 450 A.D. He was the author of the story of Cleitophon of Tyre and Leucippe of Byzan-

tium, two lovers who pass through a long series of adventures before they meet. In point of style, Achilles is said to excel Heliodorus, and all the other writers of Greek romance. His language has been especially commended for its conciseness, ease, and simplicity. Photius, the learned patriarch of Constantinople, says: "With regard to diction and composition, Tatius seems to me to excel. When he employs figurative language, it is clear and natural: his sentences are concise and clear, and such as by their sweetness greatly delight the ear."

We now come to Daphnis and Chloe, the first specimen, as has been already mentioned, of a *Pastoral* romance. A brief outline of the story may be given. Lamon, a goatherd, living near Mity-

lene, in the island of Lesbos, finds a male infant, exposed and being suckled by a goat, brings him up, and calls him Daphnis. Two years afterwards, his neighbour, the shepherd Dryas, finds a female infant being suckled by a ewe, takes her home, and calls her Chloe. The children, as they grow up, develop great beauty: when they are old enough, one tends the goats, and the other the sheep, and they fall in love with each other. Many incidents and adventures are then introduced, which have no actual connection with the final *dénouement*. At last, Dionysophanes, the proprietor of the estate which Lamon cultivates, comes to visit his property, with his wife Cleariste and his only son Astylus. Astylus asks his father to hand

Daphnis over to him as a slave, that he may give him to his parasite Gnathon, who has become enamoured of him. Lamon, in order to prevent this, then relates how he found Daphnis, and produces the clothes in which he was wrapped, and the other tokens, or *γνωρίσματα* (means of future recognition), which had been exposed at the same time as the child. Dionysophanes and Cleariste, by means of these, recognise Daphnis as their own son, whom they had exposed from motives of economy, at a time when they had three other children. Gnathon, alarmed at hearing who Daphnis really is, in order to recover his favour, rescues Chloe, whom Lampis, a cowherd, had carried off, while Daphnis was occupied with

his new parents. The lovers are greatly afraid lest they shall be separated; but Dryas, like Lamon, tells how he found Chloe, and exhibits the tokens left with her. Dionysophanes gives his consent to a marriage between the two; but first gives a feast, to which all the chief inhabitants of the city are invited, and displays Chloe's "tokens" to all the assembled guests: they are recognised by a certain Megacles, a rich man, who had exposed her in the days of his poverty, and is now greatly troubled because he has no heir. This naturally leads to everything being settled satisfactorily, and the marriage is celebrated on the following day.

The style in which Daphnis and Chloe is written, although it has been

censured on account of its frequent reiteration, sophistical plays upon words, and affected antithesis, is considered as the purest specimen of the later Greek language: the descriptions of rural scenery and rural occupations are very pleasing. But in some respects the romance is very defective. It displays little variety, except what arises from the vicissitude of the seasons. The courtship of Daphnis is in the last degree monotonous, and the conversations between the lovers extremely insipid. The mythological tales also are considered by some to be totally uninteresting (although this opinion does not seem to be altogether justified), and not very happily introduced.

Although mainly on chronological

grounds, it does not seem probable that Daphnis and Chloe was the *origin* of the pastoral drama; it bears a stronger resemblance to the more recent dramatic pastorals of Italy, which frequently turn upon the exposure of children, who, after being brought up as shepherds by reputed fathers, are discovered by their real parents by means of tokens fastened to them, or deposited by their side, when they were abandoned. There is also a considerable resemblance between the story of Daphnis and Chloe and that of the Gentle Shepherd, by Allan Ramsay. The work formed the model of the *Sireine* of Honoré d'Urfé, the *Diana* of Montemayor, and the *Aminta* of Tasso. Marmontel, in his *Annette* and *Lubin*,

has imitated the simplicity of the lovers of Longus, and the celebrated *Paul and Virginie* is an echo of the same story. But, of all modern writers, the author who has most closely followed this romance is Gessner, who, in his pastoral of *Daphnis*, exhibits the same poetical prose, rural descriptions, and the same innocence and simplicity on the part of the rustic characters.

The fragment of our author discovered by Courier in the library at Florence is here given in an Appendix. A brief account of the circumstances connected with it, which created a great stir in the learned world, may here be given. Courier, who had already visited Florence in 1808, paid a second visit there in the following year, and began to examine more

carefully the MS. which he had not previously had time to go through. He found it perfect, and copied about ten pages of Book I. which he knew were not found in any existing edition. Unhappily, just as at Strasburg, he emptied an inkpot, which he had mistaken for a sand-box, upon a splendid copy of Athenaeus, he smeared with ink one of the pages of the MS. and obliterated about twenty words. The librarian was furious, possibly also feeling aggrieved that he had been anticipated by Courier in the discovery of the fragment. Courier apologised for the mishap as follows: "The piece of paper, which was placed by mistake in the MS. to serve as a marker, was smeared with ink: I alone am to blame: I alone was guilty of this act

of carelessness." Nevertheless, guilty intentions were attributed to him, and a great disturbance arose. On the 10th of February, Courier wrote his letter to M. Renouard¹ who was in Florence at the time: "I will not allow you to be hung for me, and I am always ready to cry: *Me, me adsum qui feci*. When you please, I will declare that I alone made the fatal blot, and that I had no accomplices." On the 12th of March, he wrote to Firmin Didot: "I think you will not be sorry to know that there exists a complete Longus, and my translation, dry and slavish as it is, will give you an idea of what is missing in the printed copies. I am setting out for Rome, where I shall be able to see

¹ See the end of the present volume.

other MSS. of Longus. By comparing them with the copy of the one I have here, I shall perhaps have a text which will not be unworthy to find a place amongst yours. You might even do it still more honour, if you felt inclined to enliven with a few colours the rough draughts of my sketches made to illustrate the original." The edition was at last printed. The first impression was limited to 50 copies, which were offered to the most famous Greek scholars of France, Italy, and Germany. The authorities thought fit to interfere: the Minister of the Interior caused 27 copies of the translation to be seized, and Courier was ordered to leave Tuscany. The stir created by the affair lasted for nearly a year.

THE LITTLE BOY

THE LITTLE BOY

THE LITTLE BOY

THE LITTLE BOY

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE

ΛΟΓΓΟΥ ΣΟΦΙΣΤΟΥ
ΠΟΙΜΕΝΙΚΩΝ,
ΤΩΝ ΚΑΤΑ ΔΑΦΝΙΝ ΚΑΙ ΧΛΟΗΝ,

ΠΡΟΟΙΜΙΟΝ.

Ἐν Λέσβῳ θηρῶν, ἐν ἄλσει Νυμφῶν, θέαμα
εἶδον κάλλιστον ὧν εἶδον· εἰκόνα, γραφήν, ἱστο-
ρίαν ἔρωτος. Καλὸν μὲν καὶ τὸ ἄλσος, πολύ-
δενδρον, ἀνθηρὸν, κατάρρυτον· μία πηγὴ πάντα
ἔτρεφε, καὶ τὰ ἄνθη καὶ τὰ δένδρα· ἀλλ' ἡ
γραφὴ τερπνοτέρα, καὶ τέχνην ἔχουσα περιττήν,
καὶ τύχην ἐρωτικὴν· ὥστε πολλοὶ τῶν ξένων
κατὰ φήμην ἤεσαν, τῶν μὲν Νυμφῶν ἰκέται,
τῆς δὲ εἰκόνης θεαταί. Γυναῖκες ἐπ' αὐτῆς
τίκτουσαι, καὶ ἄλλαι σπαργάνοις κοσμοῦσαι

THE PASTORALS
OF
LONGUS THE SOPHIST,
OR,
DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

PREFACE.

WHILE hunting in a grove sacred to the Nymphs, in the island of Lesbos, I saw the most beautiful sight that I have ever seen: a picture representing a history of love. The grove itself was pleasant to the eye, covered with trees, full of flowers, and well-watered: a single spring fed both trees and flowers. But the picture itself was even more delightful: its subject was the fortunes of love, and the art displayed in it was marvellous: so that many, even strangers, who had heard it spoken of, visited the island, to pay their devotions to the Nymphs and examine the picture, on which were portrayed women in childbirth or wrapping children in swaddling-clothes, — poor babes exposed to the

παιδία ἐκκείμενα, ποιμένα τρέφοντα, ποιμένες
ἀναιρούμενοι, νέοι συντιθέμενοι, ληστῶν κατα-
δρομή, πολεμίων ἐμβολή.

Πολλὰ ἄλλα, καὶ πάντα ἐρωτικά, ἰδόντα με
καὶ θαυμάσαντα πόθος ἔσχεν ἀντιγράψαι τῇ
γραφῇ. Καὶ ἀναζητησάμενος ἐξηγητὴν τῆς
εἰκόνης, τέτταρας βίβλους ἐξεπονησάμην, ἀνά-
θημα μὲν Ἑρωτι, καὶ Νύμφαις, καὶ Πανὶ, κτῆμα
δὲ τερπνὸν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις, ὃ καὶ νοσοῦντα
ιάσεται, καὶ λυπούμενον παραμυθήσεται, τὸν
ἐρασθέντα ἀναμνήσει, τὸν οὐκ ἐρασθέντα
προπαιδέψει. Πάντως γὰρ οὐδεὶς Ἑρωτα
ἔφυγεν, ἢ φεύξεται, μέχρις ἂν κάλλος ᾖ, καὶ
ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέπωσιν· ἡμῖν δὲ ὁ θεὸς παράσχοι
σωφρονουσι τὰ τῶν ἄλλων γράφειν.

mercy of Fortune,—beasts of the flock nurturing them, shepherds taking them up in token of adoption, young people binding one another by mutual vows, pirates over-running the seas, and enemies invading the land.

Many other subjects, all of an amatory nature, were depicted, which I gazed upon with such admiration that I was seized with a desire to describe them in writing. Accordingly, I diligently sought for some one to give me an explanation of the details: and, when I had thoroughly mastered them, I composed the four following books, as an offering to Love, the Nymphs, and Pan, and also as a work that will afford pleasure to many, in the hope that it may heal the sick, console the sorrowful, refresh the memory of him who once has loved, and instruct him who has never yet felt its flame. For no one has yet escaped, or ever will escape, the attack of Love, as long as beauty exists and eyes can see. May God grant that, unharmed ourselves, we may be able to describe the lot of others!

ΛΟΓΟΣ ΠΡΩΤΟΣ.

Πόλις ἐστὶ Λέσβου, Μιτυλήνη, μεγάλη καὶ καλή· διείληπται γὰρ εὐρίποις, ἐπεισρεύσης τῆς θαλάττης, καὶ κεκόσμηται γεφύραις ξεστοῦ καὶ λευκοῦ λίθου. Νομίσεις οὐ πόλιν ὀράν ἀλλὰ νήσους. Ἀλλὰ ἐκ ταύτης τῆς πόλεως, τῆς Μιτυλήνης, ὅσον ἀπὸ σταδίων διακοσίων, ἀγρὸς ἦν ἀνδρὸς εὐδαίμονος, κτῆμα κάλλιστον· ὄρη θηροτρόφα, πεδία πυροφόρα, γήλοφοι κλημάτων, νομαὶ ποιμνίων· καὶ ἡ θάλαττα προσέκλυεν ἡϊόνι ἐκτεταμένη ψάμμω μαλθακῇ.

Ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἀγρῷ νέμων αἰπόλος, Λάμων τοῦνομα, παιδίον εὗρεν ὑπὸ αἰγὸς τρεφόμενον. Δρυμὸς ἦν, καὶ λόχμη βάτων, καὶ κιττὸς ἐπιπλανώμενος, καὶ πόα μαλθακῇ, καθ' ἧς ἔκειτο τὸ παιδίον. Ἐνταῦθα ἡ αἰξ̃ θεούσα συνεχὲς, ἀφανὴς ἐγένετο πολλάκις, καὶ τὸν ἔριφον

BOOK I.

THERE is in Lesbos a flourishing and beautiful city, named Mitylene. It is intersected by numerous canals, formed by the waters of the sea, which flows in upon it, and adorned with several bridges of white polished stone: to look at it, you would say that it was not a single city, but a number of islands. About two hundred stades distant from the city, a wealthy man possessed a very fine estate: mountains abounding in game, fruitful cornfields, hillocks covered with vine-shoots, and ample pasturage for cattle; the sea washed a long stretch of soft sandy beach.

On this estate a goatherd, named Lamon, while feeding his flock, found a child being suckled by a goat. There was a thicket of shrubs and briars, over which the ivy straggled, and beneath, a couch of soft grass, whereon the infant lay. Hither the goat

ἀπολιποῦσα, τῷ βρέφει παρέμενε. Φυλάττει τὰς διαδρομὰς ὁ Λάμων, οἰκτείρας ἀμελούμενον τὸν ἔριφον· καὶ μεσημβρίας ἀκμαζούσης, κατ' ἴχνος ἐλθὼν, ὅρᾳ τὴν μὲν αἶγα πεφυλαγμένως περιβεβηκυῖαν, μὴ ταῖς χηλαῖς βλάπτει πα-
 τοῦσα, τὸ δὲ ὥσπερ ἐκ μητρῶας θηλῆς τὴν ἐπιρρόην ἔλκον τοῦ γάλακτος. Καὶ θαυμάσας, ὥσπερ εἰκὸς ἦν, πρόσσεισιν ἐγγὺς, καὶ εὐρίσκει παιδίον ἄρρεν, μέγα καὶ καλὸν, καὶ τῆς κατὰ τὴν ἔκθεσιν τύχης ἐν σπαργάνοις κρείττοσι. Χλαμύδιόν τε γὰρ ἦν ἀλουργές, καὶ πόρπη χρυσῇ, καὶ ξιφίδιον ἐλεφαντόκωπον.

Τὸ μὲν οὖν πρῶτον ἐβουλεύσατο, μόνᾳ τὰ γνωρίσματα βαστάσας, ἀμελῆσαι τοῦ βρέφους· ἔπειτα αἰδεσθεὶς εἰ μὴδὲ αἰγὸς φιλανθρωπίαν μιμήσεται, νύκτα φυλάξας, κομίζει πάντα πρὸς τὴν γυναῖκα Μυρτάλην καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα, καὶ τὸ παιδίον, καὶ τὴν αἶγα αὐτήν. Τῆς δὲ ἐκπλαγείσης εἰ καὶ παιδία τίκτουσιν αἶγες,

often ran and wandered out of sight, and abandoning its own kid, remained by the side of the child. Lamon, pitying the neglected kid, observed the direction in which the goat went : and, one day at noon, when the sun was at its height, he followed and saw it cautiously entering the thicket and walking round the child, so as not to tread on and hurt it, while the latter sucked vigorously at its teat as if it had been its mother's breast. Astonished, as was natural, he approached closer, and found that it was a little boy, beautiful and well-grown, and wrapped in handsomer swaddling - clothes than suited a child thus exposed : it had on a little purple tunic fastened with a golden clasp, and by its side was a little dagger with an ivory hilt.

At first he was minded to take up the tokens, without troubling about the child : but afterwards, feeling ashamed at the idea of being outdone by the goat in humanity, he waited till night, and took everything to his wife Myrtale, — the tokens, the child, and the goat. When

ὁδε πάντα αὐτῇ διηγείται, πῶς εὗρεν ἐκκείμενον, πῶς εὗρε τρεφόμενον, πῶς ἠδέεσθη καταλιπεῖν ἀποθανούμενον. Δόξαν δὴ καὶ κείνη, τὰ μὲν συνεκτεθέντα κρύπτουσι, τὸ δὲ παιδίον αὐτῶν ἐπονομάζουσι, τῇ δὲ αἰγὶ τὴν τροφήν ἐπιτρέπουσιν. Ὡς δ' ἂν καὶ τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ παιδίου ποιμενικὸν δοκοίη, Δάφνιν αὐτὸν ἔγνωσαν καλεῖν.

Ἦδη δὲ διετοῦς χρόνου διῴκνουμένου, ποιμὴν ἐξ ἀγρῶν ὁμόρων νέμων, Δρύας τὸ ὄνομα, καὶ αὐτὸς ὁμοίοις ἐπιτυγχάνει καὶ εὐρήμασι καὶ θεάμασι. Νυμφῶν ἄντρον ἦν, πέτρα μεγάλη, τὸ ἔνδοθεν κοίλη, ἔξωθεν περιφερής. Τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν αὐτῶν λίθοις ἐπεποίητο· πόδες ἀνυπόδητοι, χεῖρες εἰς ὤμους γυμναί, κόμη μέχρι τῶν ἀχένων λελυμένη, ῥῶμα περὶ τὴν ἰξύν, μειδίαμα περὶ τὴν ὀφρύν· τὸ πᾶν σχῆμα χορεία ἦν ὀρχουμένων. Ἡ ὥα τοῦ ἄντρον τῆς μεγάλης πέτρας ἦν τὸ μεσαίτατον.

she expressed her astonishment that goats should bring forth little children, he told her everything: how he had found the child lying exposed and being suckled by the goat, and how he had felt ashamed to leave it to die. His wife agreed with him, and they resolved to hide the tokens, to bring up the child as their own, and to let the goat suckle him. Further, they decided to call him Daphnis, that the name might have a more pastoral sound.

When two years had passed, a shepherd belonging to the neighbourhood, named Dryas, while feeding his flocks, made a similar discovery and saw a similar sight. In his district there was a cave sacred to the Nymphs: a large rock hollowed out within, and circular without. Inside were statues of the Nymphs, carved in stone, with feet unshod, arms bared up to the shoulders, hair falling down over the neck, a girdle round the waist, and a smile on the face: to judge from their attitude, you would have said they were dancing. The dome of the grotto was the centre

Ἐκ δὲ τῆς πηγῆς ὕδωρ ἀναβλύζον, ρείθρον ἐποίει χεόμενον, ὥστε καὶ λειμῶν πάνυ γλαφυρὸς ἐκτέτατο πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου, πολλῆς καὶ μαλακῆς πόας ὑπὸ τῆς νοτίδος τρεφομένης. Ἀνέκειντο δὲ καὶ γαυλοὶ, καὶ αὐλοὶ πλάγιοι, καὶ σύριγγες, καὶ κάλαμοι, πρεσβυτέρων ποιμένων ἀναθήματα.

Εἰς τοῦτο τὸ νυμφαῖον οἷς ἀρτιτόκος συχνὰ φοιτῶσα, δόξαν πολλάκις ἀπωλείας παρείχε. Κολάσαι δὲ βουλόμενος αὐτήν, καὶ εἰς τὴν προτέραν εὐνομίαν καταστήσαι, δεσμὸν ῥάβδου χλωρᾶς λυγίσας ὅμοιον βρόχῳ, τῇ πέτρᾳ προσῆλθεν, ὥς ἐκεῖ συλληψόμενος αὐτήν. Ἐπιστάς δὲ, οὐδὲν εἶδεν ὦν ἤλπισεν· ἀλλὰ τὴν μὲν διδοῦσαν πάνυ ἀνθρωπίνως τὴν θηλὴν εἰς ἄφθονον τοῦ γάλακτος ὄλκην, τὸ δὲ παιδίον ἀκλαγγι λάβρως εἰς ἀμφοτέρας τὰς θηλάς μεταφέρον τὸ στόμα καθαρὸν καὶ φαιδρὸν, οἶα τῆς οἷος τῇ γλώττῃ τὸ πρόσωπον ἀπολιχμωμένης μετὰ τὸν κόρον τῆς τροφῆς. Θῆλυ

of this mighty rock. Water, gushing from a fountain, formed a running stream; a beautiful meadow extended in front of cave, the soft and abundant herbage of which was nourished by the moisture of the stream. Within were to be seen hanging up milk-pails, flutes, pipes, and reeds, the offerings of the older shepherds.

A sheep, which had recently lambed, went so often to this grotto, that more than once she was thought to be lost. Dryas, wishing to punish her and make her stay with the flock to feed, as before, twisted a bough of pliant osier into a collar in the form of a running noose, and went up to the rock, in order to snare her. But, when he drew near, he beheld quite a different sight from what he had expected: he saw the sheep giving her teat, just like a human being, for a copious draught of milk, to a child, which, without a cry, eagerly shifted its clean and pretty mouth from one teat to the other, while the sheep licked its face, after it had had enough. It was a female child, and by its side also

ἦν τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον, καὶ παρέκειτο καὶ τούτῳ σπάργανα, γνωρίσματα, μίτρα διάχρυσος, ὑποδήματα ἐπίχρυστα, καὶ περισκελίδες χρυσαῖ.

Θεῖον δὴ τι νομίσας τὸ εὖρημα, καὶ διδασκόμενος παρὰ τῆς οἷος ἐλεεῖν τε τὸ παιδίον καὶ φιλεῖν, ἀναιρεῖται μὲν τὸ βρέφος ἐπ' ἀγκῶνος, ἀποτίθεται δὲ τὰ γνωρίσματα κατὰ τῆς πύρας, ἔνυχεται δὲ ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐπὶ τύχῃ χρηστῇ θρέψαι τὴν ἰκέτιν αὐτῶν. Καὶ, ἐπεὶ καιρὸς ἦν ἀπελαύνειν τὴν ποιμήνην, ἐλθὼν εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν, τῇ γυναικὶ διηγεῖται τὰ ὀφθέντα, δείκνυσσι τὰ εὑρεθέντα, παρακελεύεται θυγάτριον νομίζειν, λανθάνουσιν ὥς ἴδιον τρέφειν. Ἡ μὲν δὴ Νάπη (τοῦτο γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο) μήτηρ εὐθύς ἦν, καὶ ἐφίλει τὸ παιδίον, ὥστε ὑπὸ τῆς οἷος παρενδοκιμηθῆναι δεδοικυῖα, καὶ τίθεται καὶ αὐτὴ ποιμενικὸν ὄνομα πρὸς πίστιν αὐτῷ, Χλόην.

Ταῦτα τὰ παιδία ταχὺ μάλα ἠϋξήσε, καὶ κάλλος αὐτοῖς ἐφαίνετο κρεῖττον ἀγροικίας. Ἦδη οὖν ὁ μὲν πέντε καὶ δέκα ἐτῶν ἀπὸ γενεᾶς ἡ δὲ τοσούτων, δυοῖν ἀποδεόντων.

lay swaddling-clothes and tokens, a cap interwoven with gold, gilded shoes, and gold-embroidered anklets.

Thinking that what he had found was sent from Heaven, and being moved to pity by the example of the sheep, he took the child up in his arms, put the tokens in his wallet, and prayed to the Nymphs that he might be permitted to bring up their suppliant happily. Then, when it was time to drive back his flock, he returned home, told his wife what he had seen, showed her what he had found, and bade her adopt and bring up the child as her own, without telling anyone what had happened. Nape—that was his wife's name—immediately took up the child and caressed her, as if afraid of being outdone in kindness by the sheep : and, that it might be more readily believed that the child was her own, she gave it the pastoral name of Chloe.

The two children soon grew up, more beautiful than ordinary rustics. When the boy was fifteen years of age, and the girl thirteen, Lamon and Dryas both dreamed the following dream the same

Καὶ ὁ Δρύας καὶ ὁ Λάμων ἐπὶ μιᾷς νυκτὸς ὀρώσιν ὄναρ τοιόνδε τί· εἶναι τὰς Νύμφας ἐδόκουν ἐκείνας, τὰς ἐν τῷ ἄντρῳ, ἐν ᾧ ἡ πηγὴ, ἐν ᾧ τὸ παιδίον εὗρεν ὁ Δρύας, Δάφνιν καὶ τὴν Χλόην παραδιδόναι παιδίῳ μάλα σοβαρῷ καὶ καλῷ, πτερὰ ἐκ τῶν ὤμων ἔχοντι, βέλῃ σμικρὰ ἅμα τοξαρίῳ φέροντι· τὸ δὲ ἐφάψαμενον ἀμφοτέρων ἐνὶ βέλει, κελεῦσαι λοιπὸν ποιμαίνειν, τὸν μὲν, τὸ αἰπόλιον, τὴν δὲ, τὸ ποίμνιον.

Τοῦτο τὸ ὄναρ ἰδόντες, ἤχθοντο μὲν οἱ ποιμένες εἰ ἔσονται καὶ οὗτοι αἰπόλοι, τύχην ἐκ σπαργάνων ἐπαγγελλόμενοι κρείττονα, δι' ἣν αὐτοὺς καὶ τροφαῖς ἀβροτέrais ἔτρεφον, καὶ γράμματα ἐπαίδευον, καὶ πάντα ὅσα καλὰ ἦν ἐπ' ἀγροικία. Ἐδόκει δὲ πείθεσθαι θεοῖς περὶ τῶν σωθέντων προνοία θεῶν. Καὶ κοινώσαντες ἀλλήλοις τὸ ὄναρ, καὶ θύσαντες τῷ τὰ πτερὰ ἔχοντι παιδίῳ παρὰ ταῖς Νύμφαις, (τὸ γὰρ ὄνομα λέγειν οὐκ εἶχον) ὥς ποιμένας ἐκπέμπουσιν αὐτοὺς ἅμα ταῖς ἀγέλαις, ἐκδιδά-

night. They dreamed that the Nymphs of the grotto with the fountain, in which Dryas had found the little girl, delivered Daphnis and Chloe into the hands of a saucy and beautiful boy, who had wings on his shoulders and carried a little bow and arrows: and that this boy touched them both with the same arrow, and bade them tend, the one goats, the other sheep.

When they saw this vision, they grieved to think that Daphnis and Chloe were destined to tend sheep and goats, since their swaddling-clothes seemed to give promise of better fortune: for which reason they had brought them up more delicately than shepherds' children, had taught them to read, and given them all the instruction possible in a country place. They resolved, however, to obey the gods in regard to those who had been saved by their providence. Having communicated their dreams to each other, and offered sacrifice, in the cave of the Nymphs, to the winged boy (whose name they did not know), they sent the maiden and the lad into the fields, having instructed them in all that they

ξαντες ἕκαστα· πῶς δεῖ νέμειν πρὸ μεσημβρίας, πῶς δεῖ νέμειν κοπάσαντος τοῦ καύματος, πότε ἄγειν ἐπὶ ποτὸν, πότε ἀπάγειν ἐπὶ κοῖτον· ἐπὶ τίσι καλαύροπι χρηστέον, ἐπὶ τίσι μόνῃ φωνῇ. Οἱ δὲ, μάλα χαίροντες, ὥς ἀρχὴν μεγάλην παρελάμβανον, καὶ ἐφίλουν τὰς αἰγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μᾶλλον ἢ ποιμέσιν ἔθος· ἡ μὲν, ἐς ποίμνιον ἄγουσα τῆς σωτηρίας τὴν αἰτίαν· ὁ δὲ, μεμνημένος ὥς ἐκκείμενον αὐτὸν αἰξὶ ἀνέθρεψεν.

Ἦρος ἦν ἀρχή, καὶ πάντα ἤκμαζεν ἄνθη, τὰ ἐν δρυμοῖς, τὰ ἐν λειμῶσι, καὶ ὅσα ὄρεια. Βόμβος ἦν ἤδη μελιττῶν, ἦχος ὀρνίθων μουσικῶν, σκιρτήματα ποιμνίων ἀρτιγεννήτων· ἄρνες ἐσκίρτων ἐν τοῖς ὄρεσιν, ἐβόμβουν ἐν τοῖς λειμῶσιν αἱ μέλιτται, τὰς λόχμας κατῆδον ὄρνιθες. Τοσαύτης δὲ πάντα κατεχούσης εὐωρίας, οἱ ἀπαλοὶ καὶ νέοι μιμηταὶ τῶν ἀκουομένων ἐγίνοντο καὶ βλεπομένων. Ἀκούοντες μὲν τῶν ὀρνίθων ἀδόντων, ἦδον· βλέ-

had to do: how they ought to feed their flocks before midday, and when the heat had abated: when they should drive them to drink, and when drive them back to the fold: when they should use the shepherd's crook, and when the voice alone. They undertook this duty as joyfully as if they had been intrusted with some important office, and were fonder of their goats and sheep than shepherds usually are: for Chloe felt that she owed her life to a ewe, while Daphnis remembered that, when exposed, he had been nurtured by a goat.

It was the beginning of spring, and all the flowers were blooming—in the woods and meadows, and on the mountains. The humming of bees, and the twittering of tuneful birds was already heard, and the new born young were skipping through the fields: [the lambs were gamboling on the mountains, the bees were buzzing through the meadows, the birds were singing in the bushes.] Under the influence of this beautiful season, Daphnis and Chloe, themselves tender and youthful, imitated what

ποντες δὲ σκιρτῶντας τοὺς ἄρνας, ἤλλοντο κοῦφα· καὶ τὰς μελίττας δὲ μιμούμενοι, τὰ ἄνθη συνέλεγον. Καὶ τὰ μὲν εἰς τοὺς κόλπους ἔβαλλον· τὰ δὲ, στεφανίσκους πλέκοντες, ταῖς Νύμφαις ἔφερον.

Ἐπραττον δὲ κοινῇ πάντα, πλησίον ἀλλήλων νέμοντες. Καὶ πολλάκις μὲν ὁ Δάφνις τῶν προβάτων τὰ ἀποπλανώμενα συνέστελλε· πολλάκις δὲ ἡ Χλόη τὰς θρασυτέρας τῶν αἰγῶν ἀπὸ τῶν κρημνῶν κατήλαινεν. Ἦδη δέ τις καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἀμφοτέρας ἐφρούρησε, θατέρου προσλιπαρήσαντος ἀθύρματι. Ἀθύρματα δὲ ἦν αὐτοῖς ποιμενικὰ καὶ παιδικά. Ἡ μὲν ἀνθερίκους ἀνελομένη ποθὲν ἐξ ἔλους ἀκριδοθήραν ἀνέπλεκε, καὶ περὶ τοῦτο πονομένη, τῶν ποιμνίων ἡμέλησεν· ὁ δὲ, καλάμους ἐκτεμὼν λεπτοὺς, καὶ τρήσας τὰς τῶν γονάτων διαφύας, ἀλλήλας τε κηρῷ μαλθακῷ συναρτήσας, μέχρι νυκτὸς συρίζειν ἐμελέτησε. Καί ποτε δὲ ἐκοινώνουν γάλακτος καὶ οἶνου, καὶ τροφὰς, ἃς

they saw and heard. When they heard the birds sing, they sang: when they saw the lambs gambol, they nimbly skipped in rivalry: and, like the bees, they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their bosoms, while they wove garlands of others, which they offered to the Nymphs.

They did everything in common, and tended their flocks side by side. Daphnis frequently gathered together Chloe's wandering sheep: while she often drove back his too venturesome goats from the precipices. Sometimes one of them tended the two flocks alone, while the other was intent upon some amusement. Their amusements were those of children or shepherds. Chloe would pluck some stalks of asphodel from the marsh, to weave a locust-trap, without any thought for her flock: while Daphnis, having cut some slender reeds, and perforated the intervals between joints, joined them with soft wax, and practised himself in playing upon them until nightfall. Sometimes they shared the food they had taken with

οἴκοθεν ἔφερον, εἰς κοινὸν ἔφερον. Θᾶπτον ἂν τις εἶδε τὰ ποίμνια καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἀπ' ἀλλήλων μεμερισμένας, ἢ Χλόην καὶ Δάφνιν.

Τοιαῦτα δὲ αὐτῶν παιζόντων, τοιάνδε σπουδὴν Ἔρως ἀνέπλασε. Λύκαινα τρέφουσα σκύμνους νέους, ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν, ἐξ ἄλλων ποιμνίων πολλάκις ἤρπαξε, πολλῆς τροφῆς ἐς ἀνατροφὴν τῶν σκύμνων δεομένη. Συνελθόντες οὖν οἱ κωμῆται νύκτωρ, σιρῖρους ὀρύττουσι τὸ εὖρος, ὀργυιᾶς, τὸ βάθος, τεσσάρων. Τὸ μὲν δὴ χῶμα τὸ πολὺ σπείρουσι, κομίσαντες μακρὰν. ξύλα δὲ ξηρὰ μακρὰ τείναντες ὑπὲρ τοῦ χάσματος, τὸ περιττὸν τοῦ χώματος κατέπασαν, τῆς πρότερον γῆς εἰκόνα· ὥστε καὶ λαγὼς ἐπιδράμῃ, κατακλᾷ τὰ ξύλα κάρφων ἀσθενέστερα ὄντα, καὶ τότε παρέχει μαθεῖν ὅτι γῇ οὐκ ἦν, ἀλλὰ μεμίμητο γῆν. Τοιαῦτα πολλὰ ὀρύγματα, καὶ τοῖς ὄρεσι, καὶ τοῖς

them from home, their milk, or wine. In short, it would have been easier to find sheep and goats feeding apart, than Daphnis separated from Chloe. -

While they were thus engaged in their youthful sports, Love contrived the following trouble for them. There was a wolf in the district, which, having recently brought forth young, frequently carried off lambs from the neighbouring fields to feed them. The villagers accordingly assembled together by night, and dug some trenches, one fathom in depth and four in breadth: the greater part of the earth which they dug out they removed to a distance from the trenches: then, placing over the hole long pieces of dry wood, they covered them with the remainder of the earth, so that it looked level ground just as it had been before: this they did so cunningly that, if even a hare had run across, it would have broken the pieces of wood, which were more brittle than bits of straw; and then it would have been seen that it was not solid earth

πεδίοις, ὀρύξαντες, τὴν μὲν λύκαιναν οὐκ εὐτύχησαν λαβεῖν (αἰσθάνεται γὰρ καὶ γῆς σεσοφισμένης) πολλὰς δὲ αἶγας καὶ ποίμνια διέφθειραν, καὶ Δάφνιν παρ' ὀλίγον, ᾧδε.

Τράγοι παροξυνθέντες, εἰς μάχην συνέπεσον. Τῷ οὖν ἐτέρῳ τὸ ἕτερον κέρας, βιαιοτέρας γενομένης συμβολῆς, θραύεται· καὶ ἀλγήσας, φριμαξάμενος ἐς φυγὴν ἐτράπετο. Ὁ δὲ νικῶν κατ' ἔχοντος ἐπόμενος, ἄπαστον ἐποίει τὴν φυγὴν. Ἀλγεῖ Δάφνις περὶ τῷ κέρατι, καὶ τῇ θρασύτητι ἀχθεσθεῖς, ξύλον καὶ τὴν καλαύροπα λαβὼν, ἐδίωκε τὸν διώκοντα. Οἷα δὲ τοῦ μὲν ὑπεκφεύγοντος, τοῦ δὲ ὀργῇ διώκοντος, οὐκ ἀκριβῆς τῶν ἐν ποσὶν ἢ πρόσοψις ἦν· ἀλλὰ κατὰ χάσματος ἄμφω πίπτουσιν· ὁ τράγος πρότερος, ὁ Δάφνις δεύτερος. Τοῦτο καὶ ἔσωσε Δάφνιν χρήσασθαι τῆς καταφορᾶς ὀχήματι τῷ τράγῳ. Ὁ μὲν δὲ τὸν ἀνιμησόμενον, εἴ τις ἄρα γένοιτο, δακρύων ἀνέμενε· ἡ δὲ Χλόη

at all, but an imitation. Although they dug several similar trenches on the mountains and plains, they could not succeed in catching the wolf, which perceived the snare, but were the cause of the loss of a number of sheep and goats, and Daphnis also nearly lost his life, in the following manner.

Two goats, in a fit of jealousy, charged each other so violently that the horn of one was broken, and, mad with pain, he took to flight bellowing, closely and hotly pursued by his victorious adversary. Daphnis, grieved at the sight of the mutilated horn, and annoyed at the insolence of the victor, seized his club and crook, and started in pursuit of the pursuer. But, while the goat was trying to make his escape, and Daphnis was in angry pursuit, they could not see clearly what was in front of them, and both fell into one of these pits—the goat first, and Daphnis after him. This saved Daphnis from injury, since he was able to hold on to the goat to break his fall. In this situation he waited in tears to see if anyone would come to pull him up again.

θεασαμένη τὸ συμβὰν, δρόμῳ παραγίνεται εἰς τὸν σιῖρόν· καὶ μαθοῦσα ὅτι ξῆ, καλεῖ βουκόλον ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν τῶν πλησίον πρὸς ἐπικουρίαν. Ὁ δὲ ἐλθὼν, σχοῖνον ἐξήτει μακρὰν, ἧς ἐχόμενος, ἀνιμώμενος ἐκβήσεται. Καὶ σχοῖνος μὲν οὐκ ἦν· ἡ δὲ Χλόη λυσαμένη ταινίαν, δίδωσι καθεῖναι τῷ βουκόλῳ. Καὶ οὕτως οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τοῦ χείλους ἐστῶτες εἶλκον· ὁ δὲ ἀνέβη ταῖς τῆς ταινίας ὀλκαῖς ταῖς χερσὶν ἀκολουθῶν.

Ἀνιμήσαντες δὲ καὶ τὸν ἄθλιον τράγον συνεθραυσμένον ἄμφω τὰ κέρατα, (τοσοῦτον ἄρα ἡ δίκη μετῆλθε τοῦ νικηθέντος τράγου) τοῦτον μὲν δὴ τυθησόμενον χαρίζονται σῶστρα τῷ βουκόλῳ· καὶ ἔμελλον ψεύδεσθαι πρὸς τοὺς οἴκοι λύκων ἐπιδρομῆν, εἴ τις αὐτὸν ἐπόθησεν. Αὐτοὶ δὲ ἐπανελθόντες, ἐπεσκοποῦντο τὴν ποιμνὴν καὶ τὸ αἰπόλιον· καὶ ἐπεὶ κατέμαθον ἐν κόσμῳ νομῆς καὶ τὰς αἰγας καὶ τὰ πρόβατα, καθίσαντες ἐπὶ στελέχους δρυὸς, ἐσκόπουν μὴ τι μέρος τοῦ σώματος ὁ Δάφνις ἤμαξ κατα-

Chloe, having seen what had happened, ran up, and, finding that he was still alive, called one of the herdsmen from the neighbouring fields to her assistance. The herdsman came up, and looked for a long rope with which to haul him out, but found none. Then Chloe unloosed the band which fastened her hair, and gave it to the herdsman to let down. Then they stood on the edge of the pit and pulled: and Daphnis, holding on to the band as it was being hauled up, at last succeeded in reaching the summit.

Then they drew up the wretched goat, whose horns were both broken—so fully was his vanquished adversary avenged—and made a present of him to the herdsman, in return for his assistance, having agreed to tell those at home that he had been carried off by a wolf, if anyone missed him. Returning to their flocks, and finding them all feeding peacefully and in good order, they sat down on the trunk of an oak, to see whether Daphnis had been wounded in any part of his body by his fall. But they found no

πесών. Τέτρωτο μὲν οὖν οὐδέν, οὐδὲ ἥμακτο οὐδέν· χόματος δὲ καὶ πηλοῦ πέπαστο καὶ τὰς κόμας, καὶ τὸ ἄλλο σῶμα. Ἐδόκει δὲ λούσασθαι, πρὶν αἰσθησιν γενέσθαι τοῦ συμβάντος Λάμωνα καὶ Μυρτάλη. Καὶ ἐλθὼν ἅμα τῇ Χλόῃ πρὸς τὸ ἄντρον τῶν Νυμφῶν, ἐν ᾧ ἡ πηγὴ, τῇ μὲν ἔδωκε καὶ τὸν χιτῶνα, καὶ τὴν πήραν

ἐγένετο, τοιαῦτα πρὸς αὐτὸν ἀπελήρει· “Τί ποτέ με Χλόης ἐργάζεται φίλημα; Χείλη μὲν ρόδων ἀπαλώτερα, καὶ στόμα κηρίων γλυκύτερον· τὸ δὲ φίλημα κέντρου μελίττης πικρότερον. Πολλάκις ἐφίλησα ἐρίφους· πολλάκις ἐφίλησα σκύλακας ἀρτιγεννήτους, καὶ τὸν μόσχον, ὃν ὁ Δόρκων ἐχαρίσατο· ἀλλὰ τοῦτο φίλημα καινόν. Ἐκπηδᾷ μου τὸ πνεῦμα, ἐξάλλεται ἡ καρδία, τήκεται ἡ ψυχὴ, καὶ ὁμως πάλιν φιλῆσαι θέλω. ὦ νίκης κακῆς. ὦ νόσου καινῆς, ἥς οὐδὲ εἰπεῖν οἶδα τὸ ὄνομα. Ἄρα φαρμάκων ἐγένεσατο Χλόῃ μέλλονσά με φιλεῖν; Πῶς οὖν οὐκ ἀπέθανεν; Οἶον ἄδουσιν

trace of any injury or blood: only his hair and the rest of his person were covered with earth and mud. Daphnis therefore resolved to wash himself, before Lamon and Myrtale found out what had happened. He went with Chloe to the grotto of the Nymphs, where the fountain was, and gave her his tunic and wallet

.

Meanwhile, Daphnis raved to himself as follows: "What has Chloe's kiss done to me? Her lips are tenderer than roses, her mouth is sweeter than a honeycomb, but her kiss is sharper than the sting of a bee. I have often kissed my kids: I have often kissed newly-born puppies, and the little calf which Dorcon gave me: but this kiss is something new. My pulse beats high: my heart leaps: my soul melts: and yet I wish to kiss again. O bitter victory! O strange disease, the name of which I cannot even tell! Can Chloe have tasted poison before she kissed me? why then did she not die? How sweetly sing the nightingales; but

αἱ ἀηδόνες, ἥ δὲ ἐμὴ σύριγξ σιωπᾷ ; Οἶον
 σκιρτῶσιν οἱ ἔριφοι, καὶ γὰρ κάθημαι ; Οἶον
 ἀκμάζει τὰ ἄνθη, καὶ γὰρ στεφάνους οὐ πλέκω.
 Ἄλλὰ τὰ μὲν ἴα καὶ ὁ ὑάκινθος ἀνθεῖ, Δάφνις
 δὲ μαραίνεται. Ἐντά μιν καὶ Δόρκων εὐμορ-
 φότερος ὀφθήσεται ;”

Τοιαῦτα ὁ βέλτιστος Δάφνις ἔπασχε καὶ
 ἔλεγεν, οἷα πρῶτον γενόμενος τοῦ ἔρωτος
 καὶ ἔργων καὶ λόγων. Ὁ δὲ Δόρκων, ὁ
 βουκόλος, ὁ τῆς Χλόης ἐραστής, φυλάξας
 τὸν Δρύαντα φυτὸν κατορύττοντα πλησίον
 κλήματος, πρόσκειναι αὐτῷ μετὰ τυρῶν καὶ
 συρίγγων τινῶν [γαμικῶν]. Καὶ τοὺς μὲν
 τυροὺς δῶρον εἶναι δίδωσι, πάλαι φίλος ὢν
 ἡνίκα αὐτὸς ἔνεμεν· ἐντεῦθεν δὲ ἀρξάμενος
 ἀνέβαλε λόγον περὶ τοῦ τῆς Χλόης γάμου.
 Καὶ, εἰ λαμβάνοι γυναῖκα, δῶρα πολλὰ καὶ
 μεγάλα, ὡς βουκόλος, ἐπηγγέλλετο· ζευγὸς
 βοῶν ἀροτήρων, σμήνη τέτταρα μελιττῶν,
 φυτὰ μηλεῶν πεντήκοντα, δέρμα ταύρου τε-
 μεῖν ὑποδήματα, μόσχον, ἀνὰ πᾶν ἔτος, μηκέτι
 γάλακτος δεόμενον· ὥστε μικροῦ δεῖν ὁ Δρύας

my pipe is silent! How wantonly leap the kids, but I sit still! How sweetly bloom the flowers, but I weave no garlands! The violets and hyacinths bloom, but Daphnis fades. Shall even Dorcon appear more beautiful than Daphnis?"

Such were the passionate outbursts of the worthy Daphnis, who then for the first time felt the influence of love. But Dorcon, the herdsman, the lover of Chloe, seizing the opportunity when Dryas was planting a tree near a vine-shoot, went up to him with some cheeses and pipes. He gave him the cheeses, since he had been an old friend of his, at the time when he himself pastured his flock. Then he began to speak of marriage with Chloe, and promised him a number of valuable presents, if he should gain her hand: a yoke of oxen for ploughing, four swarms of bees, fifty young apple trees, an ox-hide for making shoes, and, every year, a calf that had been weaned. Allured by the prospects of such presents, Dryas was on the point of giving his consent. But afterwards,

θελχθεὶς τοῖς δώροις, ἐπένευσε τὸν γάμον.
 Ἐννοήσας δὲ ὡς κρείττονος ἢ παρθένος ἀξία
 νυμφίου, καὶ δείσας μὴ φωραθεὶς ποτε, κάκοις
 ἀνηκέστοις περιπέσοι, τὸν τε γάμον ἀνένευσε,
 καὶ συγγνώμην ἔχειν ῥήτησατο, καὶ τὰ ὀνομασ-
 θέντα δῶρα παρητήσατο.

Δευτέρας δὲ διαμαρτῶν ὁ Δόρκων ἐλπίδος,
 καὶ μάτην τυροὺς ἀγαθοὺς ἀπολέσας, ἔγνω διὰ
 χειρῶν ἐπιθέσθαι τῇ Χλόῃ μόνη γενομένη. Καὶ
 παραφυλάξας ὅτι παρ' ἡμέραν ἐπὶ τὸν ποτὸν
 ἄγουσι τὰς ἀγέλας, ποτὲ μὲν ὁ Δάφνις, ποτὲ
 δὲ ἡ παῖς, ἐπιτεχνᾶται τέχνην ποιμένι πρέ-
 πουσαν. Λύκου μεγάλου δέρμα λαβὼν, ὃν
 ταυρὸς ποτε πρὸ τῶν βοῶν μαχόμενος τοῖς
 κέρασι διέφθειρε, περιέτεινε τῷ σώματι, πο-
 δῆρες κατανωτισάμενος· ὡς τοὺς τ' ἐμπροσ-
 θίους πόδας ἐφηπλῶσθαι ταῖς χερσὶ, καὶ τοῖς
 κατόπιν τοῖς σκέλεσιν ἄχρι πτέρνης, καὶ τοῦ
 στόματος τὸ χάσμα σκέπειν τὴν κεφαλὴν,
 ὥσπερ ἀνδρὸς ὀπλίτου κράνος. Ἐκθηριώσας
 δὲ αὐτὸν ὡς ἐνὶ μάλιστα, παραγίνεται πρὸς τὴν

thinking that the maiden deserved to make a better marriage, and being afraid that, if he were found out, he might be punished and even put to death, he refused his consent, at the same time asking Dorcon not to be offended.

Dorcon, thus for the second time cheated of his hopes, and having lost his fat cheeses for nothing, determined to lay violent hands on Chloe when he found her alone. Having observed that Daphnis and Chloe took it in turns to drive their flocks to drink, he contrived a scheme worthy of a shepherd. He took the skin of a large wolf, which one of his oxen, fighting in defence of the kine, had killed with his horns, and flung it over his shoulders, whence it hung down to his feet, so that the forefeet covered his hands, and the hinder his legs down to his heels, while the head with its gaping mouth enclosed his head like a soldier's helmet. Having thus transformed himself into a wild beast as best he could, he proceeded to the spring where the goats and sheep used to drink

πηγὴν, ἧς ἔπινον αἱ αἰγες καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μετὰ τὴν νομὴν. Ἐν κοίλῃ δὲ πάνυ γῇ ἦν ἡ πηγὴ, καὶ περὶ αὐτὴν πᾶς ὁ τόπος ἀκάνθαις, καὶ βάτοις, καὶ ἀρκεύθῳ ταπεινῇ, καὶ σκολύμοις ἡγρίωτο· ῥαδίως ἂν ἐκεῖ καὶ λύκος ἀληθινὸς ἔλαθε λόχῳ. Ἐνταῦθα κρύψας ἑαυτὸν, ἐπετήρει τοῦ ποτοῦ τὴν ὥραν ὁ Δόρκων, καὶ πολλὴν εἶχεν ἐλπίδα, τῷ σχήματι φοβήσας, λαβεῖν ταῖς χερσὶ τὴν Χλόην.

Χρόνος ὀλίγος διαγίνεται, καὶ Χλόη κατήλανε τὰς ἀγέλας εἰς τὴν πηγὴν, καταλιπούσα τὴν Δάφνιν φυλλάδα χλωρὰν κόπτοντα, τοῖς ἐρίφοις τροφήν μετὰ τὴν νομὴν. Καὶ οἱ κύνες, οἱ τῶν προβάτων ἐπιφύλακες καὶ τῶν αἰγῶν, ἐπόμενοι, οἷα δὲ κυνῶν ἐν ῥινηλασίαις περιεργία, κινούμενον τὸν Δόρκωνα πρὸς τὴν ἐπίθεσιν τῆς κόρης φωράσαντες, πικρὸν μάλα ὑλακτήσαντες, ὥρμησαν ὡς ἐπὶ λύκον· καὶ περισχόντες πρὶν ὅλως ἀναστήναι δι' ἑκπληξιν, ἔδακνον κατὰ κράτος. Τέως μὲν οὖν τὸν ἔλεγχον αἰδούμενος, καὶ ὑπὸ τοῦ δέρματος ἐπισκέποντος φρουρού-

after they came from pasture. This fountain was in a hollow valley, and the whole spot around was full of wild brambles and thorns, low-growing juniper bushes and thistles, so that even a real wolf could easily have concealed himself there. Here Dorcon hid himself, waiting for the time when the animals came to drink, hoping to frighten Chloe under the guise of a wolf, and so easily lay hands upon her.

After he had waited a little while, Chloe came driving the flocks to the spring, having left Daphnis cutting fresh foliage for the kids to eat after pasture. The dogs who assisted them to guard the sheep and goats followed her: and, with the natural curiosity of keen-scented animals, they tracked and discovered Dorcon preparing to attack the maiden. With a loud bark, they rushed upon him as if he had been a wolf, surrounded him, before he was able in his astonishment to rise upon his feet, and bit at him furiously. At first, afraid of being recognised, and being for some time protected by the skin which

μενος, ἔκειτο σιωπῶν ἐν τῇ λόχμῃ· ἐπεὶ δὲ ἡ τε Χλόη πρὸς τὴν πρώτην θεάν διαταραχθεῖσα, τὸν Δάφνιν ἐκάλει βοηθόν, οἳ τε κυνες περισπῶντες τὸ δέρμα, τοῦ σώματος ἤπτοντο αὐτοῦ, μέγα οἰμώξας, ἰκέτευε βοηθεῖν τὴν κόρην καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἤδη παρόντα. Τοὺς μὲν κύνας δὴ ἀνακλήσει συνήθει ταχέως ἡμέρωσαν, τὸν δὲ Δόρκωνα, κατὰ τε μηρῶν καὶ ὤμων δεδηγμένον, ἀγαγόντες ἐπὶ τὴν πηγὴν, ἀπένιψαν τὰ δῆγματα, ἵνα ἦσαν τῶν ὀδόντων αἱ ἐμβολαί, καὶ διαμασσησάμενοι φλοιὸν χλωρὸν πτελέας, ἐπέπασαν· ὑπὸ τε ἀπειρίας ἐρωτικῶν τολμημάτων ποιμένικὴν παιδίαν νομίζοντες τὴν ἐπιβολὴν τοῦ δέρματος, οὐδὲν ὀργισθέντες, ἀλλὰ καὶ παραμυθησάμενοι, καὶ μέχρι τινὸς χειραγωγήσαντες, ἀπέπεμψαν.

Καὶ ὁ μὲν κινδύνου παρὰ τοσοῦτον ἐλθὼν, καὶ σωθεὶς ἐκ κυνὸς, φασὶν, οὐ λύκου στόματος, ἐθεράπευε τὸ σῶμα· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη

covered him, he lay in the thicket without uttering a word : but when Chloe, terrified at the first sight of the supposed animal, shouted for Daphnis to help her, and the dogs, having torn off the skin, began to fix their teeth in his body, he cried out loudly and implored Chloe and Daphnis (who had just come up) to assist him.

They quickly calmed the dogs with their familiar shout ; then taking Dorcon, who had been bitten in the legs and shoulders, to the fountain, they washed his wounds, where the dogs' teeth had entered the flesh, and chewed the green bark of an elm-tree and spread it over them. In their ignorance of the audacity prompted by love, they thought that Dorcon had merely put on the wolf's skin for a joke : wherefore they felt no anger against him, but tried to console him, and, having helped him along a little distance, sent him on his way.

Dorcon, having been in such deadly peril, after he had made good his escape from the mouth of a dog (not, as the proverb goes, of a wolf), devoted his at-

κάματον πολὺν ἔσχον μέχρι νυκτὸς τὰς αἶγας καὶ τὰς οἷς συλλέγοντες. Ὑπὸ γὰρ τοῦ δέρματος πτοηθεῖσαι, καὶ ὑπὸ τῶν κυνῶν ὑλακτησάντων ταραχθεῖσαι, αἱ μὲν εἰς πέτρας ἀνέδραμον, αἱ δὲ μέχρι τῆς θαλάττης αὐτῆς κατέδραμον. Καίτοι γε ἐπεπαίδευντο καὶ φωνῇ πείθεσθαι, καὶ σύριγγι θελγεσθαι, καὶ χειρὸς παταγῇ συλλέγεσθαι· ἀλλὰ τότε πάντων αὐταῖς ὁ φόβος λήθην ἐνέβαλε. Καὶ μόλις, ὥσπερ λαγῶς ἐκ τῶν ἰχνῶν εὐρίσκοντες, εἰς τὰς ἐπαύλεις ἤγαγον. Ἐκείνης μόνης τῆς νυκτὸς ἐκοιμήθησαν βαθὺν ὕπνον, καὶ τῆς ἐρωτικῆς λύπης φάρμακον τὸν κάματον ἔσχον. Αὐθις δὲ ἡμέρας ἐπελθούσης, πάλιν ἔπασχον παραπλήσια. Ἐχαιρον ἰδόντες, ἐλυποῦντο ἀπαλαγέντες, ἤλγουν, ἤθελόν τι, ἠγνόουν ὃ, τι θελουσι. Τοῦτο μόνον ἤδεσαν, ὅτι τὸν μὲν, φίλημα, τὴν δὲ, λουτρὸν ἀπώλεσεν. Ἐξέκαρε δὲ αὐτοὺς καὶ ἡ ὥρα τοῦ ἔτους.

tention to his wounds. Daphnis and Chloe, however, found considerable difficulty in getting together their goats and sheep, which, alarmed by the sight of the wolf's skin, and thrown into confusion by the barking of the dogs, had fled to the tops of the mountains or down to the seashore. Although they had been trained to obey their masters' voice and to be soothed by the sound of the pipe, and to gather together when they merely clapped their hands, fear had caused them to forget everything; and they could only get them back to the fold with difficulty, after tracking them like hares. During that night alone they slept soundly, and weariness was a remedy for their amorous uneasiness: but, as soon as day came again, they felt the same passion as before. They were glad when they saw each other, and sorrowful when they parted: they suffered, they wanted something, but they did not know what they wanted. They only knew, the one that he had been undone by a kiss, the other that she had been destroyed by a bath. In addition to this, the season

Ἦρος οὖν ἤδη τέλη, καὶ θέρους ἀρχή, καὶ
πάντα ἐν ἀκμῇ· δένδρα ἐν καρποῖς, πεδία ἐν
λήτοισι. Ἡδεῖα μὲν τεττίγων ἡχή· γλυκεῖα καὶ
ἡ τῆς ὀπώρας ὁδμή· τερπνὴ δὲ ποιμνίων βληχή.
Εἵκασεν ἄν τις καὶ τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἄδειν, ἡρέμα
ρέοντας· καὶ τοὺς ἀνέμους συρίττειν, ταῖς πί-
τυσιν ἐμπνέοντας· καὶ τὰ μῆλα ἐρῶντα πίπτειν
χαμαί· καὶ τὸν ἥλιον, φιλόκαλον ὄντα, πάντας
ἀποδύειν. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις θαλπόμενος τού-
τοις ἅπασιν, εἰς τοὺς ποταμοὺς ἐνέβαινε· καὶ
ποτὲ μὲν ἐλούετο, ποτὲ δὲ καὶ τῶν ἰχθύων τοὺς
ἐνδινεύοντας ἐθήρα· πολλάκις δὲ καὶ ἔπινεν, ὥς
τὸ ἔνδοθεν καῦμα σβέσων. Ἡ δὲ Χλόη, μετὰ
τὸ ἀμέλξαι τὰς οἷς καὶ τῶν αἰγῶν τὰς πολλὰς,
ἐπὶ πολὺν μὲν χρόνον εἶχε πηγνῦσα τὸ γάλα·
δειναὶ γὰρ αἱ μυῖαι λυπῆσαι καὶ δακεῖν, εἰ
διώκονται. Τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν, ἀπολουσαμένη τὸ
πρόσωπον, πίτυος ἐστεφανοῦτο κλάδοις, καὶ
τῇ νεβρίδι ἐζώννυτο, καὶ τὸν γαυλὸν ἀναπλή-

of the year still further inflamed their passion.

It was the end of spring and the commencement of summer: all Nature was in full vigour: the trees were full of fruit, the fields of corn. The chirp of the grasshopper was sweet to hear, the fruit sweet to smell, and the bleating of the sheep pleasant to the ear. The gently flowing rivers seemed to be singing a song: the winds, blowing softly through the pine-branches, sounded like the notes of the pipe: even the apples seemed to fall to the ground smitten with love, stripped off by the sun that was enamoured of their beauty. Daphnis, heated by all these surroundings, plunged into the river, sometimes to bathe, at other times to snare the fish that sported in the eddies of the stream: and he often drank, as if he could thereby quench the fire that consumed him. Chloe, after having milked her sheep and most of Daphnis's goats, was for a long time busied in curdling the milk: for the flies annoyed her terribly and stung her, when she endeavoured to drive them away.

σασα οἶνου καὶ γάλακτος, κοινὸν μετὰ τοῦ
Δάφνιδος ποτὸν εἶχε.

Τῆς δὲ μεσημβρίας ἐπελθούσης, ἐγίνετο ἤδη
τῶν ὀφθαλμῶν ἄλωσις αὐτοῖς. Ἡ μὲν γὰρ
γυμνὸν ὀρώσα Δάφνιν, ἐπ' ἀνθοῦν ἐνέπιπτε τὸ
κάλλος, καὶ ἐτήκετο, μηδὲν αὐτοῦ μέρος μέμ-
ψασθαι δυναμένη· ὁ δὲ, ἰδὼν ἐν νεβρίδι καὶ
στεφάνῳ πίτυος ὀρέγουσαν τὸν γαυλὸν, μίαν
ᾤετο τῶν ἐν τῷ ἄντρῳ Νυμφῶν ὀράν. Ὁ μὲν
οὖν τὴν πίτυν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς ἀρπάζων,
αὐτὸς ἐστεφανοῦτο, πρότερον φιλήσας τὸν
στέφανον· ἡ δὲ, τὴν ἐσθῆτα αὐτοῦ λουομένου
καὶ γυμνωθέντος ἐνεδύετο, πρότερον καὶ αὐτὴ
φιλήσασα. Ἦδη ποτὲ καὶ μήλοισι ἀλλήλους
ἔβαλον, καὶ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀλλήλων ἐκόσμησαν,
διακρίναντες τὰς κόμας. Καὶ ἡ μὲν εἵκασεν
αὐτοῦ τὴν κόμην, ὅτι μέλαινα, μύρτοις· ὁ δὲ,
μήλω τὸ πρόσωπον αὐτῆς, ὅτι λευκὸν καὶ
ἐνερευθὲς ἦν. Ἐδίδασκεν αὐτὴν καὶ συρίττειν
καὶ ἀρξαμένης ἐμπνεῖν, ἀρπάζων τὴν σύριγγα,

After this, she washed her face, and crowned with branches of pine, and girt with the skin of a fawn, filled a pail with wine and milk to share with Daphnis.

When noon came on, they were more enamoured than ever. For Chloe, having seen Daphnis quite naked, was struck by the bloom of his beauty, and her heart melted with love, for his whole person was too perfect for criticism: while Daphnis, seeing Chloe with her fawn skin and garland of pine, holding out the milkpail for him to drink, thought that he was gazing upon one of the Nymphs of the grotto. He snatched the garland from her head, kissed it, and placed it on his own: and Chloe took his clothes when he had stripped to bathe, kissed them, and in like manner put them on. Sometimes they pelted each other with apples, and parted and decked each other's hair. Chloe declared that Daphnis's hair, being dark, was like myrtle berries: while Daphnis compared Chloe's face to an apple, because it was fair and ruddy. He also taught her to play on the pipe: and, when she began to blow, he

τοῖς χεῖλεσιν αὐτὸς τοὺς καλᾶμους ἐπέλειχεν· καὶ ἐδόκει μὲν ἁμαρτάνουσαν διδάσκειν, εὐπρεπῶς δὲ διὰ τῆς σύριγγος τὴν Χλόην ἐφίλει.

Συρίττοντος δὲ κατὰ τὸ μεσημβρινόν, καὶ τῶν ποιμνίων σκιαζομένων, ἔλαθεν ἡ Χλόη καταनुστάξασα. Φωράσας τοῦτο ὁ Δάφνις, καὶ καταθέμενος τὴν σύριγγα, πᾶσαν αὐτὴν ἔβλεπεν ἀπλήστως, οἷα μὴδὲν αἰδούμενος, καὶ ἄμα καὶ αὐτῇ ἡρέμα ὑπεφθέγγετο· “Οἷοι καθεύδουσιν ὀφθαλμοί· οἷον δὲ ἀποπνέι τὸ στόμα. Οὐδὲ τὰ μῆλα τοιοῦτον, οὐδὲ αἱ λόχμαι. Ἀλλὰ φιλεῖν μὲν δέδοικα· δάκνει τὸ φίλημα τὴν καρδίαν, καὶ, ὥσπερ τὸ νέον μέλι, μαίνεται ποιεῖ· ὁκνῶ δὲ μὴ καὶ φιλήσας αὐτὴν ἀφυπνίσω. ὦ λάλων τεττίγων. Οὐκ ἐάσουσιν αὐτὴν καθεύδειν μέγα ἠχοῦντες. Ἀλλὰ καὶ οἱ τράγοι τοῖς κέρασι παίονσι μαχομενοί· ὦ λύκων ἄλωπέκων δειλοτέρων, οἳ τούτους οὐχ ἥρπασαν.”

Ἐν τούτοις ὄντος αὐτοῦ λόγοις, τέττιξ

snatched it away, and ran over the reeds with his lips: and, while he thus pretended to show her where she was wrong, he speciously kissed the pipe in the places where her mouth had been.

While he was piping in the noonday heat, and the flocks were resting in the shade, Chloe unwittingly fell asleep. When Daphnis perceived this, he put down his pipe, and gazed at her all over with greedy eyes, without any feeling of shame, and at the same time gently whispered to himself: "How lovely are her eyes in sleep! how sweet the perfume from her mouth, sweeter than that of apples or the hawthorn! Yet I dare not kiss it: her kiss pricks me to the heart, and maddens me like fresh honey. Besides, if I kiss her, I am afraid of waking her. O chattering grasshoppers! you will prevent her from sleeping, if you chirp so loudly! And on the other side, the he-goats are butting each other with their horns: O wolves, more cowardly than foxes, why do you not carry them off?"

While he was thus talking to himself,

φεύγων χελιδόνα θηράσαι θέλουσαν, κατέπεσεν εἰς τὸν κόλπον Χλόης· καὶ ἡ χελιδὼν ἐπομένη, τὸν μὲν οὐκ ἠδυνήθη λαβεῖν, ταῖς δὲ πτέρυξιν ἐγγὺς διὰ τὴν δίωξιν γενομένη, τῶν παρειῶν αὐτῆς ἤψατο. Ἡ δὲ οὐκ εἰδυῖα τὸ πραχθὲν, μέγα βοήσασα, τῶν ὕπνων ἐξέθορεν. Ἰδοῦσα δὲ καὶ τὴν χελιδόνα ἔτι πλησίον πετομένην, καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐπὶ τῷ δέει γελῶντα, τοῦ φόβου μὲν ἐπαύσατο, τοὺς δὲ ὀφθαλμοὺς ἀπέματτεν ἔτι καθεύδειν θέλοντας. Καὶ ὁ τέττιξ ἐκ τῶν κόλπων ἐπήχησεν ὅμοιον ἰκέτῃ χάριν ὁμολογοῦντι τῆς σωτηρίας. Πάλιν οὖν ἡ Χλόη μέγα ἀνεβόησεν, ὁ δὲ Δάφνις ἐγέλασεν. Καὶ προφάσεως λαβόμενος, καθήκεν αὐτῆς εἰς τὰ στέρνα τὰς χεῖρας, καὶ ἐξάγει τὸν βέλτιστον τέττιγα, μηδὲ ἐν τῇ δεξιᾷ σιωπῶντα. Ἡ δὲ ἦδετο ἰδοῦσα, καὶ ἐφίλησε λαβοῦσα, καὶ αὐθις ἐνέβαλλε τῷ κόλπῳ λαλοῦντα.

Ἐτερψεν αὐτοὺς τότε φάττα βουκολικὸν ἐκ τῆς ὕλης φθεγξαμένη. Τῆς Χλόης ζητούσης μαθεῖν ὅ, τι λέγει, διδάσκει αὐτὴν ὁ Δάφνις,

a grasshopper, pursued by a swallow, fell into Chloe's bosom: the swallow followed, but could not catch it: but, being unable to check its flight, touched Chloe's cheek with its wing. Not knowing what was the matter, she cried out loudly, and woke up with a start: but, when she saw the swallow flying close to her, and Daphnis laughing at her alarm, she was reassured, and rubbed her still drowsy eyes. The grasshopper, as if in gratitude for its safety, chirped its thanks from her bosom. Then Chloe cried out again, and Daphnis laughed: and, seizing the opportunity, thrust his hand into her breast, and pulled out the grateful insect, which continued its song, even while held a prisoner in his hand. Chloe was delighted, and having kissed the insect, took it and put it, still chirping, into her bosom.

Another time, they were listening with delight to the cooing of a wood-pigeon. When Chloe asked what was the meaning of its song, Daphnis told her the popular story: "Once upon a time, dear maiden, there was a maiden, beautiful and bloom-

μυθολογῶν τὰ θρυλλούμενα. “Ἦν παρθένος, παρθένε, ὥς σὺ οὕτω καλὴ, καὶ ἔνεμε βούς πολλὰς, οὕτως ἐν ἡλικίᾳ. Ἦν ἄρα καὶ ῥοδική, καὶ ἐτέρποντο αἱ βόες αὐτῆς τῇ μουσικῇ, καὶ ἔνεμεν οὔτε καλαύροπος πληγῇ, οὔτε κέντρον προσβολῇ· ἀλλὰ καθίσασα ὑπὸ πίτυν, καὶ στεφανωσαμένη πίτυϊ, ἦδε Πᾶνα καὶ τὴν Πίτυν. Καὶ αἱ βόες τῇ φωνῇ παρέμενον. Παῖς οὐ μακρὰν νέμων βούς, καὶ αὐτὸς καλὸς, ῥοδικὸς ὥς ἡ παρθένος, φιλονεικήσας πρὸς τὴν μελωδίαν, μείζονα ὥς ἀνὴρ, ἠδεῖαν ὥς παῖς, φωνὴν ἀντεπεδείξατο. Καὶ τῶν βοῶν ὀκτὼ τὰς ἀρίστας ἐς τὴν ἰδίαν ἀγέλην θέλξας, ἀπεβουκόλησεν. Ἀχθεται ἡ παρθένος τῇ βλάβῃ τῆς ἀγέλης, τῇ ἥττῃ τῆς ῥοδῆς· καὶ εὐχεται τοῖς θεοῖς ὄρνις γενέσθαι, πρὶν οἴκαδε ἀφικέσθαι. Πείθονται οἱ θεοὶ, καὶ ποιοῦσι τήνδε τὴν ὄρνιν, ὄρειον ὥς παρθένον, μουσικὴν ὥς ἐκείνην. Καὶ ἔτι νῦν ἄδουσα μηνύει τὴν συμφορὰν, ὅτι βούς ζητεῖ πεπλανημένος.”

ing as yourself. She tended cattle and sang beautifully: her cows were so enchanted by the music of her voice, that she never needed to strike them with her crook or to touch them with her goad: but, seated beneath a pine-tree, her head crowned with a garland, she sang of Pan and Pinus, and the cows stood near, enchanted by her song. There was a young man who tended his flocks hard by, beautiful and a good singer himself, as she was, who entered into a rivalry of song with her: his voice was more powerful, since he was a man, and yet gentle, since he was but a youth. He sang so sweetly that he charmed eight of her best cows and enticed them over to his own herd, and drove them away. The maiden, grieved at the loss of her cattle, and at having been vanquished in singing, begged the Gods to transform her into a bird before she returned home. The Gods listened to her prayer, and transformed her into a mountain bird, which loves to sing as she did. Even now it tells in plaintive tones of her misadventure, and how that she is still seeking the cows that strayed away."

Τοιάσδε τέρψεις αὐτοῖς τὸ θέρος παρείχε.
Μετοπώρου δὲ ἀκμάζοντος, καὶ τοῦ βότρυνος
ἤδη περκάζοντος, Τύριοι λησταὶ Καρικὴν
ἔχοντες ἡμιολίαν, ὥς ἴσως μὴ δοκοῖεν βάρ-
βαροι, προσέσχον τοῖς ἀγροῖς, καὶ ἐκβάντες
σὺν μαχαίραις καὶ ἡμιθωρακίοις, κατέσυρον
πάντα τὰ εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθόντα, οἶνον ἀνθοσμίαν,
πυρὸν ἄφθονον, μέλι ἐν κηρίοις· ἤλασάν τινας
καὶ βοῦς ἐκ τῆς Δόρκωνος ἀγέλης. Λαμβάνουσι
καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν περὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἀλύοντα·
ἡ γὰρ Χλόη βραδύτερον, ὥς κόρη, τὰ πρόβατα
ἐξῆγε τοῦ Δρύαντος, φόβῳ τῶν ἀγερώχων
ποιμένων. Ἰδόντες δὲ μειράκιον μέγα καὶ
καλὸν, κρεῖττον τῆς ἐξ ἀγρῶν ἀρπαγῆς, μηκέτι
μηδὲν, μηδὲ εἰς τὰς αἶγας, μηδὲ εἰς τοὺς ἄλλους
ἀγροὺς, περιεργασάμενοι, κατήγον αὐτὸν εἰς
τὴν ναῦν κλάοντα καὶ ἠπορημένον, καὶ μέγα
Χλόην καλοῦντα. Καὶ οἱ μὲν, τὸ πείσμα
ἄρτι ἀπολύσαντες, καὶ τὰς κώπας ταῖς χερσὶν
ἐμβαλόντες, ἀπέπλεον εἰς τὸ πέλαγος· Χλόη
δὲ κατήλανε τὸ ποίμνιον, σύριγγα καὶνὴν τῷ

Such were the enjoyments which the summer afforded them. But, in mid-autumn, when the grapes grew ripe, some Tyrian pirates, having embarked on a light Carian vessel, that they might not be suspected of being barbarians, landed on the coast: and, armed with swords and corslets, carried off everything that came into their hands, fragrant wine, a great quantity of wheat, and honey in the honeycomb, besides some cows belonging to Dorcon. They also seized Daphnis as he was wandering on the shore: for Chloe, being a simple girl, for fear of the insolence of the shepherds, did not drive out the flocks of Dryas so early. When the robbers beheld the tall and handsome youth, a more valuable booty than any they could find in the fields, they paid no heed to the goats or the other flocks, but carried him off to their ship, weeping and in great distress what to do, and calling the while for Chloe in a loud voice. No sooner had they loosed the cable, and begun to ply their oars, and put out to sea, than Chloe drove down her flock, bringing with her a

Δάφνιδι δῶρον κομίζουσα. Ἴδουσα δὲ τὰς αἶγας τεταραγμένας, καὶ ἀκούσασα τοῦ Δάφνιδος αἰεὶ μείζον αὐτὴν βοῶντος, προβάτων μὲν ἀμελεῖ, καὶ τὴν σύριγγα ρίπτει, δρόμῳ δὲ πρὸς τὸν Δόρκωνα παραγίνεται, δεησομένη βοηθεῖν.

Ὁ δὲ ἔκειτο πληγαῖς νεανικαῖς συγκεκομμένος ὑπὸ τῶν ληστῶν, καὶ ὀλίγον ἐμπνέων, αἵματος πολλοῦ φερομένου. Ἴδὼν δὲ καὶ τὴν Χλόην, καὶ ὀλίγον ἐκ τοῦ πρότερον ἔρωτος ἐμπύρευμα λαβών. “ Ἐγὼ μὲν, εἶπε, Χλόη, τεθνήξομαι μετ’ ὀλίγον· οἱ γὰρ με ἀσεβεῖς λησταὶ πρὸ τῶν βοῶν μαχόμενον κατέκοψαν ὡς βοῦν. Σὺ δὲ σοὶ καὶ Δάφνιν σῶσον, καὶ μοὶ τιμώρησον, καὶ κείνους ἀπόλεσον. Ἐπαίδευσα τὰς βοῦς ἡχῇ σύριγγος ἀκολουθεῖν, καὶ διώκειν τὸ μέλος αὐτῆς, καὶ νέμονται ποι μακράν. Ἴθι δὴ, λαβοῦσα τὴν σύριγγα ταύτην, ἐμπνευσον αὐτῇ μέλος ἐκείνο, ὃ Δάφνιν ἐγώ ποτε ἐδιδασκάμην, σὲ δὲ Δάφνις· τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν τῇ σύριγγι μελήσει, καὶ τῶν βοῶν τῶν ἐκεῖ. Χαρίζομαι δέ σοι καὶ τὴν σύριγγα αὐτὴν, ἥ

new pipe as a present to Daphnis. But, seeing the goats scattered hither and thither, and hearing Daphnis calling to her ever louder and louder, thinking no more about her sheep, she flung away the pipe, and ran to Dorcon, to implore his aid.

She found him lying prostrate on the ground, hacked by the swords of the robbers, and almost dead from loss of blood. But, when he saw Chloe, revived by the smouldering fire of his former passion, he said: "Chloe, dear, I am at the point of death: when I tried to defend my cattle, the accursed brigands hewed me to pieces like an ox. But do you save Daphnis for yourself: avenge me, and destroy them. I have taught my cows to follow the sound of the pipe, and to come when they hear it, however far off they may be feeding. Come, take this pipe, and play the same strain upon it which I once taught Daphnis, and he in turn taught you. Leave the rest to my pipe and my cows that are on yonder ship. I also make you a present of the pipe, with which

πολλοὺς ἐρίζων καὶ βουκόλους ἐνίκησα καὶ αἰπόλους. Σὺ δὲ ἀντὶ τούτων καὶ ζῶντα ἔτι φίλησον, καὶ ἀποθανόντα κλαῦσον· καὶ ἴδῃς ἄλλον νέμοντα τὰς βοῦς, ἐμοῦ μνημόνευσον.”

Δόρκων μὲν τοσαῦτα εἰπὼν, καὶ φίλημα φιλήσας ὕστατον, ἀφῆκεν ἅμα καὶ τῷ φιλήματι καὶ τῇ φωνῇ τὴν ψυχὴν. Ἡ δὲ Χλόη λαβοῦσα τὴν σύριγγα, καὶ ἐνθεῖσα τοῖς χείλεσιν, ἐσύριξε μέγιστον ὡς ἐδύνατο· καὶ αἱ βόες ἀκούουσι, καὶ τὸ μέλος γνωρίζουσι, καὶ ὁρμῇ μιᾷ μυκησάμεναι πηδῶσιν εἰς τὴν θάλατταν. Βιαίον δὲ πηδήματος εἰς ἓνα τοῖχον τῆς νεὸς γενομένου, καὶ ἐκ τῆς ἐμπτώσεως τῶν βοῶν κοίλης τῆς θαλάττης διαστάσης, στρέφεται μὲν ἡ ναῦς, καὶ τοῦ κλύδωνος συνιόντος, ἀπόλλυται. Οἱ δὲ ἐκπίπτουσιν, οὐχ ὁμοίαν ἔχοντες ἐλπίδα σωτηρίας. Οἱ μὲν γὰρ ληστὰι τὰς μαχαίρας παρήρτηντο, καὶ τὰ ἡμιθωράκια λεπιδωτὰ ἐνεδέδυντο, καὶ κνημίδας εἰς μέσσην κνήμην ὑπέδεδεντο· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις, ἀνυπόδητος, ὡς ἐν πεδίῳ νέμων, καὶ ἡμίγυμνος, ὡς ἔτι τῆς ὥρας οὔσης καυματώδους. Ἐκείνους μὲν οὖν ἐπ’ ὀλίγον

I have gained the victory over many herdsmen and shepherds. Kiss me once in return, and lament for me when I am dead : and, when you see another tending my cattle, then think of me."

When Dorcon had thus spoken, and had kissed her for the last time, he breathed his last as he spoke and kissed her. Chloe took the pipe, put it to her lips, and blew with all her might. And the cows heard it, and, recognising the strain, began to low, and all with a bound sprang into the sea. As they had leaped from the same side of the vessel, and caused the sea to part, it upset and sank under the waves that closed over it. Those on board were flung into the sea, but with unequal prospect of safety. For the pirates were encumbered with swords, and clad in scaly coats of mail, and greaves reaching half-way down the leg. But Daphnis, who had been tending his flocks, was unshod, and only half-clothed, owing to the burning heat. The pirates had only swum a little way, when the weight of their armour dragged them down into the

νηξαμένους τὰ ὄπλα κατήνεγκεν εἰς βυθόν· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις τὴν μὲν ἐσθήτα ῥαδίως ἀπεδύετο, περὶ δὲ τὴν νῆξιν ἔκαμνεν, οἷα πρότερον νηχόμενος ἐν ποταμοῖς μόνοις. Ὑστερον δὲ, παρὰ τῆς ἀνάγκης τὸ πρακτέον διδαχθεὶς, εἰς μέσας ὥρμησε τὰς βουῆς· καὶ δύο βουῶν κεράτων ταῖς δύο χερσὶ λαβόμενος, ἐκομίζετο μέσος ἀλύπως καὶ ἀπόνως, ὥσπερ ἐλαύνων ἄμαξαν. Νήχεται δὲ ἄρα βουῆς ὅσον οὐδὲ ἄνθρωπος· μόνον λείπεται τῶν ἐνύδρων ὀρνίθων, καὶ αὐτῶν ἰχθύων. Οὐδ' ἂν ἀπόλοιτο βουῆς νηχόμενος, εἰ μὴ τῶν χηλῶν οἱ ὄνυχες περιπέσοιεν διάβροχοι γενόμενοι. Μαρτυροῦσι τῷ λόγῳ μέχρι νῦν πολλοὶ τόποι τῆς θαλάττης, βουὸς πόροι λεγόμενοι.

Ἐκσώζεται μὲν δὴ τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον ὁ Δάφνις, δύο κινδύνους παρ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν διαφυγὼν, λησθηρίου καὶ ναυαγίου. Ἐξελθὼν δὲ, καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς γελῶσαν ἄμα καὶ δακρύνουσαν εὐρῶν, ἐμπίπτει τε αὐτῆς τοῖς κόλποις, καὶ ἐπυνθάνετο, τί βουλομένη συρίσειεν.

Ἡ δὲ αὐτῷ διηγείται πάντα· τὸν δρόμον τὸν

depths: Daphnis easily threw off the clothes he had on, yet it cost him some effort to swim, since he had hitherto only swum in rivers: but soon, under the impulse of necessity, he reached the cows by an effort, and, while with each hand he grasped one by the horns, he was carried along between them without difficulty or danger, as if he had been driving a cart: for an ox swims far better than any man: it is only inferior to the water-fowl and fishes. An ox would never sink, were it not that the horn falls off their hoofs when it gets wet through. The truth of what I say is borne out by many places on the coast which are still found bearing the name of "Ox fords."

Thus Daphnis, against all expectation, was saved from the double danger of the robbers and shipwreck. When he came to land, and found Chloe weeping and smiling through her tears, he threw himself into her arms, and asked her what she had meant by playing on the pipe. And she told him everything, how she had run to Dorcon for help, how his cows had

ἐπὶ τὸν Δόρκωνα, τὸ παίδευμα τῶν βοῶν, πῶς κελευσθείη συρίσαι, καὶ ὅτι τέθηκε Δόρκων· μόνον, αἰδесθεῖσα, τὸ φίλημα οὐκ εἶπεν. Ἔδοξε δὴ τιμῆσαι τὸν εὐεργέτην· καὶ ἐλθόντες μετὰ τῶν προσηκόντων, Δόρκωνα θάπτουσι τὸν ἄθλιον. Γῆν μὲν οὖν πολλὴν ἐπέθεσαν, φυτὰ δὲ ἡμερα πολλὰ ἐφύτευσαν, καὶ ἐξήρτησαν αὐτῷ τῶν ἔργων ἀπαρχάς· ἀλλὰ καὶ γάλα κατέσπεισαν, καὶ βότρυνας κατέθλιψαν, καὶ σύριγγας πολλὰς κατέκλασαν. Ἠκούσθη καὶ τῶν βοῶν ἐλεεινὰ μυκήματα, καὶ δρόμοι τινὲς ὤφθησαν ἅμα τοῖς μυκήμασιν ἄτακτοι· καὶ, ὥς ἐν ποιμέσιν εἰκάζετο καὶ αἰπόλοις, ταῦτα θρῆνος ἦν τῶν βοῶν ἐπὶ βουκόλῳ τετελευτηκότι.

Μετὰ δὲ τὸν τοῦ Δόρκωνος τάφον, λούει τὸν Δάφνιν ἢ Χλόη πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας ἀγαγοῦσα, εἰς τὸ ἄντρον εἰσαγαγοῦσα. Καὶ αὐτῇ, τότε πρῶτον Δάφνιδος ὀρώντος, ἐλούσατο τὸ σῶμα λευκὸν καὶ καθαρὸν ὑπὸ κάλλους, καὶ οὐδὲ λουτρῶν ἐς κάλλος δεόμενον· καὶ ἄνθη τε

been trained to obey the sound of the pipe, what strain she had been bidden to play, and how Dorcon had died : only, from a feeling of modesty, she said nothing about the kiss she had given him. Then both resolved to honour the memory of their benefactor, and went with his relatives to bury the unhappy Dorcon. They heaped earth over him in abundance, and planted a number of cultivated trees round about, and hung up as an offering to the deceased the first fruits of their labours : they poured libations of milk over his grave, crushed grapes, and broke several shepherds' pipes. His cows lowed piteously, wandering hither and thither the while : and to the herdsmen and shepherds it seemed that they were mourning for the death of their master.

After the burial of Dorcon, Chloe led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed him, and then she herself, for the first time in Daphnis's presence, also washed her own fair and beautiful person, which needed no bath to set off its beauty : then, plucking the

συνλέξαντες, ὅσα ἄνθη τῆς ὥρας ἐκείνης, ἔστε-
φάνωσαν τὰ ἀγάλματα, καὶ τὴν τοῦ Δόρκωνος
σύριγγα τῆς πέτρας ἐξήρτησαν ἀνάθημα. Καὶ
μετὰ τοῦτο ἐλθόντες, ἐπεσκόπουν τὰς αἶγας
καὶ τὰ πρόβατα. Τὰ δὲ πάντα κατέκειτο
μήτε νεμόμενα, μήτε βληχώμενα, ἀλλ', οἶμαι,
τὸν Δάφνιν καὶ τὴν Χλόην ἀφανεῖς ὄντας πο-
θοῦντα. Ἐπειδὴ γοῦν ὀφθέντες καὶ ἐβόησαν
τὸ σύνθετες, καὶ ἐσύρισαν, τὰ μὲν ἀναστάντα
ἐνέμετο, αἱ δὲ αἶγες ἐσκίρτων φριμασσόμεναι,
καθάπερ ἡδόμεναι σωτηρίᾳ συνήθους αἰπόλου.
Οὐ μὴν ὁ Δάφνις χαίρειν ἔπειθε τὴν ψυχὴν·
ιδὼν τὴν Χλόην γυμνὴν, καὶ τὸ πρότερον
λανθάνον κάλλος ἐκκεκαλυμμένον, ἤλγει τὴν
καρδίαν, ὥς ἐσθιομένην ὑπὸ φαρμάκων. Καὶ
αὐτὸ τὸ πνεῦμα ποτὲ μὲν λάβρον ἐξέπνει,
καθάπερ τινὸς διώκοντος αὐτὸν, ποτὲ δὲ ἐπέ-
λειπε, καθάπερ ἐκδαπανηθὲν ἐν ταῖς προτέραις
ἐπιδρομαῖς. Ἐδόκει τὸ λουτρὸν εἶναι τῆς
θαλάττης φοβερώτερον. Ἐνόμιζε τὴν ψυχὴν
ἔτι παρὰ τοῖς λησταῖς μένειν, οἷα νέος ἄγροικος
καὶ ἔτι ἀγνοῶν τὸ Ἑρώτος ληστήριον.

flowers that were in season, they crowned the statues of the Nymphs, and hung up Dorcon's pipe against the rock as an offering. After this, they went to look after their sheep and goats, which were all lying on the ground, neither feeding nor bleating, but, I believe, pining for the absent Daphnis and Chloe. But, as soon as they came in sight, and began to shout and pipe as usual, they jumped up and began to feed: the goats skipped wantonly, as if delighted at the safe return of their master. Daphnis however could not bring himself to feel happy: for, since he had seen Chloe naked, in all her beauty formerly hidden and then revealed, he felt a pain in his heart, as if it was consumed by poison. His breath now came rapidly, as if someone was pursuing him: and now failed him, as if exhausted in previous attacks. Chloe's bath seemed to him more terrible than the sea. He thought that his soul was still amongst the pirates, since he was merely a young rustic and as yet knew nothing of the thievish tricks of Love.

ΛΟΓΟΣ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ.

Ἦδη δὲ τῆς ὁπώρας ἀκμαζούσης, καὶ ἐπεὶ-
γοντος τοῦ τρυγητοῦ, πᾶς ἦν κατὰ τοὺς ἀγρούς
ἐν ἔργῳ. Ὁ μὲν ληνοὺς ἐπεσκεύαζεν· ὁ δὲ πί-
θους ἐξεκάθαιρεν· ὁ δὲ ἀρρίχους ἐπελύγιζεν·
ἔμελέ τιμι δρεπάνης μικρᾶς ἐς βότρυος τομὴν·
καὶ ἐτέρῳ λίθου θλίψαι τὰ ἔνοινα τῶν βοτρύων
δυναμένου· καὶ ἄλλῳ λύγου ξηρᾶς πληγαῖς
κατεξασμένης, ὥς ἂν ὑπὸ φωτὶ νύκτωρ τὸ
γλεῦκος φέροιτο. Ἀμελήσαντες οὖν καὶ ὁ
Δάφνης καὶ ἡ Χλόη τῶν προβάτων καὶ τῶν
αἰγῶν, χειρὸς ὠφελειαν ἀλλήλοις μετεδίδοσαν.
Ὁ μὲν ἐβάσταζεν ἐν ἀρρίχοις βότρυς, καὶ
ἐπάτει ταῖς ληνοῖς ἐμβάλλων, καὶ εἰς τοὺς
πίθους ἔφερε τὸν οἶνον· ἡ δὲ τροφὴν παρε-
σκεύαζε τοῖς τρυγῶσι, καὶ ἐνέχει ποτὸν αὐτοῖς
πρεσβύτερον οἶνον, καὶ τῶν ἀμπέλων τὰς τα-
πεινοτέρας ἀπετρύγα. Πᾶσα γὰρ κατὰ τὴν

BOOK II

It was now the middle of autumn, and the vintage was close at hand; everyone was in the fields, busily intent upon his work. Some were repairing the wine-presses, others cleaning out the jars: some were weaving baskets of osier, and others sharpening short sickles for cutting the grapes: some were preparing stones to crush those full of wine, others preparing dry twigs which had been well beaten, to be used as torches to light the drawing off of the new wine by night. Daphnis and Chloe, having abandoned the care of their flocks, assisted each other in these tasks. Daphnis carried bunches of grapes in baskets, threw them into the press and trod them, and drew off the juice into jars: while Chloe prepared food for the vintagers, and poured some of the older wine for them to drink, while at the same time she picked some of the lowest bunches from the trees. For

Δέσβον ἦν ἄμπελος ταπεινὴ, οὐ μετέωρος, οὐδὲ ἀναδενδράς, ἀλλὰ κάτω τὰ κλήματα ἀποτείνουσα, καὶ ὥσπερ κιττὸς νεμομένη· καὶ παῖς ἂν ἐφίκοιτο βότρυος, ἄρτι τὰς χεῖρας ἐκ σπαργάνων λελυμένος.

Οἶον οὖν εἰκὸς ἐν ἑορτῇ Διονύσου καὶ οἶνον γενέσει, αἱ μὲν γυναῖκες ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν εἰς ἐπικουρίαν κεκλημέναι, τῷ Δάφνιδι τοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐπέβαλλον, καὶ ἐπῆνον ὡς ὅμοιον τῷ Διονύσῳ τὸ κάλλος. Καί τις τῶν θρασυτέρων καὶ ἐφίλησε, καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν παρώξυνε, τὴν δὲ Χλόην ἐλύπησεν. Οἱ δὲ ἐν ταῖς ληνοῖς ποικίλας φωνὰς ἑρρίπτον ἐπὶ τὴν Χλόην, καὶ, ὥσπερ ἐπὶ τινα Βάκχην Σάτυροι, μανικώτερον ἐπήδων, καὶ ἤρχοντο γενέσθαι ποίμνια, καὶ ὑπ' ἐκείνης νέμεσθαι· ὥστε αὖ πάλιν ἡ μὲν ἠδετο, Δάφνις δὲ ἐλυπεῖτο. Ἡρχοντο δὲ δὴ ταχέως παύσασθαι τὸν τρυγητὸν καὶ λαβέσθαι τῶν συνήθων χωρίων, καὶ, ἀντὶ τῆς ἀμούσου βοῆς, ἀκούειν σύριγγος, ἢ τῶν ποιμνίων αὐτῶν βληχωμένων. Καὶ ἐπεὶ διαγενομένων ὀλίγων ἡμε-

all the vines in Lesbos grow low, and are not trained to trees: their branches hang down to the ground, spreading like ivy, so that even a child that is, so to speak, only just out of its swaddling clothes, could reach them.

As is customary at the festival of Bacchus, on the birthday of the wine, women had been summoned from the neighbouring fields to assist; and they cast amorous eyes on Daphnis, and extolled him as vying with Bacchus in beauty. One of them, bolder than the rest, kissed him, which excited Daphnis, but annoyed Chloe. On the other hand, the men who were treading the wine-presses, made all kinds of advances to Chloe, and leaped furiously, like Satyrs who had seen some Bacchante, declaring that they wished they were sheep, to be tended by her: this, again, pleased Chloe, while Daphnis felt annoyed. Each wished that the vintage was over, and that they could return to the familiar fields, and, instead of uncouth shouts, hear the sound of the pipe and the bleating of their flocks.

ρῶν, αἱ μὲν ἄμπελοι τετρύγηντο, πίθοι δὲ τὸ γλεῦκος εἶχον, ἔδει δὲ οὐκέτι οὐδὲν πολυχειρίας, κατήλαυνον τὰς ἀγέλας εἰς τὸ πεδίον· καὶ, μάλα χαίροντες, τὰς Νύμφας προσεκύνουν, βότρυν αὐταῖς κομίζοντες ἐπὶ κλημάτων, ἀπαρχὰς τοῦ τρυγητοῦ. Οὐδὲ τὸν πρότερον χρόνον ἀμελῶς ποτε παρήλθον, ἀλλ' αἰεὶ τε ἀρχόμενοι νομῆς προσήδρευον, καὶ ἐκ νομῆς ἀνιόντες, προσεκύνουν· καὶ πάντως τι ἀπέφερον, ἢ ἄνθος, ἢ ὀπώραν, ἢ φυλλάδα χλωρὰν, ἢ γάλακτος σπονδὴν. Καὶ τούτου μὲν ὕστερον ἀμοιβὰς ἐκομίσαντο παρὰ τῶν θεῶν. Τότε δὲ κύνες, φασὶν, ἐκ δεσμῶν λυθέντες ἐσκίρτων, ἐσύριττον, ἦδον τοῖς τράγοις καὶ τοῖς προβάτοις συνεπάλαιον.

Τερπομένοις δὲ αὐτοῖς ἐφίσταται πρεσβύτης, σισύραν ἐνδεδυμένος, καρβατίνας ὑποδεδεμένος, πήραν ἐξηρτημένος, καὶ τὴν πήραν παλαιάν. Οὗτος πλησίον καθίσας αὐτῶν, ὧδε εἶπε· “Φιλητᾶς, ὦ παῖδες, ὁ πρεσβύτης ἐγώ·

In a few days the grapes were gathered in, the casks were full of new wine, and there was no need of so many hands : then they again began to drive their flocks down to the plain, and joyfully paid homage to the Nymphs, offering them grapes still hanging on the branches, the first fruits of the vintage. Even before that they had never neglected them as they passed by, but when they drove their flocks to pasture, as well as on their return, they reverently saluted them ; never omitting to bring them a flower, some fruit, some green foliage, or a libation of milk. And they afterwards reaped the reward of this piety from the Gods. Then they gamboled like dogs loosed from their bonds, piped, sang to the goats, and wrestled sportively with the sheep.

While they were thus amusing themselves, an old man appeared before them, clad in a goatskin, with shoes of undressed leather on his feet, and carrying a wallet, a very old one, round his neck. Seating himself close by them, he addressed them as follows : “ My children, I am old Philetas :

ὅς πολλὰ μὲν ταῖσδε ταῖς Νύμφαις ᾔσα,
 πολλὰ δὲ τῷ Πανὶ ἐκείνῳ ἐσύρισα, βοῶν δὲ
 πολλῆς ἀγέλης ἡγησάμην μόνη μουσικῇ.
 Ἦκω δὲ ὑμῖν, ὅσα εἶδον, μηνύσων, ὅσα ἤκουσα,
 ἀπαγγελῶν. Κῆπός ἐστί μοι τῶν ἐμῶν χειρῶν·
 ὄν, ἐξ οὗ νέμειν διὰ γῆρας ἐπανσάμην, ἐξεπονη-
 σάμην, ὅσα ὦραι φέρουσι, πάντα ἔχων ἐν αὐτῷ
 καθ' ὥραν ἐκάστην. Ἦρος, ρόδα, κρίνα, καὶ
 ὑάκινθος, καὶ ἴα ἀμφοτέρω· θέρους, μήκωνες,
 καὶ ἀχράδες, καὶ μῆλα πάντα· νῦν, ἄμπελοι,
 καὶ συκαί, καὶ ροιαί, καὶ μύρτα χλωρά. Εἰς
 τοῦτον τὸν κῆπον ὀρνίθων ἀγέλαι συνέρχονται
 τὸ ἐωθινόν, τῶν μὲν, ἐς τροφήν, τῶν δὲ, ἐς
 ῥοδὴν· συνηρεφῆς γὰρ, καὶ κατάσκιος, καὶ πηγαῖς
 τρισὶ κατάρρυτος· ἂν περιέλη τις τὴν αἵμασιάν,
 ἄλσος ὁρᾶν οἴησεται.

“Εἰσελθόντι δέ μοι τήμερον ἀμφὶ μέσσην
 ἡμέραν, ὑπὸ ταῖς ροιαῖς καὶ ταῖς μυρρίναις
 βλέπεται παῖς, μύρτα καὶ ροιάς ἔχων, λευκός·

I have sung many songs to these Nymphs,
I have often played the pipe to Pan yonder,
and guided a whole herd of oxen by my
voice alone. I am come to tell you what
I have seen, and to declare to you what I
have heard.

“ I have a garden, which I have planted
and cultivated myself, ever since I became
too old to tend my flocks. You will always
find there everything that grows, in its
proper season: in spring, roses, lilies, hya-
cinths, single and double violets: in sum-
mer, poppies, wild pears, and all kinds of
apples: and, in the present autumn season,
grapes, figs, pomegranates, and green
myrtles. Every morning flocks of birds
assemble in the garden, some to seek
food, others to sing: for it is thickly
shaded by trees, and watered by three
fountains: if you were to remove the
wall that surrounds it, you would think
it was a native forest.

“ When I went into it yesterday about
mid-day, I saw a lad under the myrtles
and pomegranate trees, with some of their
produce in his hands: he was white as

ὥσπερ γάλα, καὶ ξανθὸς ὡς πῦρ, στιλπνὸς ὡς ἄρτι λελουμένος. Γυμνὸς ἦν, μόνος ἦν· ἔπαιξεν ὡς ἴδιον κῆπον τρυγῶν. Ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν ὥρμησα ἐπ' αὐτὸν ὡς συλληψόμενος, δείσας μὴ ὑπ' ἀγερωχίας τὰς μυρρίνας καὶ τὰς ροῖας κατακλάσῃ· ὁ δέ με κούφως καὶ ῥαδίως ὑπέφευγε, ποτὲ μὲν ταῖς ῥοδωνιαῖς ὑποτρέχων, ποτὲ δὲ ταῖς μήκωσιν ὑποκρυπτόμενος, ὥσπερ πέρδικος νεοττός. Καίτοι πολλάκις μὲν πράγματα ἔσχον ἐρίφους γαλαθηνούς διώκων· πολλάκις δὲ ἔκαμον μεταθέων μόσχους ἀρτιγεννήτους· ἀλλὰ τοῦτο ποικίλον τι χρῆμα ἦν καὶ ἀθήρατον. Καμὼν οὖν, ὡς γέρων, καὶ ἐπερυσάμενος τῇ βακτηρίᾳ, καὶ ἅμα φυλάττων μὴ φύγῃ, ἐπυνθανόμην τίνος ἐστὶ τῶν γειτόνων, καὶ τί βουλόμενος ἀλλότριον κῆπον τρυγᾷ. Ὁ δὲ ἀπεκρίνατο μὲν οὐδέν· στας δὲ πλησίον, ἐγέλα πάνυ ἀπαλὸν, καὶ ἔβαλλέ με τοῖς μύρτοις, καὶ, οὐκ οἶδ' ὅπως, ἔθελγε μηκέτι θυμοῦσθαι. Ἐδεόμην οὖν εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθεῖν, μηδέν φοβούμενον ἔτι, καὶ ὤμνον κατὰ τῶν μύρτων ἀφήσειν, ἐπι-

milk and ruddy as fire, and his body shone as if he had just been bathing. He was naked and alone, and he was amusing himself with plucking the fruit as if the garden had belonged to him. I rushed at him to seize him, being afraid that, in his wantonness, he might break my trees : but he nimbly and easily escaped my hand, now running under the rose-bushes, now hiding himself under the poppies, like a young partridge. I have often had trouble in chasing young kids, and tired myself with running after newly-born calves : but this was a wily creature, and could not be caught. Being an old man, and obliged to support myself with a stick, I soon became tired : and, being afraid that he might escape, I asked him to which of my neighbours he belonged, and what he meant by plucking the fruit in a stranger's garden. He made no answer, but, coming close to me, laughed quietly, flung some myrtle-berries at me, and, somehow or other, appeased my anger. I asked him to come to me without fear, and I swore by my

δοὺς μῆλων καὶ ροιῶν, παρέξειν τε αἰὲ τρυγᾶν
τὰ φυτὰ καὶ δρέπειν τὰ ἄνθη, τυχὼν παρὰ
αὐτοῦ φιλήματος ἐνός.

“Ἐνταῦθα, πάνν καπυρὸν γελάσας, ἀφήσι
φωνήν, οἶαν οὔτε χελιδὼν, οὔτε ἀηδὼν, οὔτε
κύκνος, ὅμοιος ἐμοὶ γέρων γενόμενος. Ἐμοὶ
μὲν, ὦ Φιλητᾶ, φιλήσαι σε πόνος οὐδεὶς· (βού-
λομαι γὰρ φιλεῖσθαι μᾶλλον, ἢ σὺν γενέσθαι
νέος·) ὅρα δὲ εἴ σοι καθ’ ἡλικίαν τὸ δῶρον.
Οὐδεν γάρ σε ὠφελήσει τὸ γῆρας πρὸς τὸ μὴ
διώκειν ἐμὲ μετὰ τὸ ἐν φίλημα. Δυσθήρατος
ἐγὼ καὶ ἱέρακι, καὶ αἰετῷ καὶ εἴ τις ἄλλος
τούτων ὠκύτερος ὄρνις. Οὔτοι παῖς ἐγὼ, καὶ
εἰ δοκῶ παῖς, ἀλλὰ τοῦ Κρόνου πρεσβύτερος,
καὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ παντὸς χρόνου. Καί σε οἶδα
νέμοντα πρωθήβην ἐν ἐκείνῳ τῷ ἔλει τὸ πλατὺ
βουκόλιον, καὶ παρήμην σοι συρίττοντι πρὸς
ταῖς φηγοῖς ἐκείναις, ἡνίκα ἦρας Ἀμαρυλλίδος·
ἀλλὰ με οὐχ ἐώρας, καίτοι πλησίον μάλα τῇ
κόρῃ παρεστῶτα. Σοὶ μὲν οὖν ἐκείνην ἔδωκα·

myrtles, and, in addition, by my apples and pomegranates, that I would let him pluck the fruits of my trees and cull my flowers whenever he pleased, if he would only give me one kiss.

“Then, laughing loudly, he began to speak in a voice sweeter than that of a swallow, or nightingale, or swan as old in years as myself: ‘It would be easy for me to kiss you, Philetas: for my wish to be kissed is stronger than your desire to become young again: but look to it whether the gift is suitable to your age. For, when you have once kissed me, your years will not exempt you from a desire to pursue me: but neither the hawk, nor eagle, nor other bird that is swift on the wing can catch me. I am not a child, even though I seem to be: I am older than Kronos, more ancient than all time. I knew you in the bloom of your first youth, when you tended your numerous flock in yonder marsh, and I was by your side when you played upon your pipe under the beech-trees, when you were in love with Amaryllis, but you did not see

καὶ ἤδη σοὶ παῖδες ἀγαθοὶ βουκόλοι καὶ γεωργοί. Νῦν δὲ Δάφνιν ποιμαίνω καὶ Χλόην· καὶ ἡνίκα ἂν αὐτοὺς εἰς ἓν συνάγω τὸ ἐώθινον, εἰς τὸν σὸν ἔρχομαι κῆπον, καὶ τέρπομαι τοῖς ἄνθεσι καὶ τοῖς φυτοῖς, καὶ ταῖς πηγαῖς ταύταις λούομαι. Διὰ τοῦτο καλὰ καὶ τὰ ἄνθη καὶ τὰ φυτὰ, τοῖς ἐμοῖς λουτροῖς ἀρδόμενα. Ὅρα δὲ μή τί σοι τῶν φυτῶν κατακέκλασται, μή τις ὀπώρα τετρύγηται, μή τις ἄνθος ρίζα πεπάτηται, μή τις πηγὴ τετάρακται. Καὶ χαῖρε μόνος ἀνθρώπων ἐν γῇρα θεασάμενος τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον.

“Ταῦτα εἰπὼν, ἀνῆλατο, καθάπερ ἀηδόνης νεοττὸς, ἐπὶ τὰς μυρρίνας, καὶ κλάδον ἀμείβων ἐκ κλάδιου, διὰ τῶν φύλλων ἀνείρπεν εἰς ἄκρον. Εἶδον αὐτοῦ καὶ πτέρυγας ἐκ τῶν ὤμων, καὶ τοξάρια μεταξὺ πτερύγων καὶ τῶν ὤμων, καὶ οὐκέτι εἶδον οὔτε ταῦτα, οὔτε αὐτόν. Εἰ δὲ μὴ μάτην ταύτας τὰς πολιὰς ἔφυσα, μηδὲ γηράσας ματαιοτέρας τὰς φρένας ἐκτησάμην, Ἐρωτι, ὦ παῖδες, κατέσπεισθε, καὶ Ἐρωτι ὑμῶν μέλει.”

me; and yet I was very close to her. I gave her to you, and the fruit of your union has been stalwart sons, good herdsmen and labourers. But now Daphnis and Chloe are my care: and when I have brought them together in the morning, I come into your garden, to enjoy the sight of the plants and flowers, and to bathe in this spring. This is why all the produce of your garden is fair to see, since it is watered by my bath. Look whether any branch is broken, whether any fruit is plucked, whether any flower is trodden upon, or your springs disturbed. Think yourself happy that you are the only man who has seen this child in your old age.'

"With these words, he sprang up, like a young nightingale, upon the myrtles, and, mounting from branch to branch, at length reached the top. Then I saw that he had wings on his shoulders, and a bow and arrows between the wings and his shoulders, and after that I saw him no more. But, unless my grey hairs count for nothing, unless I have grown more foolish with age, you are consecrated to Love, my children, and Love watches over you."

Πάνυ ἐτέρφθησαν ὥσπερ μῦθον, οὐ λόγον,
 ἀκούοντες, καὶ ἐπυνθάνοντο τί ἐστί ποτε ὁ
 Ἔρως, πότερα παῖς, ἢ ὄρνις, καὶ τί δύναται;
 Πάλιν οὖν ὁ Φιλητάς ἔφη· “Θεὸς ἐστίν, ὦ
 παῖδες, ὁ Ἔρως, νέος καὶ καλὸς, καὶ πετό-
 μενος. Διὰ τοῦτο καὶ νεότητι χαίρει, κάλλος
 διώκει, καὶ τὰς ψυχὰς ἀναπτεροῖ. Δύναται
 δὲ τοσοῦτον, ὅσον οὐδὲ ὁ Ζεὺς. Κρατεῖ μὲν
 στοιχείων, κρατεῖ δὲ ἄστρον· κρατεῖ δὲ τῶν
 ὁμοίων θεῶν· οὐδὲ ὑμεῖς τοσοῦτον τῶν αἰγῶν
 καὶ τῶν προβάτων. Τὰ ἄνθη πάντα Ἐρωτος
 ἔργα· τὰ φυτὰ ταῦτα τούτου ποιήματα. Διὰ
 τοῦτον καὶ ποταμοὶ ῥέουσιν, καὶ ἄνεμοι πνέουσιν.
 Ἐγνων δὲ ἐγὼ καὶ ταῦρον ἐρασθέντα, καὶ ὡς
 οἷστρω πληγεῖς ἐμυκάτο· καὶ τράγον φιλή-
 σαντα αἶγα, καὶ ἡκολούθει πανταχοῦ. Αὐτὸς
 μὲν γὰρ ἤμην νέος, καὶ ἡράσθην Ἀμαρυλλίδος·
 καὶ οὔτε τροφῆς ἐμεμνήμην, οὔτε ποτὸν προσ-
 εφερόμην, οὔτε ὕπνον ἡρούμην. Ἦλγον τὴν
 ψυχὴν, τὴν καρδίαν ἐπαλλόμην, τὸ σῶμα
 ἐψυχόμην· ἐβόων ὡς παιόμενος, ἐσιώπων ὡς
 νεκρούμενος, εἰς ποταμοὺς ἐνέβαινον ὡς καό-

Daphnis and Chloe were as delighted as if they had heard some fable, and not a true story, and asked what Love was; whether it was a bird or a child, and what it could do. Philetas replied: "My children, Love is a winged God, young and beautiful. Wherefore he takes delight in youth, pursues beauty, and furnishes the soul with wings: his power is greater than that of Zeus. He has power over the elements and over the stars: and has greater control over the other Gods that are his equals than you have over your sheep and goats. The flowers are all the work of Love; the plants are his creation. He makes the rivers to run, and the winds to blow. I have seen a bull smitten with love, and it bellowed as if stung by the gadfly: I have seen a he-goat kissing its mate, and following it everywhere. I myself have been young, and was in love with Amarylhis: then I thought neither of eating nor drinking, and I took no rest. My soul was troubled, my heart beat, my body was chilled: I shouted as if I were being beaten, I was as silent as a dead man, I

μενος· ἐκάλουν τὸν Πᾶνα βοηθόν, ὡς καὶ αὐτὸν τῆς Πίτυος ἐρασθέντα· ἐπήνουν τὴν Ἥχῳ, τὸ Ἀμαρυλλίδος ὄνομα μετ' ἐμὲ καλοῦσαν· κατέκλων τὰς σύριγγας, ὅτι μοι τὰς μὲν βοῦς ἔθελγον, Ἀμαρυλλίδα δὲ οὐκ ἦγον. Ἐρωτος γὰρ οὐδὲν φάρμακον, οὐ πινόμενον, οὐκ ἐσθιόμενον, οὐκ ἐν ψδαῖς λαλούμενον, ὅτι μὴ φίλημα, καὶ περιβολή, καὶ συγκατακλιθῆναι γυμνοῖς σώμασι.”

Φιλητᾶς μέντοι ταῦτα παιδεύσας αὐτοὺς, ἀπαλλάττεται, τυρούς τινας παρ' αὐτῶν καὶ ἔριφον ἤδη κεράστην λαβών. Οἱ δὲ μόνοι καταλειφθέντες, καὶ τότε πρῶτον ἀκούσαντες τὸ Ἐρωτος ὄνομα, τὰς τε ψυχὰς συνεστάλησαν ὑπὸ λύπης, καὶ ἐπανελθόντες νύκτωρ εἰς τὰς ἐπαύλεις, παρέβαλλον οἷς ἤκουσαν τὰ αὐτῶν. “Ἄλγουσιν οἱ ἐρῶντες· καὶ ἡμεῖς. Ἀμελοῦσιν ἴσως· καὶ ἡμεῖς ἡμελήκαμεν. Καθεύδειν οὐ δύνανται· τοῦτο μὲν καὶ νῦν πάσχομεν ἡμεῖς. Κάεσθαι δοκοῦσι· καὶ παρ' ἡμῖν τὸ πῦρ. Ἐπιθυμοῦσιν ἀλλήλους ὁρᾶν· διὰ τοῦτο θᾶτ-

plunged into the rivers as if I were consumed by fire: I called upon Pan, himself enamoured of Pitys, to help me: I thanked Echo, who repeated the name of Amaryllis after me: I broke my pipes, which, though they charmed my kine, could not bring Amaryllis to me. For there is no remedy for Love, that can be eaten or drunk, or uttered in song, save kissing and embracing, and lying naked side by side."

Philetas, having thus instructed them, departed, taking away with him a present of some cheeses and a horned goat. When they were left alone, having then for the first time heard the name of Love, they were greatly distressed, and, on their return to their home at night, compared their feelings with what they had heard from the old man: "Lovers suffer: so do we. They neglect their work: we have done the same. They cannot sleep: it is the same with us. They seem on fire: we are consumed by fire. They are eager to see each other: it is for this that we wish the day to dawn more quickly. This must be Love, and we are in love with each other

τον εὐχόμεθα γενέσθαι τὴν ἡμέραν. Σχεδὸν τοῦτό ἐστιν ὁ ἔρως, καὶ ἐρώμεν ἀλλήλων οὐκ εἰδότες. Εἰ τοῦτο μὴ ἐστιν ὁ ἔρως, ἐγὼ δὲ ὁ ἐρώμενος, τί οὖν ταῦτα ἀλογούμεν; Τί δὲ ἀλλήλους ζητοῦμεν; Ἀληθῆ πάντα εἶπεν ὁ Φιλητᾶς. Τὸ ἐκ τοῦ κήπου παιδίον ὥφθη καὶ τοῖς πατράσιν ἡμῶν ὄναρ ἐκείνο, καὶ νέμειν ἡμᾶς τὰς ἀγέλας ἐκέλευσε. Πῶς ἂν τις αὐτὸ λάβοι; Μικρόν ἐστι, καὶ φεύζεται. Καὶ πῶς ἂν τις αὐτὸ φύγοι; Πτερὰ ἔχει, καὶ καταλήφεται. Ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας δεῖ βοηθοὺς καταφυγεῖν; Ἀλλ' οὐδὲ Φιλητᾶν ὁ Πᾶν ὠφέλησεν Ἀμαρυλλίδος ἐρώντα. Ὅσα εἶπεν ἄρα φάρμακα, ταῦτα ζητητέα· φίλημα, καὶ περιπλοκή, καὶ κείσθαι γυμνοὺς χαμαί. Κρύος μὲν, ἀλλὰ καρτερήσομεν δεύτερον μετὰ Φιλητᾶν."

Τοῦτο αὐτοῖς γίνεται νυκτερινὸν παιδευτήριον· καὶ ἀγαγόντες τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας τὰς ἀγέλας εἰς νομὴν, ἐφίλησαν μὲν ἀλλήλους ἰδόντες, ὃ μὴπω πρότερον ἐποίησαν καὶ περιέβαλλον τὰς χεῖρας ἐπαλλάξαντες. Τὸ δὲ τρίτον ὥκνουν φάρμακον, ἀποδυθέντες κατα-

without knowing it. If this be not love, and I am not beloved, why are we so distressed? why do we so eagerly seek each other? All that Philetas has told us is true. It was that boy in the garden who once appeared to our parents in a dream, and bade us tend the flocks. How can we catch him? he is small and will escape. And how can we escape him? he has wings and will overtake us. We must appeal to the Nymphs for help. But Pan could not help Philetas, when he was in love with Amaryllis. Let us, therefore, try the remedies of which he told us: let us kiss and embrace each other, and lie naked on the ground. It is cold: but we will endure it, after the example of Philetas."

This was their nightly lesson. At day-break they drove out their flocks, kissed each other as soon as they met, which they had never done before, and embraced: but they were afraid to try the third remedy, to undress and lie down together: for it would have been too bold an act for a young shepherdess, even for a goatherd. Then again they passed sleepless nights,

κλιθῆναι· θρασύτερον γὰρ οὐ μόνον παρθένων, ἀλλὰ καὶ νέων αἰπόλων. Πάλιν οὖν ἀγρυπνία ἔχουσα καὶ ἔννοιαν τῶν γεγενημένων, καὶ κατὰ-μεμψιν τῶν παραλελειμμένων. “Καὶ ἐφιλήσαμεν, καὶ οὐδὲν ὄφελος· περιεβάλομεν, καὶ οὐδὲν πλέον ἔσχομεν. Τὸ οὖν κατακλιθῆναι μόνον φάρμακον ἔρωτος. Πειρατέον καὶ τούτου· πάντως ἐν αὐτῷ τι κρεῖττον ἔσται φιλήματος”

Ἐπὶ τούτοις τοῖς λογισμοῖς, οἷον εἰκὸς, καὶ ὀνείρατα ἐώρων ἐρωτικά, τὰ φιλήματα, τὰς περιβολάς· καὶ ὅσα δὲ μεθ’ ἡμέραν οὐκ ἔπραξαν, ταῦτα ὄναρ ἔπραξαν· γυμνοὶ μετ’ ἀλλήλων ἔκειντο. Ἐνθεώτεροι δὲ κατὰ τὴν ἐπιούσαν ἡμέραν ἀνέστησαν, καὶ ῥοίζῳ τὰς ἀγέλας κατήλαννον, ἐπειγόμενοι πρὸς τὰ φιλήματα· καὶ ἰδόντες ἀλλήλους, ἅμα μειδιάματι κατέδραμον. Τὰ μὲν οὖν φιλήματα ἐγένετο, καὶ ἡ περιβολὴ τῶν χειρῶν ἠκολούθησε· τὸ δὲ τρίτον φάρμακον ἐβράδυνε, μήτε τοῦ Δάφνιδος τολμῶντος εἰπεῖν, μήτε τῆς Χλόης βουλομένης κατάρχεσθαι, ἔστε τύχη καὶ τοῦτο ἔπραξαν.

Καθέζοντο ἐπὶ στελέχους ὀρυὸς, πλησίον

thinking of what they had done, and regretting what they had left undone. "We have kissed each other," they complained, "but it has profited nothing. We have embraced, but nothing has come of it. The only remaining remedy is to lie down together: let us try it: surely there must be something in it more efficacious than in a kiss."

With such thoughts as these their dreams were naturally of love and kisses and embraces: what they had not done in the day, they did in a dream: they lay naked together. The next morning, they got up more inflamed with love than ever, and drove their flocks to pasture, whistling loudly, and hurried to embrace each other: and, when they saw each other from a distance, they ran up with a smile, kissed, and embraced: but the third remedy was slow to come: for Daphnis did not venture to speak of it, and Chloe was unwilling to lead the way, until chance brought them to it.

They were sitting side by side on the trunk of an oak: and, having tasted the

ἀλλήλων· καὶ γευσάμενοι τῆς ἐν φιλήματι
 τέρψεως, ἀπλήστως ἐνεφοροῦντο τῆς ἡδονῆς.
 Ἦσαν δὲ καὶ χειρῶν περιβολαὶ, θλίψιν τοῖς
 στόμασι παρέχουσαι. Κατὰ τὴν τῶν χειρῶν
 περιβολὴν βιαιότερον δὴ τοῦ Δάφνιδος ἐπισπα-
 σαμένου, κλίνεται πὺς ἐπὶ πλευρὰν ἢ Χλόη,
 κακεῖνος δὲ συγκατακλίνεται τῷ φιλήματι
 ἀκολουθῶν· καὶ γνωρίσαντες τῶν ὀνείρων τὴν
 εἰκόνα, κατέκειντο πολὺν χρόνον ὥσπερ συν-
 δεδεμένοι. Εἰδότες δὲ τῶν ἐντεῦθεν οὐδὲν, καὶ
 νομίσαντες τοῦτο εἶναι πέρας ἀπολαύσεως
 ἐρωτικῆς, μάτην τὸ πλεῖστον τῆς ἡμέρας
 δαπανήσαντες, διελύθησαν, καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας
 ἀπήλαντον, τὴν νύκτα μισοῦντες. Ἴσως δ' ἄν
 τι τῶν ἀληθῶν ἔπραξαν, εἰ μὴ θόρυβος τοιοῦσδε
 πᾶσαν τὴν ἀγροικίαν ἐκείνην κατέλαβε.

Νέοι Μηθυμαῖοι πλούσιοι, διαθέσθαι τὸν
 τρυγητὸν ἐν ξενικῇ τέρψει θελήσαντες, ναῦν
 μικρὰν καθελκύσαντες, καὶ οἰκέτας προσκώπους
 καθίσαντες, τοὺς Μιτυληναίων ἀγροὺς περιέ-
 πλεον, ὅσοι θαλάττης πλησίον. Εὐλίμενός
 τε γὰρ ἡ παραλία, καὶ οἰκήσεσιν ἡσκημένη

delights of kissing, they could not have enough: in their close embrace their lips met closely. While Daphnis pulled Chloe somewhat roughly towards him, she somehow fell on her side, and Daphnis, following up his kiss, fell also on his side: then, recognising the likeness of the dream, they lay for a long time as if they had been bound together. But, not knowing what to do next, and thinking that this was the consummation of love, they spent the greater part of the day in these idle embraces; then, cursing the night when it came on, they separated, and drove their flocks home. Perhaps they would have found out the truth, had not a sudden disturbance occupied the attention of the whole district.

Some wealthy young Methymnaeans, wishing to amuse themselves away from home during the vintage, launched a small vessel, manned with their servants as oarsmen, and coasted along the shore of Mitylene, which affords good harbourage, and is adorned with splendid houses, baths, parks, and groves, some natural,

πολυτελῶς. Καὶ λουτρὰ συνεχῇ, παράδεισοί τε καὶ ἄλση· τὰ μὲν φύσεως ἔργα, τὰ δὲ ἀνθρώπων τέχνης· πάντα ἐνοικῆσαι καλά. Καταπλέοντες δὲ καὶ ἐνορμιζόμενοι, κακὸν μὲν ἐποιοῦν οὐδὲν, τέρψεις δὲ ποικίλας ἐτέρποντο· ποτὲ μὲν ἀγκίστροις καλάμων ἀπηρητημένοις ἐκ λίνου λεπτοῦ, πετραίους ἰχθῦς ἀλιεύοντες ἐκ πέτρας ἀλιτενοῦς· ποτὲ δὲ κυσὶ καὶ δικτύοις λαγῶνς, φεύγοντας τὸν ἐν ταῖς ἀμπέλοις θόρυβον, λαμβάνοντες. Ἦδη δὲ καὶ ὀρνίθων ἄγρας ἐμέλησεν αὐτοῖς, καὶ ἔλαβον βρόχοις χῆνας ἀγρίους, καὶ νήττας, καὶ ὠτίδας· ὥστε καὶ ἡ τέρψις αὐτοῖς καὶ τραπέξης ὠφέλειαν παρείχεν. Εἰ δέ τις προσέδει, παρὰ τῶν ἐν τοῖς ἀγροῖς ἐλάμβανον, περιττοτέρους τῆς ἀξίας ὀβολοὺς καταβάλλοντες. Ἦδει δὲ μόνον ἄρτου καὶ οἴνου καὶ στέγης· οὐ γὰρ ἀσφαλὲς ἐδόκει, μετοπωρινῆς ὥρας ἐστῶσης, ἐνθαλαττεύειν· ὥστε καὶ τὴν ναῦν ἀνείλκον ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν, νύκτα χειμέριον δεδοικότες.

Τῶν δὲ δὴ τις ἀγροίκων, ἐς ἀνολκὴν λίθου θλίβοντος τά πατηθέντα βοτρυδία χρήζων σχοίνου,

others artificial, but all pleasant to dwell in. Coasting along and putting in to land from time to time, they did no damage, but amused themselves in various ways. They fastened hooks to the end of a fine line attached to the end of a reed, and caught fish from a rock that jutted out into the sea : or, with dogs and nets, captured the hares which were scared by the noise of the labourers in the vineyard ; or again, they set snares for ducks, wild geese, and bustards, which, besides affording them sport, provided them with an addition to their repast. If they wanted anything else, they bought it from the villagers, at a higher price than it was worth. They only needed bread, wine, and lodging, for, as it was late in the autumn, they did not think it was safe to pass the night on the water : they accordingly drew up the ship on land, being afraid of a storm by night.

It chanced that a peasant, being in need of a rope to lift up the stone that was used for crushing the grapes after they had been trodden (his own being broken), went secretly down to the sea-shore, and, finding

τῆς πρότερον ῥαγείσης, κρύφα ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἐλθὼν, ἀφρουρήτω τῇ νηϊ προσελθὼν, τὸ πείσμα ἐκλύσας, οἴκαδε κομίσας, ἐς ὃ, τι ἔχρηξεν, ἐχρήσατο. Ἔωθεν οὖν οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι νεανίσκοι ζήτησιν ἐποιοῦντο τοῦ πείσματος, καὶ (ὠμολόγει γὰρ οὐδεὶς τὴν κλοπὴν) ὀλίγα μεμψάμενοι τοὺς ξενοδόκους, παρέπλεον· καὶ στάδια τριάκοντα παρελάσαντες, προσορμίζονται τοῖς ἀγροῖς ἐν οἷς ὄκουν ἡ Χλόη καὶ ὁ Δάφνις· ἐδόκει γὰρ αὐτοῖς καλὸν εἶναι τὸ πεδίον ἐς θήραν λαγῶν. Σχοῖνον μὲν οὖν οὐκ εἶχον ὥστε ἐκδήσασθαι πείσμα· λύγον δὲ χλωρὰν μακρὰν στρέψαντες ὡς σχοῖνον, ταύτη τὴν ναῦν ἐκ τῆς πρύμνης ἄκρας εἰς τὴν γῆν ἔδωσαν. Ἐπειτα τοὺς κύνας ἀφέντες ῥινηλατεῖν ἐν ταῖς εὐκαίροις φαινομέναις τῶν ὁδῶν, ἐλινιστάτουν. Οἱ μὲν δὲ κύνες ἅμα ὑλακῇ διαθέοντες, ἐφόβησαν τὰς αἰγας· αἱ δὲ, τὰ ὀρεινὰ καταλιποῦσαι, μᾶλλον τι πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν ὤρμησαν. Ἐχουσαι δὲ οὐδὲν ἐν ψάμμῳ τρώξιμον, ἐλθοῦσαι πρὸς τὴν ναῦν αἱ θρασύτεραι αὐτῶν, τὴν

the ship unguarded, unfastened the cable, took it home, and used it for what he wanted. In the morning, the young Methymnaeans looked everywhere for the rope, and, as no one admitted the theft, after abusing their hosts, they put out to sea again. Having sailed on about thirty stades, they put in at that part of the coast where was the estate on which Daphnis and Chloe dwelt: since it seemed to them to be a good country for coursing. But, as they had no rope with which to moor their vessel, they twisted some long green osiers into a cable, and with them fastened it to land: then, having let loose their dogs to scent the game in the most likely spots, they spread their nets. The dogs, running in all directions and barking, frightened the goats, which left the hills and fled hastily in the direction of the sea. There, finding nothing to eat in the sand on the shore, some of them, bolder than the rest, went up to the boat, and gnawed off the osiers with which it was fastened.

It so happened that the sea was rather rough, as there was a breeze blowing from

λύγον τὴν χλωράν, ἣ δέδετο ἡ ναῦς, ἀπέφαγον.

Ἦν δέ τι καὶ κλυδώνιον ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ, κινηθέντος ἀπὸ τῶν ὁρῶν πνεύματος· ταχὺ δὴ μάλα λυθεῖσαν αὐτὴν ὑπὴνεγκεν ἡ παλίρροια τοῦ κύματος, καὶ ἐς τὸ πέλαγος μετέωρον ἔφε-
 ρεν. Αἰσθήσεως δὲ τοῖς Μηθυμναίοις γενομένης, οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ θάλατταν ἔθεον, οἱ δὲ τοὺς κύνας συνέλεγον· ἐβόων δὲ πάντες, ὡς πάντας τοὺς ἐκ τῶν πλησίον ἀγρῶν ἀκούσαντας συνελθεῖν.
 Ἄλλ' ἦν οὐδὲν ὄφελος· τοῦ γὰρ πνεύματος ἀκμάζοντος, ἀσχέτῳ τάχει κατὰ ροὴν ἡ ναῦς ἐφέρετο. Οἱ δ' οὖν οὐκ ὀλίγων κτημάτων Μηθυμναῖοι στερόμενοι, ἐξήτουν τὸν νέμοντα τὰς αἴγας· καὶ εὐρόντες τὸν Δάφνιν, ἔπαιον, ἀπέδουν. Εἰς δέ τις καὶ κυνόδεσμον ἀράμενος, περιῆγε τὰς χεῖρας, ὡς δήσων. Ὁ δὲ ἐβόα τε παιόμενος, καὶ ἰκέτευε τοὺς ἀγροίκους, καὶ πρώτους τε τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὸν Δρύαντα βοηθοὺς ἐπεκαλείτο. Οἱ δὲ ἀντείχοντο σκιῶν γέροντες, καὶ χεῖρας ἐκ γεωργικῶν ἔργων ἰσχυρὰς ἔχοντες· καὶ ἠξίου δικαιολογήσασθαι περὶ τῶν γεγενημένων.

the mountains: and, as soon as the boat was unfastened, the tide carried it away into the open sea. When the young Methymnaeans saw what had occurred, some of them ran down to the shore, and others called their dogs together: and all raised such a shout that all the labourers hurried up from the neighbouring fields. But it was all in vain: for, as the breeze freshened, it bore away the vessel down the current with irresistible force.

Then the Methymnaeans, having thus sustained a considerable loss, looked for the keeper of the goats, and, having found Daphnis, flogged him and stripped him of his clothes. One of them, taking up a dog-leash, twisted Daphnis's hands behind his back, intending to bind him. He shouted loudly as he was being beaten, and implored the countrymen to help him, above all Lamon and Dryas. They, being vigorous old men, whose hands were hardened by their labours in the fields, assisted him stoutly, and demanded that a fair inquiry should be held into what had taken place.

Ταῦτα δὲ καὶ τῶν ἄλλων ἀξιούντων, δικαστὴν καθίζουσι Φιλητᾶν τὸν βουκόλον· πρεσβύτατός τε γάρ ἦν τῶν παρόντων, καὶ κλέος εἶχεν ἐν τοῖς κωμήταις δικαιοσύνης περιττῆς. Πρῶτοι δὲ κατηγοροῦν οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι σαφῇ καὶ σύντομα, βουκόλον ἔχοντες δικαστὴν. “Ἦλθομεν εἰς τούτους τοὺς ἀγροὺς, θηρᾶσαι θέλοντες. Τὴν μὲν οὖν ναῦν λύγῳ χλωρᾷ δήσαντες, ἐπὶ τῆς ἀκτῆς κατελίπομεν· αὐτοὶ δὲ διὰ τῶν κυνῶν ζήτησιν ἐποιούμεθα θηρίων. Ἐν τούτῳ πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν αἱ αἶγες τούτου κατελθοῦσαι, τὴν τε λύγον κατεσθίουσι καὶ τὴν ναῦν ἀπολύουσιν. Εἶδες αὐτὴν ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ φερόμενην, πόσων οἶει μεστὴν ἀγαθῶν; Οἷα μὲν ἐσθῆς ἀπόλωλεν, οἷος δὲ κόσμος κυνῶν, ὅσον δὲ ἀργύριον. Τοὺς ἀγροὺς ἂν τις τούτους, ἐκεῖνα ἔχων, ὠνήσαιο. Ἄνθ' ὧν ἀξιούμεν ἄγειν τοῦτον, πονηρὸν ὄντα αἰπόλον, ὃς ἐπὶ τῆς θαλάττης νέμει τὰς αἶγας ὡς ναύτης.”

Τοιαῦτα οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι κατηγορήσαν. Ὁ δὲ Δάφνις διέκειτο μὲν κακῶς ὑπὸ τῶν πληγῶν,

As the others who had come up pressed the same demand, the herdsman Philetas was chosen as umpire: for he was the oldest of those present, and he had the reputation amongst his fellow villagers of being perfectly impartial. First the young Methymnaeans briefly and clearly made their complaint:

“We came to these fields to hunt. We had fastened our boat to the shore with a green osier-withe, and left it there: after which, we set out with our dogs to look for game. Meanwhile, this man’s goats went down to the shore, ate the osiers, and set loose the boat. You yourself saw it being carried away out to sea: what do you think was the value of the property with which it was loaded? of the clothes and dog-trappings, besides money, enough to purchase this estate? Wherefore, by way of recompense, we claim that we have a right to carry away this rascally goatherd, who pastures his flock on the sea-shore, as if he were a sailor.”

Such was the charge brought by the Methymnaeans. Daphnis, although suf-

Χλόην δὲ ὀρώων παροῦσαν, πάντων κατεφρόνει,
καὶ ὧδε εἶπεν· “Ἐγὼ νέμω τὰς αἶγας καλῶς.
Οὐδέποτε ἠτιάσατο κωμήτης οὐδὲ εἷς, ὥς ἡ
κῆπον αἰξὶ ἐμῇ κατεβοσκήσατο, ἡ ἄμπελον
βλαστάνουσιν κατέκλασεν. Οὗτοι δὲ εἰσι κυ-
νηγέται πονηροὶ, καὶ κύνας ἔχουσι κακῶς
πεπαιδευμένους, οἵτινες τρέχοντες πολλὰ, καὶ
ὑλακτοῦντες σκληρὰ, κατεδίωξαν αὐτὰς ἐκ τῶν
ὀρώων καὶ τῶν πεδίων ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν ὥσπερ
λύκοι. Ἀλλὰ ἀπέφαγον τὴν λύγον· οὐ γὰρ
εἶχον ἐν ψάμμῳ πόαν, ἡ κόμαρον, ἡ θύμον.
Ἀλλὰ ἀπώλετο ἡ ναῦς ὑπὸ τοῦ πνεύματος
καὶ τῆς θαλάττης· ταῦτα χειμῶνος, οὐκ αἰγῶν,
ἔστιν ἔργα. Ἀλλὰ ἐσθῆς ἐνέκειτο καὶ ἄργυρος·
καὶ τίς πιστεύσει νοῦν ἔχων, ὅτι τοσαῦτα
φέρουσα ναῦς, πείσμα εἶχε λύγον;”

Τούτοις ἐπεδάκρυσεν ὁ Δάφνις, καὶ εἰς οἶκτον
ὑπηγάγετο τοὺς ἀγροίκους πολύν· ὥστε ὁ
Φιλητᾶς, ὁ δικαστῆς, ὤμννε Πᾶνα καὶ Νύμφας,
μηδὲν ἀδικεῖν Δάφνιν, ἀλλὰ μηδὲ τὰς αἶγας·
τὴν δὲ θάλατταν καὶ τὸν ἄνεμον, ὧν ἄλλους

fering terribly from the blows which he had received, seeing Chloe amongst those present, made light of the pain, and spoke as follows :

“ I tend my goats properly. No one in the village has ever complained of a goat of mine browsing in his garden or breaking down his sprouting vines. It is the fault of these sportsmen, who have dogs so badly broken, that they keep running about and barking so loudly, that, like so many wolves, they have driven my goats from the hills and plains to the sea-shore. But they have eaten the osiers : could they find any grass, or wild arbutus, or thyme to eat on the sand ? Again, their boat has been destroyed by the winds and waves : the storm, not my goats, is to blame for this. Again, there was a large store of clothes and money on board : who would be so foolish as to believe that a boat, carrying so valuable a freight, would have been fastened with nothing but a rope made of osier-withes ? ”

Having thus spoken, Daphnis began to weep, and moved the villagers to great

εἶναι δικαστάς. Οὐκ ἔπειθε ταῦτα Φιλητάς
 Μηθυμναίοις λέγων· ἀλλ' ὑπ' ὀργῆς ὀρμή-
 σαντες, ἦγον τὸν Δάφνιν πάλιν, καὶ συνδεῖν
 ἤθελον. Ἐνταῦθα οἱ κωμῆται ταραχθέντες,
 ἐπιπηδῶσιν αὐτοῖς ὥσεί ψᾶρες, ἣ κολοιοί· καὶ
 ταχὺ μὲν ἀφαιροῦνται τὸν Δάφνιν ἤδη καὶ
 αὐτὸν μαχόμενον· ταχὺ δὲ ξύλοις παίοντες,
 ἐκείνους εἰς φυγὴν ἔτρεψαν. Ἀπέστησαν δὲ
 οὐ πρότερον, ἔστε τῶν ὄρων αὐτοὺς ἐξήλασαν
 εἰς ἄλλους ἀγρούς.

Διωκόντων δὲ τοὺς Μηθυμναίους ἐκείνων, ἡ
 Χλόη κατὰ πολλὴν ἡσυχίαν ἄγει πρὸς τὰς
 Νύμφας τὸν Δάφνιν, καὶ ἀπονίπτει τε τὸ
 πρόσωπον ἡμαγμενον ἐκ τῶν ῥινῶν ῥαγεισῶν
 ὑπὸ πληγῆς τινος, καὶ τῆς πῆρας προκομίσασα
 ξυμῆτου μέρος καὶ τυροῦ τμῆμά τι, δίδωσι
 φαγεῖν, τό τε μάλιστα ἀνακτησόμενον αὐτὸν,
 φίλημα ἐφίλησε μελιτῶδες ἀπαλοῖς τοῖς
 χεῖλεσι.

compassion : so that Philetas, who had to pronounce the verdict, swore by Pan and the Nymphs, that neither Daphnis nor his goats were in the wrong, but the sea and the wind, which were under the jurisdiction of others. However, Philetas could not convince the Methymnaeans, who, in the impulse of their rage, again seized Daphnis, and would have bound him, had not the villagers, roused at this, rushed upon them like a flock of starlings or jackdaws, and speedily rescued Daphnis, who also was stoutly defending himself. Then, with vigorous blows of their clubs, they routed the Methymnaeans, and did not cease from pursuing them, until they had driven them out of their territory.

While they were thus engaged in the pursuit of the Methymneans, Chloe quietly led Daphnis to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she washed his face which was smeared with the blood from his nostrils : then, taking a slice of bread and some cheese from her wallet, she gave him to eat, and—what comforted him most of all—she imprinted upon his mouth a

Τότε μὲν δὴ παρὰ τοσούτον Δάφνις ἦλθε κακοῦ· τὸ δὲ πρᾶγμα οὐ ταύτῃ πέπαντο· ἀλλ' ἐλθόντες οἱ Μηθυμναῖοι μόλις εἰς τὴν ἑαυτῶν, ὁδοιπόροι μὲν ἀντὶ ναυτῶν, τραυματίαι δὲ ἀντὶ τρυφόντων, ἐκκλησίαν τε συνήγαγον τῶν πολιτῶν, καὶ ἱκετηρίας θέντες, ἰκέτευον τιμωρίας ἀξιωθῆναι· τῶν μὲν ἀληθῶν λέγοντες οὐδὲ ἓν, μὴ καὶ προσκαταγέλαστοι γένοιτο, τοιαῦτα καὶ τοσαῦτα παθόντες ὑπὸ ποιμένων· κατηγοροῦντες δὲ Μιτυληναίων, ὥς τὴν ναῦν ἀφελομένων, καὶ τὰ χρήματα ἀρπασάντων πολέμου νόμῳ. Οἱ δὲ πιστεύοντες διὰ τὰ τραύματα, καὶ νεανίσκοις τῶν πρώτων οἰκιῶν παρ' αὐτοῖς τιμωρῆσαι δίκαιον νομίζοντες, Μιτυληναίοις μὲν πόλεμον ἀκήρυκτον ἐψηφίσαντο, τὸν δὲ στρατηγὸν ἐκέλευσαν, δέκα ναῦς καθελκύσαντα, κακουργεῖν αὐτῶν τὴν παραλίαν· πλησίον γὰρ χειμῶνος ὄντος, οὐκ ἦν ἀσφαλές μείζονα στόλον πιστεύειν τῇ θαλάττῃ.

Ὁ δὲ εὐθὺς τῆς ἐπιούσης ἀναγόμενος αὐτερέταις στρατιώταις, ἐπέπλει τοῖς παραθαλατ-

kiss sweeter than honey with her tender lips.

Thus Daphnis had a narrow escape, but the matter did not rest there: for the Methymnaeans, having reached their home with great difficulty on foot, whereas they had come in a ship, full of wounds instead of in the enjoyment of luxury, called an assembly of their fellow-citizens, and, holding out olive branches in sign of supplication, besought them to deign to avenge them: they did not, however, utter a word of truth, for fear that they might be laughed at, for having allowed themselves to be so maltreated by a few shepherds: but they accused the Mitylenaeans of having plundered them and seized their vessel and its contents, as if they had been at open war.

The Methymnaeans believed what they said when they saw their wounds, and, thinking it their duty to avenge their wrongs, since the young men belonged to the highest families in the place, they immediately decided to make war without the usual formalities, and ordered their

τίοις τῶν Μιτυληναίων ἀγροῖς. Καὶ πολλὰ μὲν ἤρπαξε ποίμνια, πολὺν δὲ σῖτον καὶ οἶνον, ἄρτι πεπαυμένου τοῦ τρυγητοῦ, καὶ ἀνθρώπους δὲ οὐκ ὀλίγους, ὅσοι τούτων ἐργάται. Ἐπέπλευσε καὶ τοῖς τῆς Χλόης ἀγροῖς, καὶ τοῦ Δάφνιδος· καὶ ἀπόβασιν ὀξεῖαν θέμενος, λείαν ἤλαννε τὰ ἐν ποσίν. Ὁ μὲν Δάφνις οὐκ ἔνεμε τὰς αἰγας, ἀλλὰ ἐς τὴν ὕλην ἀνελθὼν, φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἔκοπτεν, ὥς ἔχοι τὴν τοῦ χειμῶνος παρέχειν τοῖς ἐρίφοις τροφήν· ὥστε ἄνωθεν θεασάμενος τὴν καταδρομὴν, ἐνέκρυσεν ἑαυτὸν στελέχει κοίλῳ ξηρᾷ ὀξύῃς. Ἡ δὲ Χλόη παρῆν ταῖς ἀγέλαις· καὶ διωκομένη καταφεύγει πρὸς τὰς Νύμφας ἱκέτις, καὶ ἐδεῖτο φείσασθαι καὶ ὦν ἔνεμε, καὶ αὐτῆς, διὰ τὰς θεάς. Ἄλλ' ἦν οὐδὲν ὄφελος· οἱ γὰρ Μηθυμναῖοι πολλὰ τῶν ἀγαλμάτων κατακερτομήσαντες, καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας ἤλασαν, κᾶκείνην ἡγαγον, ὥσπερ αἶγα, ἢ πρόβατον, παίοντες λύγοις.

chief captain to put to sea with ten galleys and ravage their coast: for, as the winter was close at hand, it was not safe to intrust a larger fleet to the mercy of the waves.

On the following day, the captain put out to sea, using his soldiers as oarsmen, and directed his course towards the coast-land of Mitylene. He carried off a large number of cattle, and a quantity of corn and wine, since the vintage was only just over, and also took prisoner a considerable number of those who were working in the fields. He at last landed on the estate where Daphnis and Chloe were tending their flocks, and carried off everything that he could find. At the time Daphnis was not with his flock: for he had gone up to the wood to cut some green branches to serve as fodder for the kids during the winter. Seeing the inroad from a distance, he hid himself in the hollow trunk of a dry beech-tree. Chloe, who was with her flocks, being pursued, fled to the grotto of the Nymphs as a suppliant, and besought her pursuers to spare

Ἔχοντες δὲ ἤδη τὰς ναῦς παντοδαπῆς ἀρ-
παγῆς μεστὰς, οὐκέτ' ἐγίγνωσκον περαιτέρω
πλεῖν, ἀλλὰ τὸν οἶκαδε πλοῦν ἐποιοῦντο, καὶ
τὸν χειμῶνα καὶ τοὺς πολεμίους δεδιότες. Οἱ
μὲν οὖν ἀπέπλεον εἰρεσίᾳ ταλαιπωροῦντες,
ἄνεμος γὰρ οὐκ ἦν· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις, ἡσυχίας γενο-
μένης, ἐλθὼν εἰς τὸ πεδῖον ἔνθα ἔνεμον, καὶ
μήτε τὰς αἶγας ἰδὼν, μήτε τὰ πρόβατα
καταλαβὼν, μήτε Χλόην εὐρών, ἀλλὰ ἐρημίαν
πολλήν, καὶ τὴν σύριγγα ἐρρίμμενν, ἣ συνή-
θως ἐτέρπετο ἡ Χλόη, μέγα βοῶν καὶ ἐλεεινὸν
κωκύων, ποτὲ μὲν πρὸς τὴν φηγὸν ἔτρεχεν
ἔνθα ἐκαθέζοντο· ποτὲ δὲ ἐπὶ τὴν θάλατταν,
ὡς ὀψόμενος αὐτήν· ποτὲ δὲ ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας,
ἐφ' ἃς ἐλκομένη κατέφυγεν. Ἐνταῦθα καὶ
ἔρριψεν ἑαυτὸν χαμαὶ, καὶ ταῖς Νύμφαις, ὡς
προδούσαις, κατεμέμφετο.

herself and her flocks, out of respect for the goddesses. But it was all in vain: the Methymnaeans insulted the statues and drove off the flocks, and Chloe with them, as if she had been a sheep or a goat, whipping her with switches.

Their ships being now loaded with all kinds of booty, they made up their minds to sail no further, but directed their course homewards, being afraid of the wintry season and hostile attacks. Accordingly they rowed away as hard as they could, but made slow progress, as there was no wind. Daphnis, when all was quiet, went down to the plain where their flocks had been in the habit of feeding, and finding neither goats nor sheep nor Chloe, but everywhere desolation, and Chloe's pipe, with which she used to amuse herself, lying on the ground, he cried aloud and lamented piteously, now running to the beech under which they used to sit, and now to the seashore, to look for her, and then to the grotto of the Nymphs, where she had taken refuge when she was being carried off. There he flung himself on the

“ Ἄφ’ ὑμῶν ἡρπάσθη Χλόη, καὶ τοῦτο ἰδεῖν ὑμεῖς ὑπεμείνατε—ἡ τοὺς στεφάνους ὑμῖν πλέκουσα, ἡ σπένδουσα τοῦ πρώτου γάλακτος, ἥς καὶ ἡ σύριγξ ἦδε ἀνάθημα; Αἶγα μὲν οὐδὲ μίαν μοι λύκος ἡρπασε, πολέμιοι δὲ τὴν ἀγέλην καὶ τὴν συνέμουσαν. Καὶ τὰς μὲν αἶγας ἀποδεροῦσι, καὶ τὰ πρόβατα καταθύσουσι, Χλόη δὲ πόλιν λοιπὸν οἰκήσει. Ποίοις ποσὶν ἄπειμι παρὰ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα, ἄνευ τῶν αἰγῶν, ἄνευ Χλόης, λειπεργάτης ἐσόμενος; Ἐχω γὰρ νέμειν ἔτι οὐδέν. Ἐνταῦθα περιμενῶ κείμενος ἢ θάνατον, ἢ πόλεμον δεύτερον. Ἐὰρ καὶ σὺ Χλόη τοιαῦτα πάσχεις; Ἐὰρ μέμνησαι τοῦ πεδίου τοῦδε, καὶ τῶν Νυμφῶν τῶνδε, κἄμοῦ; Ἡ παραμυθοῦνται σε τὰ πρόβατα καὶ αἱ αἶγες αἰχμάλωτοι μετὰ σοῦ γενόμενοι; ”

Ταῦτα λέγοντα αὐτὸν, ἐκ τῶν δακρύων καὶ τῆς λύπης, ὕπνος βαθὺς καταλαμβάνει· καὶ αὐτῷ αἱ τρεῖς ἐφίστανται Νύμφαι, μεγάλαι

ground and reproached the Nymphs with having abandoned her :

“Chloe has been carried off from you, O Nymphs, and you have had the heart to see and endure it—she who used to weave for you chaplets of flowers and offer you libations of fresh milk, whose pipe hangs suspended yonder as an offering to you. No wolf has ever carried off a single goat of mine, but an enemy has carried off the flock and she who tended it with me. They will flay the goats and sacrifice the sheep, and Chloe will have to dwell in some distant city. How shall I dare to return to my father and mother without my goats and without Chloe, as if I had proved false to my charge? For I have no longer anything to tend.

“Here I will lie and await death, or some other attack. Are you suffering like myself, Chloe? do you still remember these fields, these Nymphs, and me? or do you find some consolation in the sheep and goats that are your fellow-prisoners?”

While he was thus lamenting, a deep sleep overcame him in the midst of his

γυναῖκες καὶ καλάι, ἡμίγυμνοι καὶ ἀνυπόδητοι,
 τὰς κόμας λελυμέναι, καὶ τοῖς ἀγάλμασιν
 ὅμοιαι. Καὶ τὸ μὲν πρῶτον ἐέκεσαν ἐλεοῦσαι
 τὸν Δάφνιν· ἔπειτα ἡ πρεσβυτάτη λέγει
 ἐπιρρώωνύουσα· “μηδὲν ἡμᾶς μέφον, Δάφνι·
 Χλόης γὰρ ἡμῖν μᾶλλον ἢ σοι μέλει. Ἕμεῖς
 τοι καὶ παιδίον οὔσαν αὐτὴν ἡλεήσαμεν, καὶ
 ἐν τῷδε τῷ ἄντρῳ κειμένην αὐτὴν ἀνεθρέψαμεν.
 Ἐκείνη πεδίοις κοινὸν οὐδὲν καὶ τοῖς προβα-
 τίοις τοῦ Λάμωνος. Καὶ νῦν δὲ ἡμῖν πεφρόν-
 τισται τὸ κατ’ ἐκείνην, ὥς μήτε εἰς τὴν
 Μήθυμναν κομισθεῖσα δουλεύει, μήτε μέρος
 γένοιτο λείας πολεμικῆς. Καὶ τὸν Πᾶνα
 ἐκείνον, τὸν ὑπὸ τῇ πίτυϊ ἰδρυμένον, ὃν ὑμεῖς
 οὐδέποτε οὐδὲ ἄνθεσιν ἐτιμήσατε, τοῦτον ἐδεή-
 θημεν ἐπικούρον γενέσθαι Χλόης· συνήθης γὰρ
 στρατοπέδοις μᾶλλον ἡμῶν, καὶ πολλοὺς ἤδη
 πολέμους ἐπολέμησε τὴν ἀγροικίαν καταλιπών·
 καὶ ἅπεισι τοῖς Μηθυμναίοις οὐκ ἀγαθὸς πολέ-
 μιος. Κάμνε δὲ μηδὲν, ἀλλὰ ἀναστὰς ὄφθητι

grief and tears. The Nymphs appeared to him, three tall and beautiful women, half-naked, without sandals, with their hair floating down their backs, just like their statues. At first they seemed to feel compassion for Daphnis: then the eldest addressed him in the following words of comfort:

“Do not reproach us, Daphnis: Chloe is more our care than yours. We took pity on her when she was but a child, and adopted her when she was exposed in this cave and brought her up. She has no more to do with the sheep and fields than you have to do with the goats of Lamon. Besides, we have already thought of her future: she shall neither be carried off as a slave to Methymna, nor become part of the enemy's spoil. We have begged the God Pan, whose statue is under yonder pine, to whom you have never offered so much as a chaplet of flowers in token of respect, to go to the assistance of Chloe: for he is more used to the ways of camps than we are, and he has often left the country to take part in battle. He will set out, and the

Λάμῳνι καὶ Μυρτάλῃ, οἳ καὶ αὐτοὶ κεῖνται χαμαί, νομίζοντες καὶ σε μέρος γεγονέναι τῆς ἀρπαγῆς· Χλόῃ γάρ σοι τῆς ἐπιούσης ἀφίξεται μετὰ τῶν αἰγῶν, μετὰ τῶν προβάτων· καὶ νεμήσετε κοινῇ, καὶ συρίσετε κοινῇ· τὰ δὲ ἄλλα μελήσει περὶ ὑμῶν Ἑρωτι.”

Τοιαῦτα ἰδὼν καὶ ἀκούσας Δάφνις, ἀναπηδήσας τῶν ὕπνων, καὶ ὑφ’ ἡδονῆς καὶ λύπης μεστὸς δακρύων, τὰ ἀγάλματα τῶν Νυμφῶν προσεκύνει, καὶ ἐπηγγέλλετο, σωθείσης Χλόης, θύσειν τῶν αἰγῶν τὴν ἀρίστην. Δραμὼν δὲ καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν πίτυν, ἔνθα τὸ τοῦ Πανὸς ἄγαλμα ἴδρυτο, τραγοσκελὲς, κερασφόρον, τῇ μὲν σύριγγα, τῇ δὲ τράγον πηδῶντα κατέχον, κἀκεῖνον προσεκύνει, καὶ ἠὔχετο ὑπὲρ τῆς Χλόης, καὶ τράγον θύσειν ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ μόλις ποτὲ περὶ ἡλίου καταφορὰς παυσάμενος δακρύων καὶ εὐχῶν, ἀράμενος τὰς φυλλάδας ἃς ἔκοψεν, ἐπανῆλθεν εἰς τὴν ἑπαυλιν, καὶ τοὺς ἀμφὶ τὸν Λάμῳνα πένθους ἀπαλλάξας,

Methymnaeans will find him no contemptible foe. Be not troubled: arise and show yourself to Lamon and Myrtale, who, like yourself, lie prostrate with sorrow, thinking that you also have been carried off. To-morrow Chloe will return with the sheep and goats; you shall tend them and play on the pipe together; leave the rest to the care of Love."

At this sight and at these words Daphnis started up from sleep. Weeping both for joy and grief, he did obeisance to the statues of the Nymphs and promised, if Chloe should be saved, that he would sacrifice to them the finest of his goats. He next ran to the pine tree, beneath which stood the statue of Pan, with the legs of a goat, his head surmounted by horns, in one hand holding his pipe, in the other a bounding goat. He did obeisance to him also, begged his assistance on behalf of Chloe, and promised to sacrifice a goat to him. The sun was almost set before he ceased from his tears and entreaties: then, taking up the green

εὐφροσύνης ἐμπλήσας, τροφῆς τε ἐγεύσατο,
καὶ ἐς ὕπνον ὥρμησεν, οὐδὲ τοῦτον ἄδακρυν·
ἀλλ' εὐχόμενος μὲν αὖθις τὰς Νύμφας ὄναρ
ἰδεῖν, εὐχόμενος δὲ τὴν ἡμέραν γενέσθαι
ταχέως, ἐν ᾗ Χλόην ἐπηγγείλαντο αὐτῷ.
Νυκτῶν πασῶν ἐκείνη ἔδοξε μακροτάτη γεγο-
νέναι. Ἐπράχθη δὲ ἐπ' αὐτῆς τάδε.

Ὁ στρατηγὸς ὁ τῶν Μηθυμναίων, ὅσον
δέκα σταδίους ἀπελάσας, ἠθέλησε τῇ κατα-
δρομῇ τοὺς στρατιώτας κεκμηκότας ἀναλαβεῖν.
Ἄκρας οὖν ἐπεμβαινούσης τῷ πελάγει λαβό-
μενος, ἐπεκτεινομένης μνηοειδῶς, ἧς ἐντὸς
θάλαττα γαληνότερον τῶν λιμένων ὄρμον
εἰργάζετο, ἐνταῦθα τὰς ναῦς ἐπ' ἀγκυρῶν
μετεώρους διορμίσας, ὥς μὴδὲ μίαν ἐκ τῆς
γῆς τῶν ἀγροίκων τινὰ λυπῆσαι, ἀνῆκεν τοὺς
Μηθυμναίους εἰς τέρψιν εἰρηνικὴν. Οἱ δὲ
ἔχοντες πάντων ἀφθονίαν ἐκ τῆς ἀρπαγῆς,
ἔπινον, ἔπαιζον, ἐπινίκιον ἑορτὴν ἐμιμοῦντο.

branches which he had cut, he returned home, where his reappearance comforted Lamon and Myrtale and filled them with joy. Having taken a little food, he went to bed: but even then his rest was disturbed by tears. He prayed that the Nymphs might appear to him again in a dream, and prayed for the speedy coming of the day, on which they had promised him that Chloe should return. Never had a night seemed so long to him. Meanwhile, the following events had taken place.

The Methymnaean captain, when he had proceeded about ten stades, was desirous of giving his men some rest, as they were greatly fatigued with rowing. Accordingly, having reached a promontory which jutted out into the sea in the shape of a crescent, the bay of which afforded a quieter port than any harbour, he cast anchor, but at some distance from the shore, for fear that the inhabitants might annoy him; then he allowed his crew to enjoy themselves undisturbed. Since they were abundantly supplied with everything, they drank and

Ἄρτι δὲ πανομένης ἡμέρας, καὶ τῆς τέρψεως
 εἰς νύκτα ληγούσης, αἰφνίδιον μὲν πᾶσα ἡ γῆ
 ἐδόκει λάμπεσθαι πυρὶ, κτύπος δὲ ἠκούετο
 ῥόθιος κωπῶν, ὥς ἐπιπλέοντος μεγάλου
 στόλου. Ἐβόα τις ὀπλίζεσθαι τὸν στρατη-
 γόν· ἄλλος ἄλλον ἐκάλει, καὶ τετρῶσθαί τις
 ἐδόκει, καὶ σχῆμά τι ἔκειτο νεκροῦ μιμούμενον.
 Εἵκασεν ἂν τις ὁρᾶν νυκτομαχίαν οὐ παρόντων
 πολεμίων.

Τῆς δὲ νυκτὸς αὐτοῖς τοιαύτης γενομένης,
 ἐπῆλθεν ἡμέρα πολὺ τῆς νυκτὸς φοβερωτέρα.
 Οἱ τράγοι μὲν οἱ τοῦ Δάφνιδος καὶ αἱ αἶγες
 κιττὸν ἐν τοῖς κέρασι κορυμβοφόρον εἶχον·
 οἱ δὲ κριοὶ καὶ αἱ ὄιες τῆς Χλόης λύκων
 ὠρυγμὸν ὠρύοντο. Ὡφθη δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ πίτυς
 ἐστεφανωμένη. Ἐγίνετο καὶ περὶ τὴν θάλατ-
 ταν αὐτὴν πολλὰ παράδοξα. Αἶ τε γὰρ
 ἄγκυραι κατὰ βυθοῦ πειρωμένων ἀναφέρειν
 ἔμενον, αἶ τε κῶπαι καθιέντων εἰς εἰρεσίαν

made merry, as if they had been celebrating a feast in honour of a victory. But, when night began to fall and put an end to their enjoyment, suddenly the whole earth appeared in flames: the splash of oars was heard upon the waters, as if a numerous fleet were approaching. They called upon the general to arm himself: they shouted to each other: some thought they were already wounded, others lay as if they were dead. One would have thought that they were engaged in a battle by night, although there was no enemy.

After a night thus spent, a day followed even more terrible to them than the night. They saw Daphnis's goats with ivy-branches, loaded with berries, on their horns: while Chloe's rams and ewes were heard howling like wolves: Chloe herself appeared, crowned with a garland of pine. Many marvellous things also happened on the sea. When they attempted to raise the anchors, they remained fast to the bottom: when the oars were dipped into the water to row, they snapped. Dolphins, leap-

ἐθραύοντο· καὶ δελφῖνες πηδῶντες, ταῖς οὐραῖς παίοντες τὰς ναῦς ἐξ ἁλὸς, ἔλυνον τὰ γομφώματα. Ἐκούετό τις καὶ ὑπὲρ τῆς ὀρθίου πέτρας τῆς ὑπὸ τὴν ἄκραν σύριγγος ἦχος· ἀλλὰ οὐκ ἔτερπεν ὡς σύριγξ, ἐφόβει δὲ τοὺς ἀκούοντας ὡς σάλπιγξ. Ἐταράττοντο οὖν, καὶ ἐπὶ τὰ ὄπλα ἔθεον, καὶ πολεμίους ἐκάλουν τοὺς οὐ βλεπομένους· ὥστε πάλιν ἠύχοντο νύκτα ἐπελθεῖν, ὡς τευξόμενοι σπονδῶν ἐν αὐτῇ. Συνετὰ μὲν οὖν πᾶσιν ἦν τὰ γινόμενα τοῖς φρονούσιν ὀρθῶς, ὅτι ἐκ Πανὸς ἦν τὰ φαντάσματα καὶ ἀκούσματα μηνιόντός τι τοῖς ναύταις. Οὐκ εἶχον δὲ τὴν αἰτίαν συμβαλεῖν (οὐδὲν γὰρ ἱερὸν σεσύλητο Πανός,) ἔστε ἀμφὶ μέσσην ἡμέραν εἰς ὕπνον οὐκ ἀθεεὶ τοῦ στρατηγοῦ καταπεσόντος, αὐτὸς ὁ Πὰν ὥφθη τοιαύδε λέγων·

“ὦ πάντων ἀνοσιώτατοι καὶ ἀσεβέστατοι, τί ταῦτα μαινομέναις φρεσὶν ἐτολμήσατε;

ing from the waves, lashed the ships with their tails, and loosened the fastenings. From the top of the steep rock overhanging the promontory was heard the sound of a pipe: but the sound did not soothe the hearers, but terrified them, like the blast of a trumpet. Then, smitten with affright they ran to arms, and called upon their invisible enemies to appear: after which, they prayed for the return of night, hoping that it might afford them some relief. All who possessed any intelligence clearly understood that all the marvellous things that they had seen and heard were the work of God Pan, who was angry with them for some offence they had committed against him: but they could not guess the cause of it, for they had not plundered any spot that was sacred to him. At last, however, at mid-day, when their general had fallen asleep, not without the intervention of the Gods, Pan himself appeared to him and spoke as follows:

“O most impious and sacrilegious of men! what has driven your frenzied minds

Πολέμου μὲν τὴν ἀγροικίαν ἐνεπλήσατε τὴν
 ἐμοὶ φίλην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ αἰγῶν ἀπηλά-
 σατε τὰς ἐμοὶ μελομένας· ἀπεσπάσατε δὲ
 βομῶν παρθένον, ἐξ ἧς Ἔρως μῦθον ποιῆσαι
 θέλει· καὶ οὔτε τὰς Νύμφας ἠδέσθητε βλε-
 πούσας, οὔτε τὸν Πᾶνα ἐμέ. Οὔτε οὖν Μήθυμ-
 ναν ὄψεσθε μετὰ τοιούτων λαφύρων πλέοντες,
 οὔτε τήνδε φεύξεσθε τὴν σύριγγα, τὴν ὑμᾶς
 ταραξασάν· ἀλλὰ ὑμᾶς βορὰν ἰχθύων θήσω
 καταδύσας, εἰ μὴ τὴν ταχίστην καὶ Χλόην
 ταῖς Νύμφαις ἀποδώσεις, καὶ τὰς ἀγέλας
 Χλόης, καὶ τὰς αἶγας, καὶ τὰ πρόβατα.
 Ἄνίστω δὴ, καὶ ἐκβίβαξε τὴν κόρην μεθ' ὧν
 εἶπον. Ἠγήσομαι δὲ ἐγὼ καὶ σοὶ τοῦ πλουῦ,
 καὶ κείνη τῆς ὁδοῦ.”

Πάνυ οὖν τεθορυβημένος ὁ Βρύαξις (τοῦτο
 γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο ὁ στρατηγὸς) ἀναπηδᾷ, καὶ τῶν
 νεῶν καλέσας τοὺς ἡγεμόνας, ἐκέλευσε τὴν
 ταχίστην ἐν τοῖς αἰχμαλώτοις ἀναζητεῖσθαι

to such audacity? You have filled with war the country that I love, and have carried off the herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats entrusted to my care: you have dragged away from my altars a young girl whom Love has reserved for himself, to adorn a tale. Nay, you did not even respect the presence of the Nymphs, nor me, the great God Pan. Wherefore you shall never again see Methymna with such booty on board, nor shall you escape this pipe, which has so smitten you with alarm: I will swamp you in the waves and give you as food to the fishes, unless you speedily restore Chloe and her flocks, sheep and goats, to the Nymphs. Arise then, put ashore the young girl with all that I have mentioned: and then I will guide your course by sea, and Chloe's by land."

Alarmed at this vision, Bryaxis—that was the captain's name—started up, summoned the commanders of the ships, and ordered them to search for Chloe with all speed amongst the captives. They soon found her and brought her before

Χλόην. Οἱ δὲ ταχέως καὶ ἀνεῦρον, καὶ εἰς ὀφθαλμοὺς ἐκόμισαν· ἐκαθέζετο γὰρ τῆς πίτνος ἐστεφανωμένη. Σύμβολον δὴ καὶ τοῦτο τῆς ἐν τοῖς ὀνείροις ὕψεως ποιούμενος, ἐπ' αὐτῆς τῆς ναυαρχίδος εἰς τὴν γῆν αὐτὴν κομίζει. Καῖκείνη δὲ ἄρτι ἀποβεβήκει, καὶ σύριγγος ἦχος ἀκούεται πάλιν ἐκ τῆς πέτρας, οὐκέτι πολεμικὸς καὶ φοβερός, ἀλλὰ ποιμενικὸς, καὶ οἷος εἰς νομὴν ἡγεῖται ποιμνίων. Καὶ τὰ τε πρόβατα κατὰ τῆς ἀποβάθρας ἐξέτρεχεν, οὐκ ἐξολισθαίνοντα τοῖς κέρασι τῶν χηλῶν· καὶ αἱ αἶγες πολὺ θρασύτερον, οἷα καὶ κρημνοβατεῖν εἰθισμέναι.

Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν περιῖσται κύκλῳ τὴν Χλόην ὥσπερ χορὸς, σκιρτῶντα, καὶ βληχώμενα, καὶ ὅμοια χαίρουσιν· αἱ δὲ τῶν ἄλλων αἰπόλων αἶγες, καὶ τὰ πρόβατα, καὶ τὰ βουκόλια κατὰ χώραν ἔμεινεν ἐν κοίλῃ νηϊ, καθάπερ αὐτὰ τοῦ μέλους μὴ ἐκκαλοῦντος. Θαύματι πάντων ἐνεχομένων, καὶ τὸν Πᾶνα ἀνευφημούντων, ὥφθη τούτων ἐν τοῖς στοιχείοις ἀμφοτέροις θαυμα-

him: for she was sitting down, with a pine garland on her head. Recognising by this that it was she to whom his vision referred, he put her on board his own vessel, and conveyed her to land. As soon as she had gone ashore, the sound of the pipe again made itself heard from the summit of the rock, not martial and awe-inspiring, as before, but playing a pastoral air such as shepherds play when driving out their flocks to feed. Then immediately the sheep hurried down the gangway, without stumbling: while the goats descended with even greater confidence, being accustomed to climb steep places.

Then the sheep and the goats danced, skipped, and bleated around Chloe, as if they rejoiced with her: but the herds and flocks of the other shepherds remained where they were in the hollow ship, as if the sound of the pipe had not summoned them. While all were lost in admiration at this, and were singing the praises of Pan, stranger sights were seen on both elements. For the vessels of the

σιώτερα. Τῶν μὲν Μηθυμναίων, πρὶν ἀνασπάσαι τὰς ἀγκύρας, ἔπλεον αἱ νῆες, καὶ τῆς ναυαρχίδος ἡγεῖτο δελφὶν πηδῶν ἐξ ἁλός· τῶν δὲ αἰγῶν καὶ τῶν προβάτων ἡγεῖτο σύριγγος ἦχος ἡδιστος, καὶ τὸν συρίττοντα ἔβλεπεν οὐδεὶς· ὥστε τὰ ποιμνία καὶ αἱ αἶγες προήεσαν ἅμα καὶ ἐνέμοντο τερπόμεναι τῷ μέλει.

Δευτέρας πον νομῆς καιρὸς ἦν, καὶ ὁ Δάφνις ἀπὸ σκοπῆς τινος μετεώρου θεασάμενος τὰς ἀγελας καὶ τὴν Χλόην, μέγα βοήσας, ᾧ Νύμφαι καὶ Πάν, κατέδραμεν εἰς τὸ πεδῖον, καὶ περιπλακεῖς τῇ Χλόῃ καὶ λειποθυμήσας, κατέπεσε. Μόλις δὲ ἔμβιος ὑπὸ τῆς Χλόης φιλούσης καὶ ταῖς περιβολαῖς θαλπούσης γενόμενος, ἐπὶ τὴν συνήθη φηγὸν ἔρχεται· καὶ ὑπὸ τῷ στελέχει καθίσας, ἐπυνθάνετο πῶς ἀπέδρα τοσούτους πολεμίους. Ἡ δὲ αὐτῷ κατέλεξε πάντα· τὸν τῶν αἰγῶν κιττὸν, τὸν τῶν προβάτων ὠρυγμὸν, τὴν ἐπανθήσασαν τῇ κεφαλῇ πίτυν, τὸ ἐν τῇ γῇ πῦρ, τὸν ἐν τῇ θαλάττῃ κτύπον, τὰ συρίγματα ἀμφότερα, τὸ πολεμικὸν καὶ τὸ εἰρη-

Methymnaeans unmoored themselves of their own accord, before the anchors were pulled up, and a dolphin, leaping out of the sea, piloted the commander's ship: on land the sweet sounds of a pipe guided the goats and sheep, although no one could be seen playing upon it. Thus the two flocks went on, feeding the while, delighted to hear such strains.

It was about the time when the flocks were being driven to the plains after mid-day, when Daphnis, perceiving from a lofty hill the approach of Chloe and the herds, with a loud cry of "O Nymphs! O Pan!" hastened down, ran towards Chloe, and, after embracing her, fainted from excess of joy. Even the hot kisses of Chloe, as she clasped him in her arms, scarcely revived him; but at last, having regained consciousness, he made his way to the well-known beech, and, sitting on its trunk, inquired of her how she had managed to escape her numerous foes. Then she told him everything: the ivy that grew on the horns of her goats, the roaring of the sheep, the garland of pine

νικόν, τὴν νύκτα τὴν φοβεράν, ὅπως αὐτῇ τὴν
 ὁδὸν ἀγνοούσῃ καθηγίσατο τῆς ὁδοῦ μουσικῇ.
 Γνωρίσας οὖν ὁ Δάφνις τὰ τῶν Νυμφῶν ὀνει-
 ρατα, καὶ τὰ τοῦ Πανὸς ἔργα, διηγεῖται καὶ
 αὐτὸς ὅσα εἶδεν, ὅσα ἤκουσεν· ὅτι, μέλλων ἀπο-
 θνήσκειν, διὰ τὰς Νύμφας ἔζησε. Καὶ τὴν μὲν
 ἀποπέμπει κομίσουσάν τοὺς ἀμφὶ τὸν Δρύαντα
 καὶ Λάμωνα, καὶ ὅσα πρέποντα θυσία· αὐτὸς
 δὲ ἐν τούτῳ τῶν αἰγῶν τὴν ἀρίστην συλλαβὼν,
 καὶ κιττῷ στεφανώσας, ὥσπερ ὥφθησαν τοῖς
 πολεμίοις, καὶ γάλα τῶν κεράτων κατασπείσας,
 ἔθυσέ τε ταῖς Νύμφαις, καὶ κρεμάσας ἀπέδειρε,
 καὶ τὸ δέσμα ἀνέθηκεν.

Ἦδη δὲ παρόντων τῶν ἀμφὶ τὴν Χλόην, πῦρ
 ἀνακαύσας, καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐψήσας τῶν κρεῶν, τὰ
 δὲ ὀπτήσας, ἀπήρξατό τε ταῖς Νύμφαις, καὶ
 κρατῆρα ἀπέσπεισε μεστὸν γλεύκους· καὶ ἐκ
 φυλλάδος στιβάδας ὑποστορέσας, ἐντεῦθεν ἐν
 τροφῇ ἦν καὶ ποτῷ καὶ παιδιᾷ· καὶ ἅμα τὰς

leaves that sprouted upon her head, the fire that blazed forth upon the land, the noise of oars upon the sea, the two different sounds of the pipe, the martial and the peaceful, the horrors of the night, and how she had been guided on the road which she did not know by the sound of sweet music.

Then Daphnis, recognising the vision of the Nymphs and the influence of Pan, told her in turn all that he had seen and heard, and how that, when he was on the point of death, his life had been restored by the Nymphs. Then he sent her to fetch Dryas and Lamon, and all that was necessary for sacrifice : and, taking the choicest of his goats, he crowned it with ivy, just as the enemy had seen them, poured a libation of milk between its horns, sacrificed it to the Nymphs, hung up and flayed it, and consecrated its skin to them as a votive offering.

When Chloe had returned, together with Dryas and Lamon and their wives, he roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, after having offered the firstlings to

ἀγέλας ἐπεσκόπει, μὴ λύκος ἐμπεσὼν ἔργα ποιήσῃ πολέμιών. Ἦσάν τινες καὶ ὥδ' αἰ εἰς τὰς Νύμφας, παλαιῶν ποιμένων ποιήματα. Νυκτὸς δὲ ἐπελθούσης αὐτοῦ κοιμηθέντες ἐν τῷ ἀγρῷ, τῆς ἐπιούσης τοῦ Πανὸς ἐμνημόνεον· καὶ τῶν τράγων τὸν ἀγελάρχην στεφανώσαντες πίτυος, προσήγαγον τῇ πίτυϊ· καὶ ἐπισπείσαντες οἴνου, καὶ εὐφημοῦντες τὸν θεόν, ἔθυσαν, ἐκρέμασαν, ἀπέδειραν. Καὶ τὰ μὲν κρέα ὀπτήσαντες καὶ ἐψήσαντες, πλησίον ἔθηκαν ἐν τῷ λειμῶνι, ἐν τοῖς φύλλοις· τὸ δὲ δέρμα κέρασιν αὐτοῖς ἐνέπηξαν τῇ πίτυϊ πρὸς τῷ ἀγάλματι, ποιμενικὸν ἀνάθημα ποιμενικῷ θεῷ. Ἀπήρξαντο καὶ τῶν κρεῶν, ἀπέσπεισαν καὶ κρατῆρος μείζονος· ἦσεν ἡ Χλόη, Δάφνις ἐσύρισεν.

Ἐπὶ τούτοις κατακλιθέντες, ἥσθιον· καὶ αὐτοῖς ἐφίσταται ὁ Φιλητᾶς βουκόλος κατὰ τύχην, στεφανίσκους τινὰς τῷ Πανὶ κομίζων, καὶ βότρυς ἔτι ἐν φύλλοις καὶ κλήμασι. Καὶ

the Nymphs, and poured a libation from a full bowl of sweet wine. Then, having spread couches of leaves on the ground for the use of the guests, he enjoyed himself eating and drinking; but at the same time he kept an eye upon his flocks, for fear that a wolf might attack them. After this they sang some hymns in honour of the Nymphs, composed by some ancient shepherds. When night came on, they lay down in the fields, and on the following day bethought them of Pan. They crowned the goat that led the flock with branches of pine, and led him to the tree under which stood the image of the God: then, having poured a libation of wine over him, they sang praises to Pan, sacrificed, hung up, and flayed the goat. They roasted part of the flesh and boiled the rest, and set it down close by in the meadow on green leaves. The skin with the horns was hung up on the pine tree near the statue, an offering of shepherds to the shepherds' God. They also gave him of the firstlings, and poured libations in his honour from a larger bowl, while

αὐτῷ τῶν παίδων ὁ νεώτατος εἶπετο Τίτυρος,
 πυρρὸν παιδίον καὶ γλαυκόν, λευκὸν παιδίον
 καὶ ἀγέρωχον· καὶ ἤλλετο κοῦφα, βαδίζων
 ὥσπερ ἔριφος. Ἀναπηδήσαντες οὖν, συνεστε-
 φάνουν τὸν Πᾶνα, καὶ τὰ κλήματα τῆς κόμης
 τῆς πίτυος ἐξήρτων· καὶ κατακλίναντες πλη-
 σίον αὐτῶν, συμπότην ἐποιοῦντο. Καὶ, οἶον
 δὴ γέροντες ὑποβεβρεγμένοι, πρὸς ἀλλήλους
 πολλὰ ἔλεγον· ὥς ἔνεμον ἡνίκα ἦσαν νέοι,
 ὥς πολλὰς ληστῶν καταδρομὰς διέφυγον.
 Ἐσεμνύνετό τις, ὥς λύκον ἀποκτείνας· ἄλλος,
 ὥς μόνου τοῦ Πανὸς δεύτερα συρίσας· τοῦτο
 τοῦ Φιλητᾶ τὸ σεμνολόγημα ἦν.

Ὁ δὲ Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη πάσας δεήσεις
 προσέφερον μεταδοῦναι καὶ αὐτοῖς τῆς τέχνης,
 συρίσαι τε ἐν ἑορτῇ θεοῦ σύριγγι χαίροντος.
 Ἐπαγγέλλεται Φιλητᾶς, καίτοι τὸ γῆρας ὥς
 ἄπνουν μεμψάμενος, καὶ ἔλαβε σύριγγα τὴν
 τοῦ Δάφνιδος. Ἡ δὲ ἦν μικρὰ πρὸς μεγάλην

Chloe sang, and Daphnis played the flute.

After this they sat down and refreshed themselves. While they were thus engaged, by chance the herdsman Philetas came up, bringing some garlands of flowers to Pan, and some vine-branches full of bunches of grapes. He was accompanied by his youngest son Tityrus, a fair and impudent lad, with reddish hair and grey eyes, who ran and skipped along like a kid. When they saw Philetas and his son, the others, jumping up, went with them to place the garlands on the statue of Pan, and hung the vine-shoots on the branches of the pine: then, making Philetas sit down with them, they invited him to share their feast. After the manner of old men who are somewhat heated with wine, they began to tell all sorts of tales: how they tended their flocks when they were young, and how they had escaped many attacks of robbers. One boasted of having slain a wolf, and another (this was Philetas) of being inferior to Pan alone in his skill on the pipe.

Daphnis and Chloe begged him to give

τέχνην, οἷα ἐν στόματι παιδὸς ἐμπνεομένη.
 Πέμπει οὖν Τίτυρον ἐπὶ τὴν ἑαυτοῦ σύριγγα,
 τῆς ἐπαύλεως ἀπεχούσης σταδίους δέκα. Ὁ μὲν
 ρίψας τὸ ἐγκόμβωμα, γυμνὸς ὥρμησε τρέχειν
 ὥσπερ νεβρός· ὁ δὲ Λάμων ἐπηγγείλατο αὐτοῖς
 τὸν περὶ τῆς σύριγγος ἀφηγήσασθαι μῦθον, ὃν
 αὐτῷ Σικελὸς αἰπόλος ἦσεν ἐπὶ μισθῷ τράγῳ
 καὶ σύριγγι.

“Αὕτη ἡ σύριγξ τὸ ἀρχαῖον οὐκ ἦν ὄργανον,
 ἀλλὰ παρθένος καλὴ, καὶ τὴν φωνὴν μουσική.
 Αἶγας ἔνεμεν, Νύμφαις συνέπαιζεν, ἦδεν οἶον
 νῦν. Πᾶν, ταύτης νεμούσης, παιζούσης, ἀδού-
 σης, προσελθὼν, ἔπειθεν ἐς ὃ, τι ἔχρηξε· καὶ
 ἐπηγγέλλετο τὰς αἶγας πάσας θήσειν διδυμο-
 τόκους. Ἡ δὲ ἐγέλα τὸν ἔρωτα αὐτοῦ, οὐδὲ
 ἐραστὴν ἔφη δέξασθαι, μήτε τράγον, μήτε ἄν-
 θρωπον ὀλόκληρον. Ὅρμᾳ διώκειν ὁ Πᾶν ἐς
 βίαν· ἡ Σύριγξ ἔφευγε καὶ τὸν Πᾶνα, καὶ τὴν
 βίαν· φεύγουσα, κάμνουσα, ἐς δόνακας κρύπ-

them a specimen of his skill, and to play on his pipe at a feast in honour of the God who delighted in such music. Philetas consented, although complaining that his years had left him but little breath, and took Daphnis's pipe. But it was too small for the display of great skill, being only fit for a lad to play upon. Philetas therefore sent Tityrus to his cottage, which was about ten stades distant, to fetch his own pipe. The lad, throwing off his smock, ran off as swiftly as a fawn: meanwhile, Lamón offered to tell them the story of the pipe, which a Sicilian goatherd had related to him in return for the present of a goat and a pipe.

“This pipe in former times was not a musical instrument, but a beautiful maiden, who had a melodious voice. She tended goats, sported with the Nymphs, and sang as now. Pan, who saw her tending her goats, sporting, and singing, tried to persuade her to yield to his advances, promising that her goats should always bring forth twins. But she scoffed at his love, and declared that she would never have

τεται, εἰς ἔλος ἀφανίζεται. Πάν, τοὺς δόνακας ὀργῇ ταμῶν, τὴν κόρην οὐχ εὐρών, τὸ πάθος μαθὼν, τὸ ὄργανον νοεῖ, καὶ τοὺς καλάμους κηρῷ συνδήσας ἀνίσους, καθ' ὅτι καὶ ὁ ἔρως ἄνισος αὐτοῖς· καὶ ἡ τότε παρθένος καλὴ νῦν ἐστι σύριγξ μουσική.”

Ἄρτι πέπαντο τοῦ μυθολογήματος ὁ Λάμων, καὶ ἐπῆνει Φιλητᾶς αὐτὸν, ὡς εἰπόντα μῦθον ῥόδῃς γλυκύτερον, καὶ ὁ Τίτυρος ἐφίσταται τὴν σύριγγα τῷ πατρὶ κομίζων, μέγα ὄργανον καὶ αὐλῶν μεγάλων· καὶ ἵνα κεκήρωτο, τῷ χαλκῷ πεποίκιλτο. Εἵκασεν ἂν τις εἶναι ταύτην ἐκείνην, ἣν ὁ Πάν πρῶτον ἐπήξατο. Διεγερθεὶς οὖν ὁ Φιλητᾶς, καὶ καθίσας ἐν καθέδρᾳ ὄρθιον, πρῶτον μὲν ἀπεπειράθη τῶν καλάμων, εἰ εὗπνοοι· ἔπειτα μαθὼν ὡς ἀκώλυτον διατρέχει τὸ πνεῦμα, ἐνέπνει τὸ ἐντεῦθεν πολὺ καὶ νεανικόν. Αὐλῶν τις ἂν ῥήθη συναυλούντων ἀκούειν· τοσοῦτον ἤχει τὸ σύριγμα. Κατ’

anything to do with a lover who was neither a goat nor a perfect man. Thereupon Pan was proceeding to violence, but Syrinx fled, until at last, weary of running, she flung herself into a swamp and disappeared amongst the reeds. Pan, enraged, cut down the reeds, and, not finding the maiden, understood what had happened. Then, cutting some reeds of unequal length, in token of an unequal love, he joined them together with wax and fashioned this instrument. Thus she who was once a beautiful maiden is now an instrument of music—the pipe.”

Lamon had scarcely finished his story,—which was highly praised by Philetas, who declared that it was sweeter than any song,—when Tityrus returned with his father’s pipe, which was very large and made of larger reeds than usual, while the waxen fastenings were overlaid with brass. One would have said that it was the very pipe which Pan had first made. Then Philetas sat upright, tried all the reeds to see if there was a free current of air, and, finding that his breath passed through unchecked,

ὀλίγον δὲ τῆς βίας ἀφαιρῶν, εἰς τὸ τερπνότεροι μετέβαλλε τὸ μέλος. Καὶ πᾶσαν τέχνην ἐπιδεικνύμενος εὐνομίας μουσικῆς, ἐσύριττεν ὅσον βοῶν ἀγελη πρέπον, οἷον αἰπολίῳ πρόσφορον, οἷον ποιμένας φίλον. Τερπνὸν ἦν τὸ ποιμνίων, μέγα τὸ βοῶν, ὃξὺ τὸ αἰγῶν· ὅλως πάσας σύριγγας μία σύριγξ ἐμιμήσατο.

Οἱ μὲν οὖν ἄλλοι σιωπῇ κατέκειντο τερπόμενοι· Δρύας δὲ ἀναστὰς, καὶ κελεύσας συρίξειν διονυσιακὸν μέλος, ἐπιλήνιον αὐτοῖς ὄρχησιν ὤρχησατο. Καὶ ἐφκει ποτὲ μὲν τρυγῶντι, ποτὲ δὲ φέροντι ἀρρήχους, εἴτα πατοῦντι τοὺς βότρυς, εἴτα πληροῦντι τοὺς πίθους, εἴτα πίνοντι τοῦ γλεύκους. Ταῦτα πάντα οὕτως εὐσχημόνως ὤρχησατο Δρύας καὶ ἐναργῶς, ὥστε ἐδόκουν βλέπειν καὶ τὰς ἀμπέλους, καὶ τὴν ληνὸν, καὶ τοὺς πίθους, καὶ ἀληθῶς Δρύαντα πίνοντα.

Τρίτος δὲ γέρων οὗτος εὐδοκιμήσας ἐπ' ὄρ-

blew so loud and lustily, that it seemed as if several pipes were being played at once: then, gradually blowing more gently, he changed his tune to a more pleasant strain, and, displaying to them the most perfect skill in pastoral music, he showed them what strains were best for a herd of oxen, or a flock of goats or sheep,—sweet and gentle for sheep, loud and deep for oxen, sharp and clear for goats: and all these notes he imitated on a single pipe.

While all, quietly reclining on the ground, listened in silence, charmed by the music, Dryas got up, begged Philetas to strike up a Bacchanalian air and then began the vintage dance. He seemed in turns to be plucking the fruit, carrying the baskets, treading the grapes, filling the jars, and drinking the new wine: so perfect was the imitation, and so naturally did the dance represent the vines, the wine-press, the jars, and Dryas drinking, to the life.

The third old man, having thus danced amid the applause of all, embraced Daphnis

χήσει, φιλεῖ Χλόην καὶ Δάφνιν. Οἱ δὲ μάλα ταχέως ἀναστάντες, ὠρχήσαντο τὸν μῦθον τοῦ Λάμωνος. Ὁ Δάφνις Πᾶνα ἐμιμείτο, τὴν Σύριγγα Χλόη. Ὁ μὲν ἰκέτευε πείθων· ἡ δὲ ἀμελοῦσα ἐμειδία. Ὁ μὲν ἐδίωκε, καὶ ἐπ' ἄκρων τῶν ὀνύχων ἔτρεχε, τὰς χηλὰς μιμούμενος· ἡ δὲ ἐνέφαινε τὴν κάμνουσαν ἐν τῇ φυγῇ. Ἐπειτα Χλόη μὲν εἰς τὴν ὕλην, ὡς εἰς ἔλος, κρύπτεται· Δάφνις δὲ λαβὼν τὴν Φιλητᾶ σύριγγα, τὴν μεγάλην, ἐσύρισε γοερὸν, ὡς ἐρῶν, ἐρωτικὸν, ὡς πείθων, ἀνακλητικὸν, ὡς ἐπιζητῶν· ὥστε Φιλητᾶς θαυμάσας, φιλεῖ τε ἀναπηδήσας, καὶ τὴν σύριγγα χαρίζεται φιλήσας, καὶ εὔχεται καὶ Δάφνιν καταλιπεῖν αὐτὴν ὁμοίῳ διαδόχῳ. Ὁ δὲ τὴν ἰδίαν ἀναθεῖς τῷ Πανὶ τὴν σμικρὰν, καὶ φιλήσας ὡς ἐκ φυγῆς ἀληθινῆς εὐρεθεῖσαν τὴν Χλόην, ἀπήλαυε τὴν ἀγέλην συρίζων.

Νυκτὸς ἤδη γεγεννημένης, ἀπήλαυε καὶ ἡ

and Chloe, who quickly started up and began to represent in the dance the story told by Lamon. Daphnis took the part of Pan, and Chloe that of Syrinx. He tried to persuade her with his entreaties, while she rejected his advances with a smile. He pursued her, and ran on tiptoe, to represent the goat's cloven feet : while Chloe pretended to be weary in her flight and at last hid herself in the forest which served as a swamp. Then Daphnis took Philetas's large pipe, drew from it a mournful strain, like the lamentations of a lover, then a passionate air, to touch her heart, and, lastly, a strain of recall, as if he had lost and was seeking her. So well did he play that Philetas, overcome by admiration, jumped up and embraced him, and made him a present of his pipe, with a prayer that Daphnis in his turn might leave it to a successor like himself. Daphnis dedicated to the God Pan the small flute which he had hitherto used, embraced Chloe as if he had really lost and found her again, and drove back his flock, playing on his pipe the while.

Χλόη τὴν ποίμνην, τῷ μέλει τῆς σύριγγος συνάγουσα· καὶ αἱ τε αἶγες πλησίον τῶν προβάτων ἦσαν, ὅτε Δάφνις ἐβάδιζεν ἐγγὺς τῆς Χλόης· ὥστε ἐνέπλησαν ἕως νυκτὸς ἀλλήλους, καὶ συνέθεντο θάττον τὰς ἀγέλας τῆς ἐπιούσης κατελάσαι· καὶ οὕτως ἐποίησαν.

Ἀρτι γοῦν ἀρχομένης ἡμέρας, ἦλθον εἰς τὴν νομὴν. Καὶ τὰς Νύμφας προτέρας, εἴτα τὸν Πᾶνα προσαγορεύσαντες, τὸ ἐντεῦθεν ὑπὸ τῇ δρυὶ καθεσθέντες, ἐσύριττον· εἴτα ἀλλήλους ἐφίλουν, περιέβαλλον, κατεκλίνοντο· καὶ οὐδὲν δράσαντες πλέον, ἀνίσταντο. Ἐμέλησεν αὐτοῖς καὶ τροφῆς· καὶ ἔπιον οἶνον, μίξαντες γάλα.

Καὶ τούτοις ἅπασι θερμότεροι γενόμενοι καὶ θρασύτεροι, πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἤριζον ἔριν ἐρωτικὴν, καὶ κατ' ὀλίγον εἰς ὄρκων πίστιν προῆλθον. Ὁ μὲν δὲ Δάφνις τὸν Πᾶνα ὤμοσεν, ἐλθὼν ἐπὶ τὴν πίσυν, μὴ ζήσεσθαι μόνος ἄνευ Χλόης, μηδὲ μιᾶς χρόνον ἡμέρας· ἡ δὲ Χλόη Δάφνιδι τὰς Νύμφας, εἰσελθοῦσα εἰς τὸ

As night was close at hand, Chloe also drove back her sheep to the sound of the same pipe: the goats went side by side with the sheep, while Daphnis walked close to Chloe. Thus they enjoyed each other's society until nightfall, when they separated, after promising to drive their flocks to pasture earlier than usual on the following day, which they did. At day-break, they were in the fields. Having first saluted the Nymphs, and next, the God Pan, they sat down beneath the oak, where they played upon the pipe, kissed and embraced each other, and lay down side by side, but that was all. Then they got up and bethought themselves of food, and drank wine, mingled with milk. Warmed and further emboldened by what they had drunk, they commenced an amorous contest, and at last swore mutual fidelity. Daphnis swore by Pan beneath the pine tree that he could not live without Chloe, even for a single day: while Chloe, having entered the grotto, swore by the Nymphs to live and die with Daphnis. So simple and innocent was she that, when

ἄντρον, τὸν αὐτὸν ἔξειν θάνατον καὶ βίον. Τοσοῦτον δὲ ἄρα τῇ Χλόῃ τὸ ἀφελὲς ἦν ὡς κόρη, ὥστε ἐξιοῦσα τοῦ ἄντρον, καὶ δεύτερον ἡξίου λαβεῖν ὄρκον παρ' αὐτοῦ, “ὦ Δάφνι, λέγουσα, θεὸς ὁ Πᾶν ἐρωτικός ἐστι καὶ ἄπιστος· ἡράσθη μὲν Πίτυος, ἡρασθη δὲ Σύριγγος· παύεται δὲ οὐδέποτε Δρυσὶν ἐνοχλῶν, καὶ Ἐπιμηλίσι Νύμφαις πράγματα παρέχων. Ὁ μὲν οὖν, ἀμεληθεὶς ἐν τοῖς ὄρκοις, ἀμελήσει σε κολάσαι, καὶ ἐπὶ πλείονας ἔλθῃς γυναῖκας τῶν ἐν τῇ σύριγγι καλάμων· σὺ δέ μοι τὸ αἰπόλιον τοῦτο ὁμοσον, καὶ τὴν αἶγα ἐκείνην ἣ σε ἀνέθρεψε, μὴ καταλιπεῖν Χλόην, ἔστ' ἂν πιστὴ σοι μένῃ· ἄδικον δὲ εἰς σέ καὶ τὰς Νύμφας γενομένην, καὶ φεῦγε, καὶ μίσει, καὶ ἀπόκτεινον ὥσπερ λύκον.” Ἦδετο ὁ Δάφνις ἀπιστοῦμενος· καὶ στὰς εἰς μέσον τὸ αἰπόλιον, καὶ τῇ μὲν τῶν χειρῶν, αἰγὸς, τῇ δὲ, τράγου λαβόμενος, ὥμνυε Χλόην φιλησάι φιλοῦσαν· καὶ ἕτερον προκρίνη Δάφνιδος, ἀντ' ἐκείνης αὐτὸν

she came out of the grotto, she demanded that Daphnis should take a second oath. "Daphnis," said she, "Pan is an amorous and inconstant God : he was enamoured of Pitys and Syrinx, he never ceases to annoy the Dryads and the Epimelian Nymphs with his solicitations. Wherefore, even if you forget the oath that you have sworn by him, he will forget to punish you, even though you should have more mistresses than there are reeds in your pipe. Do you therefore swear by this herd of goats and by the she-goat that reared you, that you will never desert Chloe as long as she remains true to you : but if she breaks her vows to you and the Nymphs, flee from her, loathe her, and kill her like a wolf."

Daphnis, pleased at being thus mistrusted, stood upright in the midst of his flock, and, taking hold of a she-goat with one hand, and of a he-goat with the other, swore to love Chloe as long as she loved him : and that, if she ever preferred another, he would kill himself instead of her. Then Chloe was delighted, and no

ἀποκτενεῖν. Ἡ δὲ ἔχαιρε, καὶ ἐπίστευεν ὡς
 κόρη, καὶ νέμονσα, καὶ νομίζουσα τὰς αἴγας
 καὶ τὰ πρόβατα ποιμένων καὶ αἰπόλων ἰδίους
 θεούς.

longer had any doubts: for she was young and a simple shepherdess, and saw in the sheep and goats the Gods of shepherds and goatherds.

ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΡΙΤΟΣ

Μιτυληναῖοι δὲ, ὡς ἤσθοντο τὸν κατάπλου
τῶν δέκα νεῶν, καὶ τινες ἐμήνυσαν αὐτοῖς τὴν
ἄρπαγην, ἐλθόντες ἐκ τῶν ἀγρῶν, οὐκ ἀνασχε-
τὸν νομίσαντες ταῦτα ἐκ Μηθυμναίων παθεῖν,
ἔγνωσαν καὶ αὐτοὶ τὴν ταχίστην ἐπ' αὐτοὺς
ὄπλα κινεῖν· καὶ καταλέξαντες ἀσπίδα τρις-
χιλίαν καὶ ἵππον πεντακοσίαν, ἐξέπεμψαν
κατὰ γῆν τὸν στρατηγὸν Ἴππασον, ὀκνοῦντες
ἐν ὥρᾳ χειμῶνος τὴν θάλατταν.

Ὁ δὲ ἐξορμηθεὶς, ἀγροὺς μὲν οὐκ ἐλεηλάτει
τῶν Μηθυμναίων, οὐδὲ ἀγέλας καὶ κτήματα
ἤρπαξε γεωργῶν καὶ ποιμένων, ληστοῦ νομίζων
ταῦτα ἔργα μᾶλλον ἢ στρατηγοῦ· ταχύνει δὲ
ἐπὶ τὴν πόλιν αὐτὴν, ὡς ἐπιπεσούμενος ἀφρου-
ρήτοις ταῖς πύλαις. Καὶ αὐτῷ σταδίους ὅσον
ἑκατὸν ἀπέχοντι, κῆρυξ ἀπαντὰ σπονδὰς κο-
μίζων. Οἱ γὰρ Μηθυμναῖοι μαθόντες παρὰ

BOOK III

WHEN the Mitylenaeans heard of the descent of the ten vessels, and were informed by certain persons who came from the country of the plundering of their territory, they considered such outrages on the part of the Methymnaeans unbearable, and resolved to take up arms against them without delay. Collecting a force of three thousand heavy-armed infantry, and five hundred cavalry, they despatched them by land, under the command of Hippasus, being afraid of journeying by sea during the winter season.

Hippasus accordingly set out, but was careful not to plunder the territory of the Methymnaeans: he carried off neither flocks nor any kind of booty from the husbandmen and shepherds, considering such conduct to be rather the act of a brigand than of a general. He marched with all speed against the city itself,

τῶν ἐαλωκότων, ὥς οὐδὲν ἴσασι Μιτυληναῖοι τῶν γεγεννημένων, ἀλλὰ γεωργοὶ καὶ ποιμένες ὑβρίζοντας τοὺς νεανίσκους ἑώρασαν ταῦτα, μετεγίνωσκον μὲν ὀξύτερα τολμήσαντες εἰς γείτονα πόλιν ἢ σωφρονέστερα· σπονδὴν δὲ εἶχον, ἀποδόντες πᾶσαν τὴν ἀρπαγὴν, ἀδεῶς ἐπιμίγνυσθαι καὶ κατὰ γῆν καὶ κατὰ θάλατταν. Τὸν μὲν οὖν κήρυκα τοῖς Μιτυληναίοις ὁ Ἴππασος ἀποστέλλει, καίτοι γε αὐτοκράτωρ στρατηγὸς κεχειροτονημένος· αὐτὸς δὲ τῆς Μηθύμνης ὅσον ἀπὸ δέκα σταδίων στρατόπεδον βαλόμενος, τὰς ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐντολὰς ἀνέμενε. Καὶ δύο διαγενομένων ἡμερῶν, ἔλθων ὁ ἄγγελος, τὴν τε ἀρπαγὴν ἐκέλευσε κομίσασθαι, καὶ ἀδικήσαντα μηδὲν ἀναχωρεῖν οἴκαδε· πολέμου γὰρ καὶ εἰρήνης ἐν αἵρέσει γερόμενοι, τὴν εἰρήνην εὕρισκον κερδαλεωτέραν.

Ὁ μὲν δὴ Μηθυμναίων καὶ Μιτυληναίων πόλεμος ἀδόκητον λαβὼν ἀρχὴν καὶ τέλος,

hoping to be able to attack it while the gates were left unguarded. When he was about one hundred stades distant from the city, a herald met them to propose a truce. The Methymnaeans, having learnt from the prisoners that the Mitylenaeans knew nothing of what had taken place, and that the whole affair was merely an attack of a few shepherds and labourers upon some insolent young men, regretted that they had behaved with greater violence than prudence towards a neighbouring city. They were accordingly anxious to restore all the plunder that they had taken, and to re-establish friendly relations between the two cities, both by sea and land. Hip-
pasus sent the herald to the Mitylenaeans, although he had been appointed commander with unlimited power: at the same time he pitched his camp about ten stades from Methymna, to await instructions from his government. At the end of two days, the messenger returned with orders to the commander to receive the booty, and to return home without committing any act of hostility. Having the

οὕτω διελύθη. Γίνεται δὲ χειμὼν Δάφνιδι καὶ Χλόῃ τοῦ πολέμου πικρότερος· ἐξαίφνης γὰρ πεσοῦσα χιὼν πολλή, πάσας μὲν ἀπέκλεισε τὰς ὁδοὺς, πάντας δὲ κατέκλεισε τοὺς γεωργοὺς. Λάβροι μὲν οἱ χεῖμαρροι κατέρρρεον, ἐπεπήγει δὲ κρύσταλλος· τὰ δένδρα ἐφκει κατεχωσμένοις· ἡ γῆ πᾶσα ἀφανὴς ἦν, ὅτι μὴ περὶ πηγὰς ποῦ καὶ ρεύματα. Οὗτ' οὖν ἀγέλην τις εἰς νομὴν ἤγε, οὔτε αὐτὸς προῆι τῶν θυρῶν· ἀλλὰ πῦρ καύσαντες μέγα περὶ ῥόδας ἀλεκτρυόνων, οἱ μὲν λίνον ἔστρεφον, οἱ δὲ αἰγῶν τρίχας ἔπλεκον, οἱ δὲ πάγας ὀρνίθων ἐσοφίζοντο. Τότε βοῶν ἐπὶ φάτναις φροντὶς ἦν ἄχυρον ἐσθιόντων, αἰγῶν καὶ προβάτων ἐν τοῖς σηκοῖς, φυλλάδας, ὑῶν ἐν τοῖς συφεοῖς, ἄκυλον καὶ βαλάνους.

Ἀναγκαίᾳς οὖν οἰκουρίας ἐπεχούσης ἅπαντας, οἱ μὲν ἄλλοι γεωργοὶ καὶ νομεῖς ἔχαιρον, πόνων τε ἀπηλλαγμένοι πρὸς ὀλίγων, καὶ

choice between peace and war, they were of opinion that peace would be more advantageous.

Thus ended the war between Methymna and Mitylene, as suddenly as it had commenced. Winter came on, a greater hardship than the war for Daphnis and Chloe: suddenly there was a heavy fall of snow, which blocked up all the roads and kept all the labourers indoors. Torrents rushed down with violence from the mountains, the water was frozen hard, the trees seemed buried beneath the hoar frost: the earth was completely hidden, except around the fountains and the banks of the streams. No herdsman led his flocks to pasture, or set foot outside his door: in the morning, at cockcrow, they lighted a large fire, round which they gathered, some twisting hemp, others weaving goats' hairs or making snares for birds. The only thing they had to think about was to give the oxen in the stalls straw to eat, the sheep and goats in the cotes plenty of leaves, and the pigs in the sties acorns and beech-nuts.

τροφὰς ἐωθινὰς ἐσθίοντες, καὶ καθεύδοντες
μακρὸν ὕπνον· ὥστε αὐτοῖς τὸν χειμῶνα δοκεῖ
καὶ θέρους καὶ μετοπώρου καὶ ἡρος αὐτοῦ γλυ-
κύτερον· Χλόη δὲ καὶ Δάφνις ἐν μνήμῃ γενό-
μενοι τῶν καταλειφθέντων τερπνῶν, ὡς ἐφίλουν
ὡς περιέβαλλον, ὡς ἅμα τὴν τροφήν προσ-
εφέροντο, νύκτας τε ἀγρύπνους διῆγον καὶ
λυπηρὰς, καὶ τὴν εἰαρινὴν ὥραν ἀνέμενον, ἐκ
θανάτου παλιγγενεσίαν. Ἐλύπει δὲ αὐτούς,
ἢ πῆρα τις ἐλθοῦσα εἰς χεῖρας, ἐξ ἧς ἥσθιον,
ἢ γαυλὸς ὀφθεῖς, ἐξ οὗ συνέπιον, ἢ σύριγξ
ἀμελῶς ἐρρίμμένη, δῶρον ἐρωτικὸν γεγεννημένη.
Εὖχοντο δὴ ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τῷ Πανί, καὶ
τούτων αὐτοὺς ἐκλύσασθαι τῶν κακῶν, καὶ
δεῖξαι ποτε αὐτοῖς καὶ ταῖς ἀγέλαις ἡλιον·
ἅμα τε εὐχόμενοι τέχνην ἐζήτουν δι' ἧς ἀλλή-
λους θεάσονται. Ἡ μὲν δὲ Χλόη δεινῶς ἄπορος
ἦν καὶ ἀμήχανος· αἰεὶ γὰρ αὐτῇ συνῆν ἡ δοκοῦσα
μήτηρ, ἔριά τε ξαίνειν διδάσκουσα, καὶ ἀτράκ-

The necessity of remaining at home gladdened the hearts of the other labourers and shepherds, who thus enjoyed some relaxation from their daily task, and, after they had breakfasted, had a long sleep. In this respect the winter seemed to them more enjoyable than spring, summer, or winter. But Daphnis and Chloe had always in mind the pleasant pastimes which they were now forced to abandon—their kisses, embraces, and meals shared together: they passed sad and sleepless nights, and waited for the return of spring as a resurrection. It grieved them sorely when they touched a wallet from which they had eaten, or saw a pail from which they had drunk together, or a pipe, carelessly thrown aside, that had been a gift of affection. They prayed to Pan and the Nymphs to put an end to their sorrows, and to show the sun again to them and their flocks; at the same time, they endeavoured to find some means of seeing each other. Chloe was terribly embarrassed, and did not know what to do: for her supposed mother never left her for a moment: she taught

τους στρέφειν, καὶ γάμου μνημονεύουσα· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις, οἷα σχολὴν ἄγων, καὶ συνετώτερος κόρης, τοιόνδε σόφισμα εὗρεν ἐς θεάν τῆς Χλόης.

Πρὸ τῆς αὐλῆς τοῦ Δρύαντος, ὑπ' αὐτῇ τῇ πύλῃ, μυρρίναι μεγάλαι δύο καὶ κιττὸς ἐπεφύκει. Αἱ μυρρίναι πλησίον ἀλλήλων, ὁ κιττὸς δὲ ἀμφοτέρων μέσος· ὥστε ἐφ' ἑκατέραν διαθεὶς τοὺς ἀκρέμονας ὡς ἄμπελος, ἄντρου σχῆμα διὰ τῶν φύλλων ἐπαλλαττόντων ἐποίει· καὶ ὁ κόρυμβος πολὺς καὶ μέγας ὅσος βότρυς κλημάτων ἐξεκρέματο. Ἦν οὖν πολὺ πλῆθος περὶ αὐτὸν τῶν χειμερινῶν ὀρνίθων, ἀπορία τῆς ἑξῶ τροφῆς· πολὺς μὲν κόψιχος, πολλὴ δὲ κίχλη, καὶ φᾶτται, καὶ ψᾶρες, καὶ ὅσον ἄλλο κιττοφάγον πτερόν. Τούτων τῶν ὀρνίθων ἐπὶ προφάσει θήρας ἐξώρμησεν ὁ Δάφνις, ἐμπλίσας μὲν τὴν πῆραν ὀψημάτων μεμελιτωμένων, κόμιζων δὲ ἐς πίστιν ἰξὸν καὶ βρόχους. Τὸ μὲν οὖν μεταξὺν, σταδίων ἦν οὐ πλεόν δέκα· οὐπω δὲ ἡ χιὼν λελυμένη πολὺν κάματον αὐτῷ παρέ-

her to card wool, and turn the spindle, and talked to her of marriage. Daphnis, however, since he had more time to himself, and was cleverer than the young girl, devised the following scheme for seeing her.

In front of Dryas's cottage, close to the courtyard gate, grew two large myrtles and an ivy plant. The myrtles almost touched, and the ivy had worked its way between them in such a manner that, spreading its branches on either side like a vine, it formed a kind of arbour shaded by its intertwining foliage: berries, large as grapes, hung down from the branches, upon which settled swarms of birds, which were unable to procure food outside—blackbirds, thrushes, doves, starlings, and all the birds that are fond of feeding on ivy. Daphnis went out under pretence of catching some of these birds, taking with him a wallet full of honey-cakes, and some birdlime and snares, so as to allay all suspicion. Although the distance was ten stades at the most, the snow, which was not yet melted, caused him great inconvenience: but Love can make its way through every-

σχεν· ἔρωτι δὲ ἄρα πάντα βάσιμα, καὶ πῦρ,
καὶ ὕδωρ, καὶ Σκυθικὴ χιών.

Δρόμῳ οὖν πρὸς τὴν αὐλὴν ἔρχεται· καὶ
ἀποσεισάμενος τῶν σκελῶν τὴν χιόνα, τοὺς τε
βρόχους ἔστησε, καὶ τὸν ἱξὸν ράβδοις μακραῖς
ἐπήλειψε· καὶ ἐκαθέζετο τὸ ἐντεῦθεν ὄρνιθας
καὶ τὴν Χλόην μεριμνῶν. Ἄλλ' ὄρνιθες μὲν
καὶ ἦκον πολλοὶ καὶ ἐλήφθησαν ἱκανοί· ὥστε
πράγματα μυρία ἔσχε συλλέγων αὐτοὺς, καὶ
ἀποκτιννύς, καὶ ἀποδύων τὰ πτερά· τῆς δὲ
αὐλῆς προῆλθεν οὐδεὶς, οὐκ ἀνὴρ, οὐ γυναικίον,
οὐ κατοικίδιος ὄρνις, ἀλλὰ πάντες τῷ πυρὶ
παραμένοντες ἔνδον κατεκέκλειντο· ὥστε πᾶν
ἠπορεῖτο ὁ Δάφνις, ὥς οὐκ αἰσίοις ὄρνισιν
ἐλθῶν· καὶ ἐτόλμα, πρόφασιν σκηψάμενος,
ὥσασθαι διὰ θυρῶν, καὶ ἐξήτει πρὸς αὐτὸν
ὅ,τι λεχθῆναι πιθανώτερον· “Πῦρ ἐναυσόμενος
ἦλθον—Μὴ γὰρ οὐκ ἦσαν ἀπὸ σταδίου γεί-
τονες; Ἄρτους αἰτησόμενος ἦκον—Ἄλλ' ἡ
πήρα μεστὴ τροφῆς. Οἴνου δέομαι—Καὶ μὴν

thing, through fire, water, and the snows of Scythia.

He made all haste to the cottage, and, having shaken the snow from his feet, he set up his snares, and smeared some long sticks with birdlime: then he sat down waiting for the birds and thinking of Chloe. The birds came in great numbers, and he caught so many that he had plenty to do to pick them up, kill, and pluck them. But no one left the house, neither man, nor woman, nor fowl: for all had shut themselves up and were seated round the fire. Daphnis was utterly at a loss what to do, and cursed his unlucky star: then he thought of venturing to knock at the door, but did not know what plausible excuse to make. He discussed the matter with himself as follows: "If I say that I have come to fetch something to light a fire with, they will ask me if I have no nearer neighbours. If I ask for some bread, they will tell me that my wallet is full of food. If I say I want wine, they will answer that we have only just got in the vintage. If I say I have been chased by a wolf, they will ask

χθές καὶ πρώην ἐτρύγησας. Λύκος με ἐδίωκε—
 Καὶ ποῦ τὰ ἵχνη τοῦ λύκου; Θηράσων ἀφικό-
 μην τοὺς ὄρνιθας—Τί οὖν θηράσας οὐκ ἄπει;
 Χλόην θεάσασθαι βούλομαι . . . πατρὶ δὲ τίς
 καὶ μητρὶ παρθένου ὁμολογεῖ; Παίδων δὲ
 πανταχοῦ σιωπή.¹ ἄλλ' οὐδὲν τούτων ἀπάντων
 ἀνύποπτον. Ἄμεινόν ἄρα σιγᾶν· Χλόην δὲ
 ἦρος ὄψομαι, ἐπεὶ μὴ εἵμαρτο, ὡς ἔοικε, χει-
 μῶνός με ταύτην ἰδεῖν." Τοιαῦτα δὴ τινα
 διανοηθεῖς, καὶ τὰ θηραθέντα συλλαβὼν, ὥρ-
 μητο ἀπιέναι· καὶ, ὥσπερ αὐτὸν οἰκτείραντος
 τοῦ Ἑρωτος, τάδε γίνεται.

Τράπεξαν εἶχον οἱ ἀμφὶ τὸν Δρύαντά· κρέα
 διηρεῖτο, ἄρτοι παρετίθεντο, κρατὴρ ἐκιρνᾶτο.
 Εἰς δὲ κύων τῶν προβατευτικῶν, ἀμέλειαν φυ-
 λάξας, κρέας ἀρπάσας, ἔφυγε διὰ τῶν θυρῶν.
 Ἀλγήσας ὁ Δρύας, (καὶ γὰρ ἦν ἐκείνου μοῖρα)
 ξύλον ἀρπασάμενος, ἐδίωκε κατ' ἵχνος ὥσπερ
 κύων. Διώκων δὲ, καὶ κατὰ τὸν κιττὸν γενό-
 μενος, ὁρᾷ τὸν Δάφνιν ἀνατεθειμένον ἐπὶ τοὺς

¹ This passage is corrupt.

where his footprints are. If I say that I came to catch birds, they will ask me why I do not return home, now that I have caught enough. And, as for declaring openly that I want to see Chloe, who would make such a confession to a girl's mother and father? All such excuses are open to suspicion: the best thing will be to hold my tongue. I shall see Chloe again in the spring, since I am not destined to see her this winter." After this soliloquy he picked up his birds and was preparing to go, when, as if Love had taken compassion upon him, the following incident occurred.

Dryas was at table with his family: the meat had been cut up and distributed, the bread served, and the goblet mixed, when one of the sheep dogs, taking advantage of the moment when no one was watching him, seized a piece of meat, and ran out of doors. Dryas, greatly enraged (for the piece of meat was his own portion), snatched up a cudgel, and ran after him like another dog. In his pursuit, he passed close to the ivy, and saw Daphnis who had just flung his spoil over his

ὧμους τὴν ἄγραν, καὶ ἀποσοβεῖν ἐγνωκότα. Κρέως μὲν καὶ κυνὸς αὐτίκα ἐπελάθετο· μέγα δὲ βοήσας, χαῖρε, ὦ παῖ, περιεπλέκετο καὶ κατεφίλει, καὶ περιῆγεν ἔσω λαβόμενος. Μικροῦ μὲν οὖν ἰδόντες ἀλλήλους, εἰς τὴν γῆν κατερρύησαν· μεῖναι δὲ καρτερήσαντες ὀρθοὶ, προσηγόρευσάν τε καὶ κατεφίλησαν· καὶ τοῦτο οἰονεῖ ἔρεισμα αὐτοῖς τοῦ μὴ πεσεῖν ἐγένετο.

Τυχὼν δὲ ὁ Δάφνις παρ' ἐλπίδας καὶ φιλήματος καὶ Χλόης, τοῦ τε πυρὸς ἐκαθέσθη πλησίον, καὶ ἐπὶ τὴν τράπεζαν ἀπὸ τῶν ὧμων τὰς φάττας ἀπεφορτίσατο καὶ τοὺς κοψίχους· καὶ διηγείτο πῶς ἀσχάλλων πρὸς τὴν οἰκουρίαν, ὥρμησε πρὸς τὴν ἄγραν· καὶ ὅπως τὰ μὲν βρόχοις αὐτῶν, τὰ δὲ ἱξῶ λάβοι, τῶν μύρτων καὶ τοῦ κιττοῦ γλιχόμενα. Οἱ δὲ ἐπῆρνον τὸ ἐνεργόν, καὶ ἐκέλευον ἐσθίειν ὧν ὁ κύων κατέλιπεν. Ἐκέλευον δὲ τῇ Χλόῃ πιεῖν ἐγχέαι· καὶ ἦδε χαίρουσα τοῖς τε ἄλλοις ὥρεξε, καὶ

shoulders, and had made up his mind to depart. Then, immediately forgetting all about the meat and the dog, he shouted, "Good-day, my lad," embraced him, and led him into the house. When Daphnis and Chloe saw each other, they nearly fainted for joy: however, they managed to keep on their feet, and greeted and saluted each other: and this helped to prevent them from falling.

Thus Daphnis, having, beyond all expectation, both seen and kissed Chloe, took a seat near the fire, and laid upon the table the doves and blackbirds with which his shoulders were burdened. He told them how, weary of being obliged to stay at home, he had set out to catch birds, and how he had trapped them with snares and birdlime, owing to their greediness for myrtle and ivy-berries. They praised his activity, and pressed him to eat some of what the dog had left. Chloe was bidden to pour out wine for them to drink, which she gladly did. She served all the rest first, reserving Daphnis for the last: for she pretended to be angry

Δάφνιδι μετὰ τοὺς ἄλλους· ἐσκήπτετο γὰρ ὀργίξεσθαι διότι ἐλθὼν, ἔμελλεν ἀποτρέχειν οὐκ ἰδὼν. Ὅμως μέντοι πρὶν προσενεγκεῖν, ἀπέπιεν, εἴθ' οὕτως ἔδωκεν. Ὁ δὲ, καίτοι διψῶν, βραδέως ἔπινε, παρέχων ἑαυτῷ διὰ τῆς βραδυτῆτος μακροτέραν ἡδονήν.

Ἡ μὲν δὴ τράπεζα ταχέως ἐγένετο κενὴ ἄρτων καὶ κρεῶν· καθήμενοι δὲ περὶ τῆς Μυρτάλης καὶ τοῦ Λάμωνος ἐπυνθάνοντο, καὶ εὐδαιμόνιζον αὐτοὺς τοιοῦτον γηροτρόφου εὐτυχήσαντας. Καὶ τοῖς ἐπαίνοις μὲν ἤδετο, Χλόης ἀκροωμένης· ὅτε δὲ κατεῖχον αὐτὸν, ὡς θύσοντες Διονύσῳ τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας, μικροῦ δεῖν ὑφ' ἡδονῆς ἐκείνους ἀντὶ τοῦ Διονύσου προσεκύνησεν. Αὐτίκα οὖν ἐκ τῆς πῆρας προεκόμεζε μελιττώματα πολλὰ, καὶ τοὺς θηραθέντας δὲ τῶν ὀρνίθων· καὶ τούτους ἐς τράπεζαν νυκτερινὴν ὑπτρέπιζον. Δεύτερος κρατὴρ ἴστατο, καὶ δεύτερον πῦρ ἀνεκάετο. Καὶ ταχὺ μάλα νυκτὸς γενομένης, δευτέρας

with him because, having come so far, he was on the point of going home without seeing her. However, before she offered him the cup, she dipped her lips into it, and then gave it to him: and he, although very thirsty, drank the contents slowly, in order to make the pleasure last longer.

The bread and meat soon disappeared from the table: then, remaining seated, his hosts began to ask him about Myrtale and Lamon, at the same time congratulating them upon having such a support in their old age. Daphnis was delighted at their commendation, since Chloe heard them: but when they invited him to stay until the following day, when they intended to offer sacrifice to Dionysus, he was ready to fall down and worship them in place of the God. He immediately pulled out the honey-cakes from his wallet and all the birds which he had caught: and they got them ready for the evening meal. A second goblet was prepared, and the fire relighted: and, when it was night, they sat down to another hearty meal. After this they sang

τραπέξης ἐνεφοροῦντο· μεθ' ἣν τὰ μὲν μυθολογήσαντες, τὰ δὲ ᾗσαντες, εἰς ὕπνον ἐχώρουν, Χλόη μετὰ τῆς μητρὸς, Δρύας ἅμα Δάφνιδι. Χλόη μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν χρηστὸν ἦν, ὅτι μὴ τῆς ἐπιούσης ἡμέρας ὀφθησόμενος ὁ Δάφνις· Δάφνις δὲ κενὴν τέρψιν ἐτέρπετο· τερπνὸν γὰρ ἐνόμιζε καὶ πατρὶ συγκοιμηθῆναι Χλόης· ὥστε καὶ περιέβαλλεν αὐτὸν, καὶ κατεφίλει πολλάκις ταῦτα πάντα ποιεῖν Χλόην ὄνειροπολούμενος.

Ὡς ἐγένετο ἡμέρα, κρύους μὲν ἦν ἐξαίσιον καὶ αὔρα βόρειος ὑπέκαε πάντα. Οἱ δὲ ἀναστάντες, θύουσι τῷ Διονύσῳ κριὸν ἐνιαύσιον· καὶ πῦρ ἀνακαύσαντες μέγα, παρεσκευάζοντο τροφήν. Τῆς οὖν Νάπης ἀρτοποιούσης, καὶ τοῦ Δρύαντος τὸν κριὸν ἔψοντος, σχολῆς ὁ Δάφνις καὶ ἡ Χλόη λαβόμενοι, προῆλθον τῆς αὐλῆς ἵνα ὁ κιττός· καὶ πάλιν βρόχους στήσαντες, καὶ ἰξὸν ἐπαλείψαντες, ἐθήρων πλῆθος οὐκ ὀλίγον ὀρνίθων. Ἦν δὲ αὐτοῖς καὶ φιλημάτων ἀπόλαυσις συνεχῆς, καὶ λόγων ὁμιλία τερπνὴ. “Διὰ σέ ἦλθον, Χλόη.—Οἶδα, Δάφνι.

and told stories, and then went to bed, Chloe with her mother, and Daphnis with Dryas. Chloe thought of nothing but the happiness of seeing Daphnis on the following day; while Daphnis satisfied himself with an idle enjoyment: he thought it happiness even to sleep with Chloe's father, clasped him in his arms, and kissed him again and again, dreaming that he was kissing and embracing Chloe.

At daybreak, it was bitterly cold, and a north wind was nipping everything. The family got up, and having sacrificed a year-old ram to Dionysus, lighted a large fire, and made preparations for a meal. While Nape was making the bread, and Dryas cooking the meat, Daphnis and Chloe, being left to themselves, retired to the ivy-bower in front of the yard, where they again set up the nets and smeared the twigs with birdlime, and caught a large number of birds. In the meantime, they continually kissed each other and held delightful converse.

"It was for your sake that I came, dear Chloe." "I know it, Daphnis." "It is

Διὰ σέ ἀπολλύω τοὺς ἀθλίους κοψίχους· τίς οὖν σοι γίνομαι; Μέννησό μου.—Μνημονεύω, νῆ τὰς Νύμφας, ἃς ὥμοσά ποτε εἰς ἐκείνο τὸ ἄντρον, εἰς ὃ ἤξομεν εὐθύς ἂν ἡ χιὼν τακῇ. Ἄλλὰ πολλή ἐστι, Χλόη, καὶ δέδοικα μὴ ἐγὼ πρὸ ταύτης τακῶ.—Θάρρει, Δάφνι· θερμός ἐστιν ὁ ἥλιος. Εἰ γὰρ οὕτως γένοιτο, Χλόη, θερμός, ὥς τὸ κᾶον πῦρ τὴν καρδίαν τὴν ἐμήν. Παίξεις ἀπατῶν με.—Οὐ μὰ τὰς αἶγας ἃς σύ με ἐκέλευες ὀμνύειν.”

Ταῦτα ἀνπιφωνήσασα πρὸς τὸν Δάφνιν ἡ Χλόη καθάπερ ἡχώ, καλούντων αὐτοὺς τῶν περὶ τὴν Νάπην, εἰσέδραμον, πολὺ περιττοτέραν τῆς χθιζῆς θήραν κομίζοντες· καὶ ἀπαρξάμενοι τῷ Διονύσῳ κρατῆρος, ἥσθιον, κιττῷ τὰς κεφαλὰς ἐστεφανωμένοι. Καὶ ἐπεὶ καιρὸς ἦν, ἰακχάσαντες καὶ εὐάσαντες, προέπεμπον τὸν Δάφνιν, πλῆσαντες αὐτοῦ τὴν πῆραν κρεῶν καὶ ἄρτων. Ἔδωκαν δὲ καὶ τὰς φάττας καὶ τὰς κίχλας Λάμωνι καὶ Μυρτάλῃ κομίζειν, ὥς αὐτοὶ

for your sake that I am destroying these poor birds. What then am I to you? Do not forget me." "I do not forget you, I swear by the Nymphs whom I formerly invoked as the witnesses of my oath in the grotto, whither we will soon return, as soon as the snow melts." "It lies very deep, Chloe: I am afraid that I myself shall melt first." "Courage, Daphnis: the sun is hot." "Would that it were as hot as the fire which consumes my heart." "You are laughing at me and trying to deceive me." "No, I swear it by the goats, by which you bade me swear."

While Chloe was thus answering Daphnis, like an echo, Nape called them. They ran into the house with their catch, which was much larger than that of the previous day. After they had poured libations to Dionysus, they ate, crowned with garlands of ivy. Then, when the time came, after they had celebrated the praises of Bacchus and chanted Evoe, Dryas and Nape sent Daphnis on his way, having first filled his wallet with bread and meat. They also gave him

θηράσοντες ἄλλοτε ἄλλας, ἔστ' ἂν ὁ χειμὼν
 μένῃ, καὶ ὁ κιττὸς μὴ λείπῃ. Ὅ δὲ ἀπῆει,
 φιλήσας αὐτοὺς προτέρους Χλόης, ἵνα τὸ
 ἐκείνης φίλημα καθαρὸν μείνῃ. Καὶ ἄλλας δὲ
 πολλὰς ἦλθεν ὁδοὺς ἐπ' ἄλλαις τέχναις· ὥστε
 μὴ παντάπασιν αὐτοῖς γενέσθαι τὸν χειμῶνα
 ἀνέραστον.

Ἦδη δὲ ἦρος ἀρχομένου, καὶ τῆς μὲν χιόνος
 λυομένης, τῆς δὲ γῆς γυμνουμένης, καὶ τῆς πόας
 ὑπανθούσης, οἱ τε ἄλλοι νομεῖς ἦγον τὰς
 ἀγέλας εἰς νομὴν, καὶ πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων Χλόη
 καὶ Δάφνις, οἷα μείζονι δουλεύοντες ποιμένι.
 Εὐθὺς οὖν δρόμος ἦν ἐπὶ τὰς Νύμφας καὶ τὸ
 ἄντρον· ἐντεῦθεν ἐπὶ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὴν πίτυν·
 εἶτα ἐπὶ τὴν δρῦν, ὑφ' ἣν καθίζοντες καὶ τὰς
 ἀγέλας ἔνεμον καὶ ἀλλήλους κατεφίλουν.
 Ἀνεξήγησάν τε καὶ ἄνθη, στεφανῶσαι θέλοντες
 τοὺς θεοὺς· τὰ δὲ ἄρτι ὁ Ζέφυρος τρέφων καὶ
 ὁ ἥλιος θερμαίνων ἐξῆγεν· ὅμως δὲ εὐρέθη καὶ
 ἴα καὶ νάρκισσος, καὶ ἀναγαλλίς, καὶ ὅσα

the wood-pigeons and thrushes to take to Lamon and Myrtale, since they knew that they would be able to catch as many as they wanted, as long as the winter and the ivy-berries lasted. Then Daphnis departed, after kissing them all—Chloe last, that her kiss might remain pure and without alloy. He afterwards found several fresh excuses for returning, so that they did not pass the winter entirely deprived of the joys of love.

With the commencement of spring the snow began to melt, the earth again became visible, and the green grass sprouted. The shepherds again drove their flocks into the fields, Daphnis and Chloe first of all, since they served a mightier shepherd. They ran first to the grotto of the Nymphs, then to the pine tree and the image of Pan, and after that to the oak, under which they sat down, watching their flocks and kissing each other. Then, to weave chaplets for the Gods, they went in search of some flowers, which were only just beginning to blossom under the fostering influence of Zephyr and the warmth of the

ἦρος πρωτοφορήματα. Ἡ μὲν Χλόη καὶ ὁ Δάφνις ἀπὸ αἰγῶν καὶ ἀπὸ οἴων τινῶν γάλα νέον, καὶ τοῦτο, στεφανοῦντες τὰ ἀγάλματα, κατέσπεισαν. Ἀπήρξαντο καὶ σύριγγος, καθάπερ τὰς ἀηδόνας ἐς τὴν μουσικὴν ἐρεθίζοντες· αἱ δὲ ὑπεφθέγγοντο ἐν ταῖς λόχμας, καὶ τὸν Ἴτυν κατ' ὀλίγον ἠκρίβουν, ὥσπερ ἀναμνησκόμεναι τῆς ῥόδης ἐκ μακρᾶς σιωπῆς.

Ἐβληχῆσατό που καὶ ποίμνιον· ἐσκίρτησάν που καὶ ἄρνες, καὶ ταῖς μητράσιν ὑποκλάσαντες αὐτοὺς, τὴν θηλὴν ἔσπασαν· τὰς δὲ μῆπω τετοκυίας οἱ κριοὶ καταδιώκοντες, καὶ κάτω στήσαντες, ἔβαινον ἄλλος ἄλλην. Ἐγίνοντο καὶ τράγων διώγματα, καὶ ἐς τὰς αἰγὰς ἐρωτικώτερα πηδήματα, καὶ ἐμάχοντο περὶ τῶν αἰγῶν· καὶ ἕκαστος εἶχεν ἰδίας, καὶ ἐφύλαττε μὴ τις αὐτὰς μοιχεύσῃ λαθών. Καὶ γέροντας ὀρώντας ἐξώρμησεν εἰς ἀφροδίτην τὰ τοιαῦτα θεάματα· οἱ δὲ, καὶ νέοι, καὶ σφριγῶντες, καὶ πολὺν ἤδη χρόνον ἔρωτα ζητοῦντες, ἐξεκάροντο πρὸς τὰ ἀκούσματα, καὶ ἐτήκοντο πρὸς τὰ

sun: however, they found some violets, hyacinths, pimpernel, and other flowers of early spring. After they had drunk some new milk drawn from the sheep and goats, they crowned the images, and poured libations. Then they began to play upon their pipes, as if challenging to song the nightingales, which were warbling in the thickets and gradually perfecting their lamentation for Itys, as if anxious, after long silence, to recall their strains.

The sheep began to bleat, the lambs gamboled, or stooped under their mothers' bellies to suck their teats. The rams chased the sheep which had not yet borne young, and mounted them. The he-goats also chased the she-goats with even greater heat, leaped amorously upon them, and fought for them. Each had his own mate, and jealously guarded her against the attacks of a wanton rival. At this sight even old men would have felt the fire of love rekindled within them: the more so Daphnis and Chloe, who were young and tortured by desire, and had long been in quest of the delights of love. All that they

θεάματα, καὶ ἐξήτουν αὐτοὶ περιττότερόν τι φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς, καὶ μάλιστα δὲ ὁ Δάφνης. Οἷα γοῦν ἐνηβήσας τῇ κατὰ τὸν χειμῶνα οἰκονρίᾳ καὶ ἀσχολίᾳ, πρὸς τε τὰ φιλήματα ὥργα, καὶ πρὸς τὰς περιβολὰς ἐσκιτάλιζε, καὶ ἦν ἐς πᾶν ἔργον περιεργότερος καὶ θρασύτερος.

Ἦτι δὴ τὴν Χλόην χαρίσασθαι οἱ πᾶν ὅσον βούλεται, καὶ γυμνὴν γυμνῶ συγκατακλιθῆναι μακρότερον ἢ πρόσθεν εἰώθεσαν· τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ λείπειν τοῖς Φιλητᾷ παιδεύμασιν, ἵνα δὴ γένηται τὸ μόνον ἔρωτα παῦον φάρμακον. Τῆς δὲ πυνθανομένης τί πλέον ἐστὶ φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς, καὶ αὐτῆς κατακλίσεως, καὶ τί ἔγνω δρᾶσαι γυμνὸς γυμνῇ ἐγκατακλινεῖς. “Τοῦτο, εἶπεν, ὃ οἱ κριοὶ ποιοῦσι τὰς οἷς, καὶ οἱ τράγοι τὰς αἶγας. Ὅρᾳς ὡς μετὰ τοῦτο τὸ ἔργον, οὔτε ἐκεῖναι ἔτι φεύγουσιν αὐτοὺς, οὔτε ἐκεῖνοι κάμνουσι διώκοντες, ἀλλ’ ὥσπερ κοινῆς λοιπὸν ἀπο-

heard inflamed them, all that they saw melted them, and they longed for something more than mere embraces and kisses, but especially Daphnis, who, having spent the winter in the house doing nothing, kissed Chloe fiercely, pressed her wantonly in his arms, and showed himself in every respect more curious and audacious.

He begged her to grant him all he desired, and to lie with him naked longer than they had been accustomed to do: "This," said he, "is the only one of Philetas's instructions that we have not yet followed, the only remedy that can appease Love." When Chloe asked him what else there could be besides kisses, embraces, and lying together, and what he meant to do, if they both lay naked together, he replied: "The same as the rams and the he-goats do to their mates. You see how, after this has been accomplished, the former no longer pursue the latter, nor the latter flee from the former: but, from that moment, they feed quietly together, as if they had enjoyed the same pleasure in common. This pastime, me-

λαύοντες ἡδονῆς συννέμονται. Γλυκύ τι, ὡς ἔοικεν, ἔστι τὸ ἔργον, καὶ νικᾷ τὸ ἔρωτος πικρόν.—Εἴτ' οὐχ ὀράς, ὦ Δάφνι, τὰς αἶγας, καὶ τοὺς κριούς, καὶ τοὺς τράγοις, καὶ τὰς οἰς, ὡς ὀρθοὶ μὲν ἐκεῖνοι ὀρῶσιν, ὀρθαὶ δὲ ἐκεῖναι πάσχουσιν· οἱ μὲν, πηδήσαντες, αἱ δὲ, κατανωτισάμεναι; Σὺ δέ με ἀξιοῖς συγκατακλιθῆναι, καὶ ταῦτα γυμνήν; Καίτοι γε ἐκεῖναι πόσον ἐνδεδυμένης ἐμοῦ λασιώτεραι;” Πείθεται Δάφνις, καὶ συγκατακλινεῖς αὐτῇ, πολὺν χρόνον ἔκειτο, καὶ οὐδὲν ὦν ἔνεκα ὥργα, ποιεῖν ἐπιστάμενος, ἀνίστησιν αὐτήν, καὶ κατόπιν περιεφύετο μιμούμενός τοὺς τράγοις. Πολὺν δὲ μᾶλλον ἀπορηθεὶς, καθίσας ἔκλαυσεν, εἰ καὶ κριῶν ἀμαθέστερος εἰς τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα.

Ἦν δὲ τις αὐτῷ γείτων, γεωργὸς γῆς ἰδίας, Χρῶμις τὸ ὄνομα, παρηβῶν ἤδη τὸ σῶμα. Τούτῳ γυναικίον ἦν ἐπακτὸν ἐξ ἄστεος, νέον καὶ ὠραῖον, καὶ ἀγροικίας ἀβρότερον· τούτῳ Λυκαίνιον ὄνομα ἦν. Αὕτη ὀρῶσα τὸν Δάφνιν

thinks, is something sweet, which can overcome the bitterness of love." "But," answered Chloe, "do you not see that he-goats and she-goats, rams and sheep, all satisfy their desire standing upright: the males leap upon the females, who receive them on their backs? You ask me to lie down with you naked: but see how much thicker their fleece is than my garments." Daphnis obeyed, lay down by her side, and held her for a long time clasped in his arms: but, not knowing how to do what he was burning to do, he made her get up, and embraced her behind, in imitation of the he-goats, but with even less success: then, utterly at a loss what to do, he sat down on the ground and began to weep at the idea of being more ignorant of the mysteries of love than the rams.

In the neighbourhood there dwelt a labourer named Chromis, already advanced in years, who farmed his own estate. He had a wife whom he had brought from the city, young, beautiful, and more refined than the countrywomen: her name was

καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν παρελαύνοντά τὰς αἶγας
 ἔωθεν εἰς νομὴν, νύκτωρ ἔκ νομῆς, ἐπεθύμησεν
 ἔραστὴν κτήσασθαι δώροις δελεάσασα. Καὶ
 δὴ ποτε λοχήσασα μόνον, καὶ σύριγγα δῶρον
 ἔδωκε, καὶ μέλι ἐν κηρίῳ, καὶ πῆραν ἐλάφου.
 Εἰπεῖν δὲ τι ὥκνει, τὸν Χλόης ἔρωτα κατα-
 μαντευομένη· πάνυ γὰρ ἑώρα προσκείμενον
 αὐτὸν τῇ κόρῃ. Πρότερον μὲν οὖν ἐκ νευμάτων
 καὶ γέλωτος συνεβάλετο τοῦτο· τότε δὲ ἐξ
 ἑωθινοῦ σκηψαμένη πρὸς Χρῶμιν ὡς παρὰ
 τίκτουσαν ἄπεισι γείτονα, κατόπιν αὐτοῖς
 κατηκολούθησε, καὶ εἷς τινα λόχμην ἐγκρύ-
 ψασα ἑαυτήν, ὡς μὴ βλέποιτο, πάντα ἤκου-
 σεν ὅσα εἶπον, πάντα εἶδεν ὅσα ἔπραξαν· οὐκ
 ἔλαθεν αὐτὴν οὐδὲ κλαύσας ὁ Δάφνις. Συν-
 αλήσασα δὴ τοῖς ἀθλίοις, καὶ καιρὸν ἤκειν
 νομίσασα διττὸν, τὸν μὲν εἰς ἐκείνων σωτηρίαν,
 τὸν δὲ εἰς τὴν ἑαυτῆς ἐπιθυμίαν, ἐπιτεχνᾷται
 τι τοιόνδε.

Τῆς ἐπιούσης ὡς παρὰ τὴν γυναῖκα Λάβα¹ τὴν

¹ The reading is uncertain here.

Lycaenium. Every morning she saw Daphnis driving his goats to pasture, and back again at night. She was seized with a desire of winning him for her lover by presents. Having watched until he was alone, she gave him a pipe, a honeycomb, and a deer-skin wallet, but she was afraid to say anything, suspecting his love for Chloe. For she had observed that he was devoted to the girl, although hitherto she had only guessed his affection from having seen them interchange nods and smiles. One day, in the morning, making the excuse to Chromis that she was going to visit a neighbour who had been brought to bed, she followed them, concealed herself in a thicket to avoid being seen, and heard all they said, and saw all they did. Even Daphnis's tears did not escape her. Pitying the poor young couple, and thinking that she had a two-fold opportunity—of getting them out of their trouble and, at the same time, satisfying her own desires, she had recourse to the following stratagem.

The next day, having gone out again on

τίκτονσαν ἀπιούσα, φανερώς ἐπὶ τὴν δρῦν ὑφ' ἧ
ἐκαθέζετο. Δάφνις καὶ Χλόη, παραγίνεται, καὶ
ἀκριβῶς μιμησαμένη τὴν τεταραγμένην, “σῶσόν
με, εἶπε, Δάφνι, τῇν ἀθλίαν· ἐκ γάρ μοι τῶν
χηνῶν τῶν εἴκοσιν ἕνα τὸν κάλλιστον αἰτὸς
ἤρπασε· καὶ, οἷα μέγα φορτίον ἀράμενος, οὐκ
ἐδυνήθη μετέωρος ἐπὶ τὴν συνήθη τὴν ὑψηλὴν
κομίσαι ἐκείνην πέτραν· ἀλλὰ εἰς τήνδε τὴν
ὕλην τὴν ταπεινὴν ἔχων κατέπεσε. Σὺ τοίνυν,
πρὸς τῶν Νυμφῶν καὶ τοῦ Πανὸς ἐκείνου,
εἰσελθὼν εἰς τὴν ὕλην, σῶσόν μου τὸν χῆνα
(μόνη γὰρ δέδοικα εἰσελθεῖν), μηδὲ περιϊῶης
ἀτελῇ μου τὸν ἀριθμὸν γενόμενον. Τάχα δὲ
καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν αἰτὸν ἀποκτενεῖς, καὶ οὐκ ἔτι
πολλοὺς ὑμῶν ἄρνας καὶ ἐρίφους ἀρπάσει. Τὴν
δὲ ἀγέλην τέως φρουρήσει Χλόη· πάντως αὐτὴν
ἴσασιν αἱ αἵγες αἰεὶ σοι συννέμουσαν.”

Οὐδὲν τῶν μελλόντων ὑποπτεύσας ὁ Δάφνις,
εὐθὺς ἀνίσταται, καὶ ἀράμενος τὴν καλαύροπα,
κατόπιν ἠκολούθει τῇ Λυκαινίῳ. Ἡ δὲ ἡγείτο
ὡς μακροτάτῳ τῆς Χλόης· καὶ ἐπειδὴ κατὰ τὸ

pretence of visiting her sick neighbour, she proceeded straight to the oak under which Daphnis and Chloe were sitting, and, pretending to be in great distress, cried: "Help me, Daphnis: I am most unhappy. An eagle has just carried off the finest of my twenty geese: but, as the burden was a heavy one, he could not carry it up to the top of the rock, his usual refuge, but has alighted with his prey at the end of the wood. In the name of the Nymphs and Pan yonder, I beseech you, go with me into the forest, for I am afraid to go alone: save my goose, and do not leave the number of my flock imperfect. Perhaps you will also be able to slay the eagle, and he will no longer carry off your kids and lambs. Meanwhile, Chloe can look after your goats: they know her as well as you: for you always tend your flocks together."

Daphnis, suspecting nothing of what was to come, immediately got up, took his crook and followed Lycaenium. She took as far from Chloe as possible, and, when they came to the thickest part of the

πυκνότετον ἐγένοντο, πηγῆς πλησίον καθίσαι
κελεύσασα αὐτὸν, “ἐρᾶς, εἶπε, Δάφνι, Χλόης,
καὶ τοῦτο ἔμαθον ἐγὼ νύκτωρ παρὰ τῶν
Νυμφῶν. Δὶ ὀνείρατος ἐμοὶ τὰ χθιζά σου
αἱ Νύμφαι διηγῆσαντο δάκρυα, καὶ ἐκέλευσάν
σε σῶσαι διδαξαμένην τὰ ἔρωτος ἔργα. Τὰ
δὲ ἐστὶν οὐ φιλήματα καὶ περιβολή, καὶ οἷα
δρῶσι κριοὶ καὶ τράγοι, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα πηδήματα
καὶ τῶν ἐκεῖ γλυκύτερα· πρόσεστι γὰρ αὐτοῖς
χρόνος μακροτέρας ἡδονῆς. Εἰ δὴ σοι φίλον
ἀπηλλάχθαι κακῶν, καὶ ἐν πείρᾳ γενέσθαι
ζητουμένων τερπνῶν, ἴθι, παραδίδου μοι
τερπνὸν σαντὸν μαθητήν· ἐγὼ δὲ, χαριζομένη
ταῖς Νύμφαις ἐκείναις, διδάξω.”

Οὐκ ἐκαρτέρησεν ὁ Δάφνις ὑφ’ ἡδονῆς, ἀλλ’
ἄτε ἄγροικος καὶ αἰπόλος, καὶ ἐρῶν καὶ νέος,
πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν καταπεσὼν, τὴν Λυκαίνιον
ικέτευεν ὅτι τάχιστα διδάξαι τὴν τέχνην, δι’
ἧς ὁ βούλεται δράσει Χλόην· καὶ, ὥσπερ τι
μέγα καὶ θεόπεμπτον ἀληθῶς μέλλων διδά-
σκεσθαι, καὶ ἔριφον αὐτῇ δώσειν ἐπηγγείλατο

forest, she bade him sit down near a fountain, and said: "Daphnis, you are in love with Chloe: the Nymphs revealed this to me last night. They told me in a dream of the tears you shed yesterday, and bade me relieve you of your trouble by teaching you the mysteries of love. These consist not in kisses and embraces alone, or the practices of sheep and goats, but in connexion far more delightful than these: for the pleasure lasts longer. If then you wish to be freed from your troubles and to try the delights of which you are in search, come, put yourself in my hands, a delightful pupil: out of gratitude to the Nymphs, I will be your instructress."

Daphnis, at these words, could no longer contain himself for joy: but, being a simple countryman and goatherd, young and amorous, he threw himself at her feet and begged her to teach him without delay the art which would enable him to do to Chloe what he desired: and, as if it had been some profound and heaven-sent secret, he promised to give her a kid

καὶ τυροὺς ἀπαλοὺς πρωτορρύτου γάλακτος, καὶ τὴν αἶγα αὐτήν. Εὐρούσα δὴ ἡ Λυκαίνιον αἰπολικὴν ἀφθονίαν οἶαν οὐ προσεδόκησεν, ἤρχετο παιδεύειν τὸν Δάφνιν, τοῦτον τὸν τρόπον. Ἐκέλευσεν αὐτὸν καθίσαι πλησίον αὐτῆς ὡς ἔχει, καὶ φιλήματα φιλεῖν οἷα εἰώθει καὶ ὅσα, φιλοῦντα ἅμα καὶ περιβάλλειν καὶ κατακλίνεσθαι χαμαί. Ὡς δὲ ἐκαθέσθη, καὶ ἐφίλησε, καὶ κατεκλίθη, μαθοῦσα ἐνεργεῖν δυνάμενον καὶ σφριγῶντα, ἀπὸ μὲν τῆς ἐπὶ πλευρὰν κατακλίσεως ἀνίστησιν· αὐτὴν δὲ ὑποστορέσασα ἐντέχνως, ἐς τὴν τέως ζητούμενην ὁδὸν ἤγε· τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν οὐδὲν περιηγάγετο ξένον· αὐτὴ γὰρ ἡ φύσις λοιπὸν ἐπαίδευε τὸ πρακτέον.

Τελεσθείσης δὲ τῆς ἐρωτικῆς παιδαγωγίας, ὁ μὲν Δάφνις ἔτι ποιμενικὴν ἔχων γνώμην, ὥρμησε τρέχειν ἐπὶ τὴν Χλόην, καὶ ὅσα ἐπεπαίδευτο, δρᾶν ἀντίκα, καθάπερ δεδοικῶς μὴ βραδύνας ἐπιλάθοιτο· ἡ δὲ Λυκαίνιον κατασχοῦσα αὐτὸν, ἔλεξεν ὧδε· “Ἐτι καὶ ταῦτα

lately weaned, fresh cheeses made of new milk, and even the mother herself. Lycaenium seeing, from his generous offer, that Daphnis was more simple than she had imagined, began to instruct him in the following manner. She ordered him to sit down by her side just as he was, and to kiss her as he had been accustomed to kiss Chloe, and, while kissing, to embrace her and lie down by her side. When he had done so, Lycaenium, finding that he was ready for action and inflamed with desire, lifted him up a little, and, cleverly slipping under him, set him on the road he had sought so long in vain: and, without more ado, Nature herself taught him the rest.

When this lesson in the mysteries of Love was finished, Daphnis, still as simple as before, would have hastened at once to Chloe, to teach her all that he had learnt, for fear of forgetting it, if he delayed. But Lycaenium stopped him, and said: "There is something else you must know, Daphnis: I am a woman, and you have not hurt me: for, long ago, another man taught me

δεῖ σε μαθεῖν, ὦ Δάφνι· ἐγὼ γυνὴ τυγχάνουσα
πέπονθα νῦν οὐδέν· πάλαι γάρ με ταῦτα ἀνὴρ
ἄλλος ἐπαίδευσε, μισθὸν τὴν παρθενίαν λαβών·
Χλόη δὲ συμπαλαίουςά σοι ταύτην τὴν πάλην,
καὶ οἰμώξει, καὶ κλαύσεται, καὶ αἵματι κείσεται
πολλῶ, καθάπερ πεφονευμένη. Ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸ
αἷμα μὴ φοβηθῆς· ἀλλ' ἥνικα ἂν πείσης αὐτήν
σοι παρασχεῖν, ἄγαγε αὐτήν εἰς τοῦτο τὸ
χωρίον, ἵνα καὶ βοήσῃ, μηδεὶς ἀκούσῃ, καὶ
δακρύσῃ, μηδεὶς ἴδῃ, καὶ αἵμαχθῇ, λούσῃται
τῇ πηγῇ· καὶ μέμνησο ὅτι σε ἄνδρα ἐγὼ πρὸ
Χλόης πεποίηκα.”

Ἡ μὲν οὖν Λυκαίνιον τοσαῦτα ὑποθεμένη,
κατ' ἄλλο μέρος τῆς ὕλης ἀπῆλθεν, ὡς ἔτι
ζητοῦσα τὸν χῆνα· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις εἰς λογισμὸν
ἄγων τὰ εἰρημένα, τῆς μὲν προτέρας ὁρμῆς
ἀπῆλλακτο, διοχλεῖν δὲ τῇ Χλόῃ περιττότερον
ᾧκει φιλήματος καὶ περιβολῆς, μήτε βοῆσαι
θέλων αὐτήν, ὡς πρὸς πολέμιον, μήτε δακρύσαι,
ὡς ἀλγοῦσαν, μήτε αἵμαχθῆναι, καθάπερ πεφο-

what I have just taught you, and took my maidenhead as his reward. But Chloe, when she enters upon this struggle with you for the first time, will weep and cry out, and will bleed as if she had been wounded. But you need not be afraid at the sight of the blood: when you have persuaded her to yield to your desire, bring her here, where, if she cries, no one can hear her; if she weeps, no one can see her; if she bleeds, she can wash herself in the spring. And never forget that I made you a man before Chloe."

After she had given him this advice, Lycaenium went off to another part of the wood, as if she was still looking for her goose. Daphnis, thinking over what she had said, felt his passion somewhat cooled, and hesitated to press Chloe to grant him anything more than kisses and embraces. He did not wish to make her cry out, as if she was being attacked by an enemy, or to make her weep, as if she were in pain, or to make her bleed, as if she had been wounded: for, being a novice

νευμένην· ἄρτιμαθὴς γὰρ ὢν ἐδεδοίκει τὸ αἷμα, καὶ ἐνόμιζεν ὅτι ἄρα ἐκ μόνου τραύματος αἷμα γίνεται. Γνοὺς δὲ τὰ συνήθη τέρπεσθαι μετ' αὐτῆς, ἐξέβη τῆς ὕλης· καὶ ἐλθὼν ἵνα ἐκάθητο στεφανίσκον ἱὼν πλέκουσα, τὸν τε χῆνα τῶν τοῦ αἵτου ὀνύχων ἐψεύσατο ἐξαρπάσαι, καὶ περιθεὶς ἐφίλησεν, οἷον ἐν τῇ τέρψει Λυκαίνιον· τοῦτο γὰρ ἐξῆν ὡς ἀκίνδυνον. Ἡ δὲ τὸν στέφανον ἐφήμοσεν αὐτοῦ τῇ κεφαλῇ, καὶ τὴν κόμην ἐφίλησεν, ὡς τῶν ἱὼν κρείττονα. Καὶ πῆρας προκομίσασα παλάθης μοῖραν, καὶ ἄρτους τινὰς, ἔδωκε φαγεῖν· καὶ ἐσθίωντος ἀπὸ τοῦ στόματος ἤρπαξε, καὶ οὕτως ἥσθιεν ὥσπερ νεοττὸς ὄρνιθος.

Ἐσθιόντων αὐτῶν καὶ περιττότερον φιλοῦντων ὢν ἥσθιον, ναὺς ἀλιέων ὥφθη παραπλέουσα. Ἄνεμος μὲν οὐκ ἦν, γαλήνη δὲ ἦν, καὶ ἐρέττειν ἐδόκει. Καὶ ἥρεττον ἐρρώμένως· ἠπείγοντο γὰρ νεαλεῖς ἰχθῦς εἰς τὴν πόλιν διασώσασθαι τῶν τινὶ πλουσίων. Οἷον οὖν εἰώθασι ναῦται

in the art of love, he was afraid of this blood, thinking it impossible that it could proceed from anything but a wound. He accordingly left the wood, resolved to enjoy himself with her in the usual way, and, when he reached the place where she was sitting weaving a chaplet of violets, he pretended that he had rescued the goose from the eagle's claws: then he embraced and kissed her, as he had kissed Lycaenium while they toyed together: for this at least he thought was free from danger. Chloe crowned his head with the chaplet, and kissed his hair, which smelt sweeter to her than the violets: then she took out of her wallet a piece of fruit-cake and some bread and gave him to eat: and, while he was eating, she would snatch a morsel from his mouth, and eat it, just like a young bird pecking from its mother's beak.

While they were eating, and were even more busily engaged in kissing each other, a fishing-boat came in sight proceeding along the coast. There was no wind, and the sea was calm: wherefore the crew decided to use their oars, and rowed on

δρᾶν εἰς καμάτων ἀμέλειαν, τοῦτο καὶ κείνοι
 δρῶντες, τὰς κώπας ἀνέφερον. Εἰς μὲν αὐτοῖς
 κελευστῆς ναυτικὰς ἦδεν ῥοάς· οἱ δὲ λοιποὶ,
 καθάπερ χορὸς, ὁμοφώνως κατὰ καιρὸν τῆς
 ἐκείνου φωνῆς ἐβόων. Ἦνίκα μὲν οὖν ἀνα-
 πεπταμένη τῇ θαλάττῃ ταῦτα ἔπραττον, ἡφα-
 νίζετο ἡ βοή, χεομένης τῆς φωνῆς εἰς πολὺν
 ἀέρα· ἐπεὶ δὲ ἄκρα τινὶ ὑποδραμόντες, εἰς
 κόλπον μηνοειδῇ καὶ κοῖλον εἰσήλασαν, μείζων
 μὲν ἠκούετο βοή, σαφῇ δὲ ἐξέπιπτεν εἰς τὴν γῆν
 τὰ τῶν κελευσμάτων ἄσματα. Κοῖλος γὰρ τῷ
 πεδίῳ αὐλὸν ὑποκείμενος, καὶ τὸν ἦχον εἰς αὐτὸν
 ὥς ὄργανον δεχόμενος, πάντων τῶν λεγομένων
 μιμητὴν φωνὴν ἀπεδίδου, ἰδίᾳ μὲν τῶν κωπῶν
 τὸν ἦχον, ἰδίᾳ δὲ τὴν φωνὴν τῶν ναυτῶν· καὶ
 ἐγίνετο ἄκουσμα τερπνόν. Φθανούσης τῆς
 ἀπὸ τῆς θαλάττης φωνῆς, ἡ ἐκ τῆς γῆς φωνὴ
 τοσοῦτον ἐπαύετο βράδιον, ὅσον ἤρξατο.

Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις εἰδὼς τὸ πραττόμενον,
 μόνη τῇ θαλάττῃ προσεῖχε. Καὶ ἐτέρπετο

vigorously, for they were taking some fish that they had just caught to one of the wealthy citizens. After the custom of sailors, in order to lighten their toil, one of them sang a song of the sea, which regulated the movement of the oars, while the rest, like a chorus, joined in with the singer at intervals. As long as they were in the open sea, their song was but faintly heard, since their voices were lost in the expanse of air: but when they ran under a promontory, or entered a deep crescent-shaped bay, their voices sounded louder, and the refrain of their song was heard more distinctly on the land: for the bottom of the bay terminated in a hollow valley, which received the sound like a musical instrument, and gave back an echo which represented separately the splash of the oars and the voice of the singers, delightful to hear: for, when one sound came from the sea, the answering echo from the land took it up, and lasted longer, since it had commenced later.

Daphnis, knowing what it was, had eyes for nothing but the sea. He was delighted

τῇ νηὶ παρατρεχούσῃ τὸ πεδίον θάπτον πτε-
 ροῦ, καὶ ἐπειράτό τινα διασώσασθαι τῶν ἁσμά-
 των, ὡς γένοιτο τῆς σύριγγος μέλη. Ἡ δὲ
 Χλόη τότε πρῶτον πειρωμένη τῆς καλουμένης
 ἡχοῦς, ποτὲ μὲν εἰς τὴν θάλατταν ἀπέβλεπε,
 τῶν ναυτῶν κελευόντων, ποτὲ δὲ εἰς τὴν ὕλην
 ὑπέστρεφε, ζητοῦσα τοὺς ἀντιφωνοῦντας. Καὶ
 ἐπεὶ παραπλευσάντων ἦν καὶ τῷ αὐλῶνι σιγῇ,
 ἐπυνθάνετο τοῦ Δάφνιδος, εἰ καὶ ὀπίσω τῆς
 ἄκρας ἐστὶ θάλαττα, καὶ νᾶς ἄλλη παραπλεῖ,
 καὶ ἄλλοι ναῦται τὰ αὐτὰ ἦδον, καὶ ἅμα
 πάντες σιωπῶσι. Γελάσας οὖν ὁ Δάφνης ἡδὺν,
 καὶ φιλήσας ἡδιον φίλημα, καὶ τὸν τῶν ἱων
 στέφανον ἐκείνῃ περιθεῖς, ἥρξατο αὐτῇ μυθο-
 λογεῖν τὸν μῦθον τῆς Ἠχοῦς, αἰτήσας, εἰ
 διδάξειε, μισθὸν παρ' αὐτῆς ἄλλα φιλήματα
 δέκα.

“Νυμφῶν, ὦ κόρη, πολὺ γένος, Μέλαιαι,
 Δρυνάδες καὶ Ἑλαιοὶ· πᾶσαι καλαί, πᾶσαι
 μουσικαί. Καὶ μιᾶς τουτων θυγάτηρ Ἠχὼ
 γίνεται· θνητὴ μὲν, ὡς ἐκ πατρὸς θνητοῦ· καλὴ

at the sight of the boat gliding along the coast swifter than a bird on the wing, and endeavoured to catch some of the airs that he might play them on his pipe. Chloe, who had never heard an echo before, looked first towards the sea, while the fishermen were singing, and then towards the wood, to see whose voices answered. When the boat had passed, all was silent in the valley. Then Chloe asked Daphnis whether there was another sea behind the promontory, or another boat with another crew singing the same strains, and whether they all ceased singing at once. Then Daphnis smiled pleasantly, and kissed her more tenderly: and, placing upon her head the chaplet of violets, began to tell her the story of Echo, demanding as his reward ten kisses more.

“There are several kinds of Nymphs, my dear Chloe, Nymphs of the forest, of the woods, and of the meadows: they are all beautiful, and all skilled in singing. Echo was the daughter of one of these: she was mortal, since her father was a mortal, and beautiful, being born of a

δὲ, ὡς ἐκ μητρὸς καλῆς. Τρέφεται μὲν ὑπὸ Νυμφῶν, παιδεύεται δὲ ὑπὸ Μουσῶν συρίζειν, αὐλεῖν, τὰ πρὸς λύραν, τὰ πρὸς κιθάραν, πᾶσαν ψόδῃν· ὥστε καὶ παρθενίας εἰς ἄνθος ἀκμάσασα, ταῖς Νύμφαις συνεχόρευε, ταῖς Μούσαις συνῆδεν· ἄρρενας δὲ ἔφενγε πάντας, καὶ ἀνθρώπους καὶ θεοὺς, φιλοῦσα τὴν παρθενίαν. Ὁ Πὰν ὀργίζεται τῇ κόρῃ, τῆς μουσικῆς φθονῶν, τοῦ κάλλους μὴ τυχόν· καὶ μανίαν ἐμβάλλει τοῖς ποιμέσι καὶ τοῖς αἰπόλοις. Οἱ δὲ, ὥσπερ κύνες, ἢ λύκοι, διασπῶσιν αὐτὴν, καὶ ρίπτουσιν εἰς πᾶσαν γῆν ἔτι ἄδοντα τὰ μέλη. Καὶ τὰ μέλη Γῇ, χαριζομένη Νύμφαις, ἔκρυνε πάντα. Καὶ ἐτήρησε τὴν μουσικὴν, καὶ γνώμῃ Μουσῶν ἀφήισι φωνὴν, καὶ μιμείται πάντα, καθάπερ τότε ἡ κόρη, θεοὺς, ἀνθρώπους, ὄργανα, θηρία· μιμείται καὶ αὐτὸν συρίττοντα τὸν Πᾶνα. Ὁ δὲ ἀκούσας, ἀναπηδᾷ καὶ διώκει κατὰ τῶν ὀρῶν, οὐκ ἐρῶν τυχεῖν ἀλλ' ἢ τοῦ μαθεῖν τίς ἐστιν ὁ λανθάνων μαθητής." Ταῦτα μυθολογήσαντα

beautiful mother. She was brought up by the Nymphs, and taught by the Muses to play on the flute and pipe, the lyre and the lute, and to sing all kinds of songs: when she grew up, she danced with the Nymphs and sang with the Muses: but, jealous of her virginity, she avoided all males, both Gods and men. Pan was incensed against the maiden, being jealous of her singing, and vexed that he could not enjoy her beauty. He inspired with frenzy the shepherds and goatherds, who, like dogs or wolves, tore the maiden to pieces, and flung her limbs here and there, still quivering with song. Earth, out of respect for the Nymphs, received and hid them in her bosom, where they still preserve their gift of song, and, by the will of the Muses, speak and imitate all sounds, as the maiden did when alive—the voices of men and Gods, musical instruments, and the cries of wild beasts: they even imitate the notes of Pan when playing on his pipe. And he, when he hears it, springs up and rushes down the mountains, with the sole desire of finding out

τὸν Δάφνιν, οὐ δέκα μόνον φιλήματα, ἀλλὰ πάνυ πολλὰ κατεφίλησεν ἡ Χλόη· μικροῦ γὰρ καὶ τὰ αὐτὰ εἶπεν Ἡχὼ, καθάπερ μαρτυροῦσα ὅτι μηδὲν ἐψεύσατο.

Θερμοτέρου δὲ καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν γιγνομένου τοῦ ἡλίου, οἷα τοῦ μὲν ἥρος πανομένου, τοῦ δὲ θέρους ἀρχομένου, πάλιν αὐτοῖς ἐγίνοντο καιναὶ τέρψεις καὶ θέριοι. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἐνήχετο ἐν τοῖς ποταμοῖς, ἡ δὲ ἐν ταῖς πηγαῖς ἐλούετο· ὁ μὲν ἐσύριζεν, ἀμιλλώμενος πρὸς τὰς πίτυς, ἡ δὲ ἦδε, ταῖς ἀηδόσιν ἐρίζουσα. Ἐθήρων ἀκρίδας λάλους, ἐλάμβανον τέττιγας ἡχοῦντας, ἄνθη συνέλεγον, δένδρα ἔσειον, ὀπώρας ἥσθιον. Ἦδη ποτὲ καὶ γυμνοὶ συγκατεκλίθησαν, καὶ ἐν δέρμα αἰγὸς ἐπεσύραντο. Καὶ ἐγένετο ἂν γυνὴ Χλόη ῥαδίως, εἰ μὴ Δάφνιν ἐτάραξε τὸ αἷμα. Ἀμέλει καὶ δεδοικὼς μὴ νικηθῇ τὸν λογισμὸν ποτε, πολλὰ γυμνοῦσθαι τὴν Χλόην οὐκ ἐπέτρεπεν· ὥστε ἐθαύμαζε μὲν ἡ Χλόη, τὴν δὲ αἰτίαν ἠδεῖτο πυθέσθαι.

who is the pupil who thus conceals himself." When Daphnis had finished his story, Chloe gave him, not ten, but ten times ten kisses: for Echo had repeated nearly all her words, as if to testify that he had spoken nothing but the truth.

The sun grew daily hotter—for spring was at its close and summer was beginning, and the delights of summer returned to them once more. Daphnis swam in the rivers, Chloe bathed in the springs: he played on the pipe, in rivalry with the rustling of the pines, she emulated the nightingales in her song: they chased the noisy locusts, caught the chirping grasshoppers, plucked the flowers, shook the fruit from the trees and ate it: they even sometimes lay naked together side by side under the same goat-skin. Then Chloe would have soon become a woman, had not Daphnis been deterred by his horror of blood. Often, being afraid that he might not be able to contain himself, he would not allow Chloe to strip: whereat she was astonished, but was too bashful to inquire the reason.

Ἐν τῷ θέρει τῷδε καὶ μνηστήρων πλῆθος ἦν περὶ τὴν Χλόην, καὶ πολλοὶ πολλαχόθεν ἐφοίτων παρὰ Δρύαντα, πρὸς γάμον αἰτοῦντες αὐτήν· καὶ οἱ μὲν τι δῶρον ἔφερον, οἱ δὲ ἐπηγγέλλοντο μεγάλα. Ἡ μὲν οὖν Νάπη ταῖς ἐλπίσιν ἐπαιρομένη, συνεβούλευσεν ἐκδιδόναι τὴν Χλόην, μηδὲ κατέχειν οἴκοι πρὸς πλεόν τηλικαύτην κόρην, ἣ τάχα μικρὸν ὕστερον νέμουσα τὴν παρθενίαν ἀπολέσει, καὶ ἄνδρα ποιήσεται τίνα τῶν ποιμένων ἐπὶ μῆλοις ἢ ρόδοις· ἀλλ' ἐκείνην τε ποιῆσαι δέσποιναν οἰκίας, καὶ αὐτοὺς πολλὰ λαβόντας, ἰδίῳ φυλάττειν αὐτὰ καὶ γνησίῳ παιδίῳ· (ἐγγεγόνει δὲ αὐτοῖς ἄρρην παιδίον οὐ πρὸ πολλοῦ τινος). Ὁ δὲ Δρύας ποτὲ μὲν ἐτελγετο τοῖς λεγομένοις· (μείζονα γὰρ ἢ κατὰ ποιμαίνουσιν κόρην δῶρα ὠνομάζετο παρ' ἐκάστου·) ποτὲ δὲ ὥς κρείττων ἐστὶν ἡ παρθένος μνηστήρων γεωργῶν, καὶ ὥς, εἴ ποτε τοὺς ἀληθινοὺς γονέας εὖροι, μεγάλως αὐτοὺς εὐδαίμονας θήσει, ἀνεβάλλετο τὴν ἀπόκρισιν, καὶ εἶλκε χρόνον ἐκ

During this summer, a number of suitors for the hand of Chloe presented themselves, coming from all parts to ask her of Dryas in marriage. Some brought presents, others made lavish promises. Nape, her hopes being thus excited, advised him to let Chloe marry, and not keep a girl of her age at home, who might, at any moment, while tending her flocks, lose her virginity, and bestow herself upon some shepherd for a present of roses or apples: it would be better, said she, to make her mistress of a home and to keep the presents they had received for their own son lately born. Sometimes Dryas felt tempted by these arguments: for each of the suitors made far handsomer offers than might have been expected in the case of a simple shepherdess; but at other times he came to the conclusion that the girl was too good for a rustic husband, and that, if she ever found her parents again, they might make him and Nape rich. He accordingly put off answering from day to day, receiving in the meantime a considerable number of presents. Chloe, seeing all this, was over-

χρόνου, καὶ ἐν τῷ τέως ἀπεκέρδαιεν οὐκ ὀλίγα δῶρα. Ἡ μὲν δὴ μαθοῦσα, λυπηρῶς πάνυ διῆγε, καὶ τὸν Δάφνιν ἐλάνθανεν ἐπιπολὺ, λυπεῖν οὐ θέλουσα· ὥς δὲ ἐλιπάρει καὶ ἐνέκειτο πυνθανόμενος, καὶ ἐλυπεῖτο μᾶλλον μὴ μαθάνων ἢ ἔμελλε μαθῶν, πάντα αὐτῷ διηγεῖται· τοὺς μνηστευομένους, ὥς πολλοὶ καὶ πλούσιοι, τοὺς λόγους οὓς ἡ Νάπη σπεύδουσα πρὸς τὸν γάμον ἔλεγεν, ὥς οὐκ ἀπείπατο Δρύας, ἀλλ' ὥς εἰς τὸν τρυγητὸν ἀναβέβληται.

Ἐκφρων ἐπὶ τούτοις ὁ Δάφνις γίνεται, καὶ ἐδάκρυσε καθήμενος, ἀποθανεῖσθαι, μηκέτι νεμούσης Χλόης, λέγων· καὶ οὐκ αὐτὸς μόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὰ πρόβατα μετὰ τοιοῦτον ποιμένα. Εἴτα ἀνενεγκὼν ἀνεθάρρει, καὶ πείσειν ἐνενόει τὸν πατέρα, καὶ ἓνα τῶν μνωμένων αὐτὸν ἡρίθμει, καὶ πολὺ κρατήσῃν ἤλπιξε τῶν ἄλλων. Ἐν αὐτὸν ἐτάραττεν· οὐκ ἦν Λάμων πλούσιος· τοῦτο αὐτοῦ τὴν ἐλπίδα μόνον

come with grief, which she for a long time concealed from Daphnis to avoid giving him pain: but at last, as he importuned her with questions, and was even more unhappy than if he knew all, she told him everything—her numerous and wealthy suitors, Nape's reasons for hastening on her marriage, and how Dryas, without absolutely refusing his consent, had deferred his answer to the next vintage.

When Daphnis heard this, he nearly went out of his mind: he sat down and began to weep, declaring that he should die if Chloe no longer came to tend her flocks in the fields; and not he alone, but her sheep also, if they lost such a shepherdess. Then, having recovered himself a little, he took courage and thought of asking her father for her hand himself. He already reckoned himself one of her suitors, and hoped to be easily preferred before the rest. One thing alone disturbed him: Lamon was not rich [and even though he had been rich, he was not free]: this alone made his chances slighter. Nevertheless, he decided to prefer his suit,

λεπτὴν εἰργάζετο. Ὅμως δὲ ἐδόκει μνᾶσθαι, καὶ τῇ Χλόῃ συνεδόκει. Τῷ Λάμῳ μὲν οὖν οὐδὲν ἐτόλμησεν εἰπεῖν, τῇ Μυρτάλῃ δὲ θαρρῆσας καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα ἐμήνυσε, καὶ περὶ τοῦ γάμου λόγους προσήνεγκεν· ἡ δὲ τῷ Λάμῳ νύκτωρ ἐκοινωνήσατο. Σκληρῶς δὲ ἐκείνου τὴν ἔντευξιν ἐνεγκόντος, καὶ λοιδορήσαντος εἰ παιδὶ θυγάτριον ποιμένων προξενεῖ μεγάλην ἐν τοῖς γνωρίσμασιν ἐπαγγελλομένην τύχην, ὅς αὐτοὺς, εὐρὼν τοὺς οἰκείους, καὶ ἐλευθέρους θήσει, καὶ δεσπότης ἀγρῶν μειζόνων, ἡ Μυρτάλη διὰ ἔρωτα φοβουμένη μὴ τελέως ἀπελπίσας ὁ Δάφνης τὸν γάμον, τολμήσει τι θανατῶδες, ἄλλας αὐτῷ τῆς ἀντιρρήσεως αἰτίας ἰπήγγελλε. “Πένητές ἐσμεν, ὦ παῖ, καὶ δεόμεθα νύμφης φερούσης τι μᾶλλον· οἱ δὲ πλούσιοι, καὶ πλουσίων νυμφίων δεόμενοι. Ἴθι δὴ, πείσον Χλόην, ἡ δὲ τὸν πατέρα, μηδὲν αἰτεῖν μέγα, καὶ γαμεῖν. Πάντως δέ που καὶ κείνη

and Chloe approved his resolution. He did not, however, venture to speak directly to Lamon, but, feeling bolder with Myrtale, he told her of his love and spoke to her of his wish to marry Chloe. At night, she told Lamon, who was greatly annoyed at the proposal: he sharply rebuked her for wanting to marry, to the daughter of a simple shepherd, a youth who, to judge from the tokens found with him when he lay exposed, might look forward to a higher destiny, and who, if he found his parents again, might not only grant them their freedom, but might bestow upon them a larger estate even than the one on which they worked. Myrtale, fearing that Daphnis might do something desperate, or even take his own life, if he lost all hope of winning Chloe, gave him other reasons for Lamon's refusal. "We are poor, my son," she said to him, "we rather want a bride who will bring a dowry with her: while they¹ are wealthy, and seek wealthy suitors. But, come, persuade Chloe, and let her try and persuade her father, not to ask for a large settlement, but to allow you to

¹ Dryas and Nape.

φιλεῖ σε, καὶ βούλεται συγκαθεύδειν πένητι
καλῶ μᾶλλον ἢ πιθήκῳ πλουσίῳ.”

Μυρτάλη μὲν οὐποτε ἐλπίσασα Δρύαντα
τούτοις συντεθήσεσθαι, μνηστῆρας ἔχοντα
πλουσιωτέρους, εὐπρεπῶς ᾤετο παρητῆσθαι
τὸν γάμον· Δάφνις δὲ οὐκ εἶχε μέμφεσθαι τὰ
λελεγμένα· λειπόμενος δὲ πολὺ τῶν αἰτου-
μένων, τὸ σύνθηες ἐρασταῖς πενομένοις ἔπρατ-
τεν· ἐδάκρυε, καὶ τὰς Νύμφας αὖτις ἐκάλει
βοηθοῦς. Αἱ δὲ αὐτῷ καθεύδοντι νύκτωρ ἐν
τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἐφίστανται σχήμασιν, ἐν οἷς δὲ
πρότερον. Ἔλεγε δὲ ἡ πρεσβυτάτη πάλιν·
“Γάμον μὲν μέλει τῆς Χλόης ἄλλῳ θεῷ· δῶρα
δέ σοι δώσομεν ἡμεῖς, ἃ θέλξει Δρύαντα. Ἡ
ναῦς, ἡ τῶν Μηθυμναίων νεανίσκων, ἥς τὴν
λύγον αἰσαί ποτε αἶγες κατέφαγον, ἡμέρῃ
μὲν ἐκείνῃ μακρὰν τῆς γῆς ὑπηνέχθη πνεύματι·
νυκτὸς δὲ, πελαγίου ταραξάντος ἀνέμου τὴν
θάλατταν, εἰς τὴν γῆν, εἰς τὰς ἄκρας πέτρας
ἐξεβράσθη. Αὐτὴ μὲν οὖν διεφθάρη, καὶ πολλὰ

marry. No doubt she loves you and would prefer for her bed-fellow a handsome youth, though poor, to an ape, however wealthy."

Myrtale, who never expected that Dryas would give his consent, since there were far wealthier suitors for the hand of Chloe, thought that she had very cleverly avoided the question of the marriage. Daphnis, on his part, could find nothing to say against this: but, finding how little chance he had of getting what he wanted, he did what poor lovers usually do—he began to weep, and again implored the assistance of the Nymphs, who appeared to him at night, while he was asleep, in the same dress and form as on the first occasion. The eldest of them again addressed him: "Chloe's marriage is the business of another God: but we will give you some presents which will soften the heart of Dryas. The vessel which belonged to the young Methymnaeans, the osier cable of which your goats formerly ate, was carried far out to sea all that day by the winds. But, during the night, when a violent breeze blew from the sea, it was driven ashore on the rocky

τῶν ἐν αὐτῇ· βαλάντιον δὲ τρισχιλίων δραχμῶν ὑπὸ τοῦ κύματος ἀπεπτύσθη, καὶ κεῖται φυκίοις κεκαλυμμένον πλησίον δελφίνος νεκροῦ, δι' ὃν οὐδείς οὐδὲ προσῆλθεν ὁδοιπόρος, τὸ δυσῶδες τῆς σηπεδόνος παρατρέχων. Ἀλλὰ σὺ πρόσ-ελθε, καὶ προσελθὼν ἀνελοῦ, καὶ ἀνελόμενος, δός. Ἰκανόν σοι δόξαι νῦν μὴ πένητι· χρόνῳ δὲ ὕστερον ἔσῃ καὶ πλούσιος.”

Αἱ μὲν ταῦτα εἰποῦσαι, τῇ νυκτὶ συναπῆλ-
θον. Γενομένης δὲ ἡμέρας ἀναπηδήσας ὁ Δάφνις
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promontory. The vessel was shattered to pieces, and nearly all that was in it was lost : but a purse of 3,000 drachmas was cast up by the waves, and it now lies upon the shore, hidden under some seaweed, close to a dead dolphin, the stench from which is so noisome that no passer-by will go near it. Go, take the purse, and give it to Dryas. It is enough for you now to show that you are not poor : but a day will come when you will be even wealthy."

With these words, they disappeared, and night with them. At daybreak, Daphnis jumped up full of joy, and eagerly drove his goats to pasture. Having kissed Chloe and paid his respects to the Nymphs, he went down to the shore, saying he was going to bathe, and walked along the sand on the beach, looking for the 3,000 drachmas. He had not to trouble himself long : for the evil smell of the dolphin, which lay rotting on the shore, soon reached his nostrils. Following the smell as a guide, he soon reached the spot, removed the seaweed, and found the purse full of money. He took it, stowed it away

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Τοῦτο ἀνελόμενος, καὶ εἰς τὴν πῆραν ἐνθέμενος, οὐ πρόσθεν ἀπῆλθε, πρὶν τὰς Νύμφας εὐφημῆσαι καὶ αὐτὴν τὴν θάλατταν· καίπερ γὰρ αἰπόλος ὢν, ἤδη καὶ τὴν θάλατταν ἐνόμιζε τῆς γῆς γλυκυτέραν, ὥς εἰς τὸν γάμον αὐτῷ τὸν Χλόης συλλαμβάνουσαν.

Εἰλημμένος δὲ τῶν τρισχιλίων, οὐκέτ' ἔμελλεν· ἀλλ', ὥς πάντων ἀνθρώπων πλουσιώτατος, οὐ μόνον τῶν ἐκεῖ γεωργῶν, αὐτίκα ἐλθὼν παρὰ τὴν Χλόην, διηγεῖται τὸ ὄναρ, δείκνυσι τὸ βαλάντιον, κελεύει τὰς ἀγέλας φυλάττειν ἔστ' ἂν ἐπανέλθῃ, καὶ συντείνας, σοβεῖ παρὰ τὸν Δρύαντα· καὶ εὐρῶν πυροὺς τινὰς ἀλωνοτριβοῦντα μετὰ τῆς Νάπης, πάνυ θρασὺν ἐμβάλλει λόγον περὶ γάμου· “Ἐμοὶ δὸς Χλόην γυναῖκα· ἐγὼ καὶ συρίζειν οἶδα καλῶς, καὶ κλᾶν ἄμπελον, καὶ φυτὰ κατορύττειν. Οἶδα καὶ γῆν ἄρουν, καὶ λικμῆσαι πρὸς ἄνεμον. Ἀγέλην δὲ ὅπως νέμω, μάρτυς Χλόη· πεντήκοντα αἶγας παραλαβὼν, διπλασίονας πεποίηκα· ἔθρεψα

in his wallet, and, before departing, gave thanks to the Nymphs and the sea itself: for, although he was a goatherd, he began to think that the sea was pleasanter than the earth, since it had assisted his marriage with Chloe.

Having gained possession of the 3,000 drachmas, he delayed no longer. He thought himself the richest man, not only amongst the husbandmen in the neighbourhood, but of all men living, hastened to Chloe, told her of the dream, showed her the purse, told her to mind the flocks till he returned, and then ran with all speed to Dryas, whom he found with Nape, beating some wheat on a threshing-floor. Then, quite confidently, he approached the subject of marriage: "Give Chloe to me to wife: I know how to play on the pipe, to prune vines, and to plant trees: I also know how to plough, and to winnow the corn in the breeze: how I can tend flocks, Chloe herself can testify. I had fifty goats at first, I have doubled their number. I have reared some fine large he-goats, whereas before I was obliged to borrow

καινότατον, μνάσθαι νυμφίον. Εὐρὼν δὲ καὶ κείνους κριθία μετροῦντας οὐ πρὸ πολλοῦ λελικμημένα, ἀθύμως τε ἔχοντας ὅτι, μικροῦ δεῖν, ὀλιγώτερα ἦν τῶν καταβληθέντων σπερμάτων, ἐπ' ἐκείνοις μὲν παρεμυθήσατο, κοινὴν ὁμολογήσας αἰτίαν πανταχοῦ γεγρονέναι· τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ἡτεῖτο Χλόη, καὶ ἔλεγεν ὅτι, “πολλὰ ἄλλων διδόντων, οὐδὲν παρ' αὐτῶν λήψεται, μᾶλλον δέ τοι οἴκοθεν αὐτοῖς ἐπιδώσει· συντετράφθαι γὰρ ἀλλήλοις, καὶ τῷ νέμειν συνῆφθαι φιλίᾳ ῥαδίως λυθῆναι μὴ δυναμένη· ἥδη δὲ καὶ ἡλικίαν ἔχειν ὥς καθεύδειν καὶ μετ' ἀλλήλων.” Ὁ μὲν ταῦτα, καὶ ἔτι πλείω ἔλεγεν, οἷα τοῦ πείσαι ἄθλον ἔχων τὰς τρισχιλίας· ὁ δὲ Λάμων ἔτι μήτε πενίαν προβάλλεσθαι δυνάμενος, (αὐτοὶ γὰρ οὐχ ὑπερηφάνουν) μήτε ἡλικίαν Δάφνιδος, (ἥδη γὰρ μειράκιον ἦν) τὸ μὲν ἀληθὲς οὐδ' ὥς ἐξηγόρευσεν ὅτι κρείττων ἐστὶ τοιούτου γάμου· χρόνον δὲ σιωπήσας ὀλίγον, οὕτως ἀπεκρίνατο·

nowed, and greatly disheartened, because the crop was disproportionate to the seed that had been sown. He tried to console them, saying that the same complaint was to be heard everywhere: and then asked the hand of Daphnis for Chloe, saying: "Although others offer much for the honour, I will take nothing from you, but will rather give you something out of my own purse. They have been brought up together, and, while tending their flocks, have become so attached to each other, that it would be hard to separate them: and they are now both of marriageable age." This and more said Dryas, as a man who was to have 3,000 drachmas for a reward, if he persuaded Lamon and Myrtale. Lamon, being no longer able to allege his poverty as an excuse (since the parents of the girl did not reject the alliance), nor the age of Daphnis (for he was now a well-grown youth), nevertheless shrunk from stating the real reason for his hesitation, namely, that Daphnis was above such a connection. He remained silent for a while, and then said:

“ Δίκαια ποιεῖτε τοὺς γείτονας προτιμῶντες τῶν ξένων, καὶ πενίας ἀγαθῆς πλούτον μὴ νομίζοντες κρεῖττονα. Ὁ Πὰν ὑμᾶς ἀντὶ τῶνδε καὶ αἱ Νύμφαι φιλήσειαν. Ἐγὼ δὲ σπεύδω μὲν καὶ αὐτὸς τὸν γάμον· καὶ γὰρ ἂν μαινοίμην, ἡμιγέρων τε ὢν ἤδη, καὶ χειρὸς εἰς τὰ ἔργα δεόμενος περιττοτέρας, ὥς μὴ καὶ τὸν ὑμέτερον οἶκον φίλον προσλαβεῖν. Ἀγαθὸν τι μέγα· περισπούδαστος δὲ καὶ Χλόη, καλὴ καὶ ὡραία κόρη, καὶ πάντα ἀγαθή· δούλος δὲ ὢν, οὐδενός εἰμι τῶν ἐμῶν κύριος· ἀλλὰ δεῖ τὸν δεσπότην μαυθάνοντα ταῦτα συγχωρεῖν. Φέρε οὖν, ἀναβαλλόμεθα τὸν γάμον εἰς τὸ μετόπωρον. Ἀφίξεσθαι τότε λέγουσιν αὐτὸν οἱ παραγινόμενοι πρὸς ἡμᾶς ἐξ ἄστεος. Τότε ἔσονται ἀνὴρ καὶ γυνή· νῦν δὲ φιλείτῳσαν ἀλλήλους ἀδελφοί. Ἴσθι μόνον, ὦ Δρύα, τοσοῦτον· σπεύδεις περὶ μειράκιον κρεῖττον ἡμῶν.” Ὁ μὲν ταῦτα εἰπὼν, ἐφίλησέ τε αὐτὸν, καὶ ὥρεξε ποτὸν, ἤδη

“ You do right in preferring neighbours to strangers, and in esteeming riches above honourable poverty. May Pan and the Nymphs reward you for it. I myself am anxious for this marriage: for I should be mad, seeing that I am now an old man, and have need of more hands to help me, if I did not consider it a great honour to enter into an alliance with your family. Chloe herself is much sought after, being a good and beautiful girl. But, as I am a serf, I have nothing of which I can dispose: I must first inform my master and gain his consent. Come then, let us put off the marriage until autumn, when, according to those who have visited us from the city, he will be here. Then they shall become man and wife: in the meantime, let them love each other like brother and sister. But let me tell you this, Dryas: you are asking for the hand of a youth whose station is superior to our own.” When he had thus spoken, Lamon kissed Dryas, and offered him wine to drink, for the sun was at its height: then he accompanied him part

μεσημβρίας ἀκμαζούσης, καὶ προὔπεμψε μέχρι
τινός, φιλοφρονούμενος πάντα.

Ὁ δὲ Δρύας οὐ παρέργως ἀκούσας τὸν
ὑστερον λόγον τοῦ Λάμωνος, ἐφρόντιζε βα-
δίζων καθ' αὐτὸν ὅστις ὁ Δάφνις. “Ἐπράφη
μὲν ὑπὸ αἰγός, ὡς κηδομένων θεῶν· ἔστι δὲ
καλὸς καὶ οὐδὲν ἐοικὼς σιμῷ γέροντι καὶ
μαδώσῃ γυναικί. Εὐπόρησε δὲ καὶ τρισχιλίων,
ὅσον οὐδὲ ἀχράδων εἰκὸς ἔχειν αἰπόλον. Ἄρα
καὶ τοῦτον ἐξέθηκέ τις ὡς Χλόην; Ἄρα καὶ
τοῦτον εὔρε Λάμων, ὡς ἐκείνην ἐγώ; Ἄρα καὶ
γνωρίσματα ὅμοια παρέκειτο τοῖς εὐρεθείσιν
ὑπ' ἐμοῦ; Ἐὰν ταῦτα οὕτως, ὦ δέσποτα Πὰν
καὶ Νύμφαι φίλαι, τάχα οὗτος, τοὺς ἰδίους
εὐρών, εὐρήσει τι καὶ τῶν Χλόης ἀπορρήτων.”
Τοιαῦτα μὲν πρὸς αὐτὸν ἐφρόντιζε καὶ ὠνειρο-
πόλει μέχρι τῆς ἄλω· ἐλθὼν δὲ ἐκεῖ, καὶ τὸν
Δάφνιν μετέωρον πρὸς τὴν ἀκοὴν καταλαβὼν,
ἀνέρρῳσέ τε γαμβρὸν προσαγορεύσας, καὶ τῷ
μετοπώρῳ τοὺς γάμους θήσκειν ἐπαγγέλλεται,

of the way home, with every mark of affection.

Dryas, who had listened attentively to Lamon's last words, began to think, as he was walking along, who this Daphnis might be: "He was reared by a goat, as if the Gods watched over him: he is fair to look upon, and in no way resembles this snub-nosed old man or his bald-headed wife. He has been able to lay his hands upon 3,000 drachmas, a larger sum than a man in his position could make out of pears. Was he exposed by some one, like Chloe? did Lamon find him, as I found her? were any tokens found with him, like those I found with Chloe? If this be so, O Pan and you, dear Nymphs, perhaps Daphnis will one day find his parents and find out the mystery attached to Chloe."

Thus reflecting and dreaming, Dryas went on until he reached the threshing-floor, where he found Daphnis eagerly waiting to hear what news he had brought. He cheered him, called him his son-in-law, promised that the marriage should

δεξιάν τε ἔδωκεν, ὥς οὐδενὸς ἐσομένης, ὅτι μὴ Δάφνιδος, Χλόης.

Θᾶττον οὖν νοήματος, μηδὲν πιὼν, μηδὲ φαγὼν, παρὰ τὴν Χλόην κατέδραμε· καὶ εὐρών αὐτὴν ἀμέλγουσιν καὶ τυροποιούσαν, τὸν τε γάμον εὐηγγελίζετο, καὶ ὥς γυναῖκα λοιπὸν μὴ λανθάνων κατεφίλει, καὶ ἐκοινώνει τοῦ πόνου. Ἦμελγε μὲν εἰς γαυλοὺς τὸ γάλα, ἐνεπήγνυ δὲ ταρσοῖς τοὺς τυρούς· προσέβαλλε ταῖς μητράσιν ἄρνας καὶ τοὺς ἐρίφους. Καλῶς δὲ ἐχόντων τούτων, ἀπελούσαντο, ἐνέφαγον, ἔπιον, περιήεσαν ζητοῦντες ὀπώραν ἀκμάζουσιν. Ἦν δὲ ἀφθονία πολλή διὰ τὸ τῆς ὥρας πάμφορον· πολλαὶ μὲν ἀχράδες, πολλαὶ δὲ ὄχραι, πολλὰ δὲ μῆλα· τὰ μὲν ἤδη πεπτωκότα κάτω, τὰ δὲ ἔτι ἐπὶ τῶν φυτῶν· τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς, εὐωδέστερα· τὰ ἐπὶ τῶν κλάδων, εὐανθέστερα· τὰ μὲν, οἶον οἶνος ἀπῶξε· τὰ δὲ, οἶον χρυσὸς ἀπέλαμπε. Μία μηλέα τετρύγητο, καὶ οὔτε καρπὸν εἶχεν,

take place in the autumn, and pledged him his word that Chloe should never marry anyone but Daphnis.

Then, quicker than thought, without tasting food or drink, Daphnis ran straight to Chloe, whom he found milking the cows and making cheese. He told her the good news of their approaching marriage, and kissed her, openly and without concealment, as his betrothed, and assisted her in all her tasks. He drew the milk into the pails, curdled the cheeses in the crates, and put the lambs and kids under their mothers. When all this was done, they washed themselves, ate and drank, and went in search of ripe fruit, of which they found abundance, since it was the fruitful season of the year—wild and garden pears and apples, some fallen on the ground, and others still on the trees. Those on the ground were more fragrant, and smelt like wine: those on the trees were fresher, and glittered like gold. There was one apple-tree, the fruit of which had already been plucked, and which was stripped of its fruit and leaves. All its branches were bare,

οὔτε φύλλον. Γυμνοὶ πάντες ἦσαν οἱ κλάδοι, καὶ ἐν μῆλον ἐλείπετο ἐν αὐτοῖς ἄκροισ ἀκροτατον, μέγα καὶ καλόν, καὶ τῶν πολλῶν τὴν εὐωδίαν ἐνίκα μόνον. Ἔδεισεν ὁ τρυγῶν ἀνελθεῖν, ἡμέλησε καθελεῖν· τάχα δὲ καὶ ἐφυλάττετο τὸ καλὸν μῆλον ἐρωτικῶ ποιμένι.

Τοῦτο τὸ μῆλον ὥς εἶδεν ὁ Δάφνις, ὥρμα τρυγᾶν ἀνελθὼν, καὶ, Χλόης κωλυούσης, ἡμέλησεν. Ἡ μὲν ἀμεληθεῖσα, ὀρμηθεῖσα πρὸς τὰς ἀγέλας ἀπῆλθε· Δάφνις δὲ ἀναδραμὼν, ἐξίκετο τρυγῆσαι, καὶ κομίσαι δῶρον Χλόῃ, καὶ λόγον τοιόνδε εἶπεν ὠργισμένη· “ὦ παρθένε, τοῦτο τὸ μῆλον ἔφυσαν ὦραι καλαὶ, καὶ φυτὸν καλὸν ἔθρεψε, πεπαίνοντος ἡλίου, καὶ ἐτήρησεν ἡ Τύχη· καὶ οὐκ ἔμελλον αὐτὸ καταλιπεῖν ὀφθαλμοὺς ἔχων, ἵνα πέσῃ χαμαὶ, καὶ ἡ ποιμνιον αὐτὸ πατήσῃ νεμόμενον, ἢ ἐρπετὸν φαρμάξῃ συρόμενον, ἢ χρόνος δαπανήσῃ κείμενον, βλεπόμενον, ἐπαινούμενον. Τοῦτο Ἀφροδίτη κάλλους ἔλαβεν ἄθλον· τοῦτο ἐγὼ σοὶ δίδωμι

and only a single apple remained on the topmost bough, fine and large, more fragrant than all the rest. He who had plucked the others had not ventured to climb so high, or had forgotten to take it: or it may be that so fine an apple was reserved for a love-sick shepherd. When Daphnis saw this apple, he was eager to climb and pluck it, and, when Chloe tried to prevent him, he paid no heed to her, and she went off to her flocks. Then Daphnis climbed the tree, reached and plucked the apple, and took it to Chloe. Seeing that she was annoyed, he said: "Dear Chloe, the beautiful seasons have made this apple to grow, a beautiful tree has nourished it, the sun has ripened it, and chance has preserved it. I should have been blind not to see it, and foolish to leave it there, to fall to the ground and be trodden under foot by a grazing herd or poisoned by some creeping serpent, or to be consumed by time, though admired by all who saw it. Aphrodite was presented with an apple as the prize of beauty: I present this to you as the meed of victory. You are

νικητήριον. Ὅμοίως ἔχομεν τοὺς σοὺς μάρ-
 τυρας.¹ ἐκεῖνος ἦν ποιμὴν, αἰπόλος ἐγώ.”
 Ταῦτα εἰπὼν, ἐντίθησι τοῖς κόλποις· ἡ δὲ
 ἐγγὺς γενόμενον κατεφίλησεν· ὥστε ὁ Δάφνις
 οὐ μετέγνω τολμήσας ἀνελθεῖν εἰς τοσοῦτον
 ὕψος· ἔλαβε γὰρ κρεῖττον καὶ χρυσοῦ μήλου
 φίλημα.

¹ The text is corrupt here.

as beautiful as Aphrodite: your judges are alike: Paris was a shepherd, I am a goat-herd." With these words, he placed the apple in Chloe's bosom, and, when he drew near, she kissed him, so that he did not regret that he had been bold enough to climb so high, for he was rewarded with a kiss that he valued above the golden apples of the Hesperides.

ΛΟΓΟΣ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΣ.

Ἦκων δέ τις ἐκ τῆς Μιτυλήνης ὁμόδουλος τοῦ Λάμωνος, ἤγγειλεν ὅτι ὀλίγον πρὸ τοῦ τρυγητοῦ ὁ δεσπότης ἀφίξεται, μαθησόμενος μὴ τι τοὺς ἀγροὺς ὁ τῶν Μηθυμναίων εἴσπλους ἐλνυμένατο. Ἦδη οὖν τοῦ θέρους ἀπιόντος, καὶ τοῦ μετοπώρου προσιόντος, παρεσκεύαζεν αὐτῷ τὴν κατάγωγὴν ὁ Λάμων εἰς πᾶσαν θέας ἡδονήν. Πηγὰς ἐξεκάθαιρεν, ὡς ὕδωρ καθαρὸν ἔχοιεν· τὴν κόπρον ἐξεφόρει τῆς αὐλῆς, ὡς ἀπόξουσα μὴ διοχλοίῃ· τὸν παράδεισον ἐθεράπευεν, ὡς ὀφθεῖν καλός.

Ἦν δὲ ὁ παράδεισος πάγκαλόν τι χρῆμα, καὶ κατὰ τοὺς βασιλικούς. Ἐκτέτατο μὲν εἰς σταδίου μῆκος, ἐπέκειτο δὲ ἐν χώρῳ μετεώρῳ τὸ εὖρος ἔχων πλέθρων τεττάρων. Εἵκασεν ἄν

BOOK IV

MEANWHILE, one of Lamon's fellow-servants arrived from Mitylene and informed him that their master would visit his estate a little before the vintage, to see whether the inroad of the Methymnaeans had done any damage. As the summer was nearly over, and autumn was close at hand, Lamon made preparations to receive his master, and put his house and garden in order, that he might find everything pleasant to look upon. He cleaned the fountains, that the water might be bright and pure, removed the dung from the yard, that he might not be annoyed by the smell, and put the grounds in order, that they might look as pleasant as possible.

These grounds were very beautiful, like royal parks. They were about a stade in length, situated on high ground, about

τις αὐτὸν πεδίῳ μακρῷ. Εἶχε δὲ πάντα δένδρα, μηλέας, μυρρίνας, ὄχνας, καὶ ῥοιάς, καὶ συκῆν, καὶ ἐλαίας· ἐτέρωθι ἄμπελον ὑψηλήν· καὶ ἐπέκειτο ταῖς μηλέαις καὶ ταῖς ὄχναις, περ- κάθουσα, καθάπερ περὶ τοῦ καρποῦ αὐταῖς προτερίζουσα· τοσαῦτα ἡμέρα. Ἦσαν δὲ καὶ κυπάριστοι, καὶ δάφναι, καὶ πλάτανοι, καὶ πίτνες. Ταύταις πάσαις ἀντὶ τῆς ἀμπέλου κιττὸς ἐπέκειτο· καὶ ὁ κόρυμβος αὐτοῦ μέγας ὢν καὶ μελαινόμενος, βότρυν ἐμιμείτο. Ἐνδον ἦν τὰ καρποφόρα φυτὰ, καθάπερ φρουρού- μενα· ἔξωθεν περιειστήκει τὰ ἄκαρπα, καθάπερ θριγκὸς χειροποίητος· καὶ ταῦτα μέντοι λεπ- τῆς αἵμασιᾶς περιέθει περίβολος. Τέτμητο καὶ διεκέκριτο πάντα, καὶ στέλεχος στελέχους ἀφειστήκει. Ἐν μετεώρῳ δὲ οἱ κλάδοι συνέ- πιπτον ἀλλήλοις, καὶ ἐπήλλαττον τὰς κόμας· ἐδόκει μέντοι καὶ ἡ τούτων φύσις εἶναι τέχνης. Ἦσαν καὶ ἀνθῶν πρασιαὶ, ὧν τὰ μὲν ἔφερεν ἡ γῆ, τὰ δὲ ἐποίει τέχνη· ῥοδωνιά, καὶ ὑάκινθοι,

four plethra in breadth, so that they were rectangular in shape. All kinds of trees were to be found there, apple-trees, myrtles, pear-trees, pomegranates, fig-trees, and olives: on one side was a lofty vine, which with its black grapes overspread the apple and pear-trees, as if to contend with them in fruitfulness. These were the cultivated trees: but there were also cypresses, laurels, planes, and pines, over which, instead of the vine, spread branches of ivy, whose large berries turning black looked like ripe grapes. The fruit trees were in the centre of the garden, as if for better protection: those that did not bear fruit stood round them like an artificial fence, and the whole was shut in by a little wall. Everything was admirably arranged and distributed: the trunks of the trees were kept apart, but, overhead, the branches were so intertwined that what was due to Nature seemed to be the work of art. There were also beds of flowers, some growing wild, others cultivated—roses, hyacinths, and lilies that had been planted: violets,

καὶ κρίνα, χειρὸς ἔργα· ἰωνιάς, καὶ ναρκίσσους,
καὶ ἀναγαλλίδας ἔφερεν ἡ γῆ. Σκιά τε ἦν
θέρους, καὶ ἦρος ἄνθη, καὶ μετοπώρου τρύγη,
καὶ κατὰ πᾶσαν ὥραν ὀπώρα.

Ἐντεῦθεν εὖοπτον μὲν ἦν τὸ πεδῖον, καὶ ἦν
ὄραν τοὺς νέμοντας· εὖοπτος δὲ ἡ θάλαττα,
καὶ ἐωρῶντο οἱ παραπλέοντες· ὥστε καὶ ταῦτα
μέρος ἐγίνετο τῆς ἐν παραδείσῳ τρυφῆς. Ἴνα
τοῦ παραδείσου τὸ μεσαίτατον ἐπὶ μῆκος
καὶ εὖρος ἦν, νεὼς Διονύσου καὶ βωμὸς ἦν·
περιεῖχε τὸν μὲν βωμον κιττὸς, τὸν νεὼν
δὲ κλήματα. Εἶχε δὲ καὶ ἔνδοθεν ὁ νεὼς
Διονυσιακὰς γραφὰς, Σεμέλην τίκτουσαν,
Ἀριάδνην καθεύδουσαν, Λυκοῦργον δεδεμένον,
Πενθέα διαιρούμενον. Ἦσαν καὶ Ἴνδοι νικώ-
μενοι, καὶ Τυρρῆνοὶ μεταμορφούμενοι· παν-
ταχοῦ Σάτυροι, πανταχοῦ Βάκχαι χορεύουσαι·
οὐδὲ ὁ Πᾶν ἡμέλητο. Ἐκαθέζετο δὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
συρίζων ἐπὶ πέτρας, ὅμοιος ἐνδιδόντι κοινὸν
μέλος καὶ τοῖς πατοῦσι καὶ ταῖς χορευούσαις.

Τοιοῦτον ὄντα τὸν παράδεισον ὁ Λάμων

narcissuses, and pimpernel, which grew wild. There was shade in summer, flowers in spring, grapes in autumn, and fruit in every season of the year.

From this spot the plain could be seen, with the shepherds feeding their flocks; also the sea, and the vessels passing along, which added enjoyment to this delightful spot. In the very centre of the garden, there was a temple and altar of Dionysus, the latter covered with ivy, the former with vine-branches. Within the temple were pictures representing incidents in the life of the God: Semele brought to bed, Ariadne asleep, Lycurgus bound in chains, Pentheus being torn to pieces, conquered Indians, Tyrrhenians changed into dolphins, and everywhere Satyrs and Bacchantes leading the dance. Nor was Pan forgotten: he was seated on a rock, playing upon his pipe, so that he seemed to be playing the same air both for those who were treading the wine-press and for the Bacchantes who were dancing.

Such were the grounds to which Lamon devoted all his attention, lopping off the

ἐθεράπευε, τὰ ξηρὰ ἀποτέμνων, τὰ κλήματα ἀναλαμβάνων. Τὸν Διόνυσον ἐστεφάνωσε τοῖς ἄνθεσιν· ὕδωρ ἐπωχέτευσε πηγὴ τις, ἣν εὗρεν ἐς τὰ ἄνθη Δάφνις. Ἐσχόλαξε μὲν τοῖς ἄνθεσιν ἡ πηγὴ, Δάφνιδος δὲ ὅμως ἐκαλεῖτο πηγὴ. Παρεκελεύετο δὲ καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι ὁ Λάμων πιαίνειν τὰς αἰγας ὡς δυνατόν μάλιστα, πάντως καὶ κείνας λέγων ὄψεσθαι τὸν δεσπότην ἀφικόμενον διὰ μακροῦ· ὁ δὲ ἐθάρρει μὲν, ὡς ἐπαινηθησόμενος ἐπ' αὐταῖς· διπλασίονάς τε γὰρ ὦν ἔλαβεν, ἐποίησε, καὶ λύκος οὐδὲ μίαν ἤρπαξε, καὶ ἦσαν πióτεραι τῶν οἰῶν. Βουλόμενος δὲ προθυμότερον αὐτὸν γενέσθαι πρὸς τὸν γάμον, πᾶσαν θεραπείαν καὶ προθυμίαν προσέφερεν, ἄγων τε αὐτὰς πάνυ ἔωθεν, καὶ ἀπάγων τὸ δειλινόν. Δὺς ἠγεῖτο ἐπὶ ποτὸν, ἀνεξήτει δὲ εὐνομώτατα τῶν χωρίων. Ἐμέλησεν αὐτῷ καὶ σκαφίδων καινῶν, καὶ γαυλῶν πολλῶν, καὶ ταρσῶν μειζόνων. Τοσαύτη δὲ ἦν κηδεμονία, ὥστε καὶ τὰ κέρατα ἤλειφε, καὶ τὰς

dry leaves and tying up the vine-branches. He placed a garland of flowers upon the head of Dionysus, and conveyed water to the flower-beds from a spring which had been discovered by Daphnis, and was hence called "Daphnis's spring." Lamon also advised Daphnis to get his goats into as good condition as possible, as his master would want to inspect them, since he had not visited his estate for so long a time. Daphnis had no fear of not being praised for the condition of his flock: he had doubled their number, not one of them had been carried off by wolves, and they were fatter than the sheep. But, as he was eager to do everything to obtain his master's approval of his marriage, he spared no pains to make them sleek and fat, driving them out to pasture in the early morning, and not driving them home until late in the evening. He took them twice to drink, and carefully sought for the places where there was the best pasturage. He also took care that there were new drinking-vessels, plenty of milk-pails, and larger cheese-vats. He was so

τρίχας ἐθεράπευε. Πανὸς ἂν τις ἱερὰν ἀγέλην ἔδοξεν ὄρᾶν. Ἐκοινώνει δὲ παντὸς εἰς αὐτὰς καμάτου καὶ ἡ Χλόη· καὶ τῆς ποιμένης παραμελοῦσα, τὸ πλεόν ἐκείναις ἐσχόλαζε· ὥστε ἐνόμιζεν ὁ Δάφνις δι' ἐκείνην αὐτὰς φαίνεσθαι καλὰς.

Ἐν τούτοις οὖσιν αὐτοῖς, δεύτερος ἄγγελος ἔλθων ἐξ ἄσπερος ἐκέλευεν ἀποτρυγᾶν τὰς ἀμπέλους ὡς τάχιστα· καὶ αὐτὸς ἔφη παραμένειν ἔστ' ἂν τοὺς βότρυς ποιήσωσι γλεῦκος, εἴτα οὕτως κατελθὼν εἰς τὴν πόλιν, ἄξειν τὸν δεσπότην, ἥδη τῆς μετοπωρινῆς τρύγης. Τοῦτόν τε οὖν Εὐδρομον (οὕτω γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο, ὅτι ἦν αὐτῷ ἔργον τρέχειν) ἐδεξιοῦντο πᾶσαν δεξίωσιν, καὶ ἅμα τὰς ἀμπέλους ἀπετρύγων, τοὺς βοτρυς εἰς τὰς ληνοὺς κομίζοντες, τὸ γλεῦκος εἰς τοὺς πίθους φέροντες, τῶν βοτρυῶν τοὺς ἡβῶντας ἐπὶ κλημάτων ἀφαιροῦντες, ὡς εἴη καὶ τοῖς ἐκ τῆς πόλεως ἐλθοῦσιν ἐν εἰκόνι καὶ ἡδονῇ γενέσθαι τρυγητοῦ.

particular that he even anointed their horns, and combed their hair: you would have thought you were looking upon Pan's sacred flock. Chloe also assisted him in his labours, and, neglecting her sheep, devoted the greater part of her time to the goats: so that Daphnis declared it was owing to her that they looked in such good condition.

While they were thus engaged, a second messenger arrived from the city, bidding them gather the grapes as speedily as possible; since he had been ordered to stay until the new wine was made, when he was to return to the city to fetch his master in time for the autumn vintage. They gave Eudromus (so was the slave called, because he acted as his master's courier) a hearty reception, stripped the vines, pressed the grapes, put the new wine into casks, and cut off a number of branches with the grapes still unpicked, so that those who came from the city might have an idea of the delights of the vintage and might think that they had taken part in them.

Μέλλοντος δὲ ἤδη σοβεῖν ἐς ἄστυ τοῦ
 Εὐδρόμου, καὶ ἄλλα μὲν οὐκ ὀλίγα αὐτῷ
 Δάφνις ἔδωκεν· (ἔδωκε δὲ καὶ ὅσα ἀπὸ αἰπόλου
 δῶρα) τυρούς, εὐπαγεῖς, ἔριφον ὀψίγονον,
 δέρμα αἰγὸς λευκὸν καὶ λάσιον, ὥς ἔχοι χει-
 μῶνος ἐπιβάλλεσθαι τρέχων· ὁ δὲ ἤδετο καὶ
 ἐφίλει τὸν Δάφνιν, καὶ ἀγαθὸν τι ἐρεῖν περὶ
 αὐτοῦ πρὸς τὸν δεσπότην ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ
 ὁ μὲν ἀπῆει φίλα φρονῶν· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις
 ἀγωνιῶν τῇ Χλόῃ συνέμενε. Εἶχε δὲ καὶ κείνη
 πολὺν δέος· μειράκιον γὰρ εἰωθὸς αἰγας βλέ-
 πειν, καὶ ὄρος, καὶ γεωργούς, καὶ Χλόην,
 πρῶτον ἔμελλεν ὄψεσθαι δεσπότην, οὗ πρῶτον
 μόνον ἤκουε τὸ ὄνομα. Ὑπὲρ τε οὖν τοῦ
 Δάφνιδος ἐφρόντιζεν, ὅπως ἐντεύξεται τῷ
 δεσπότη, καὶ περὶ τοῦ γάμου τὴν ψυχὴν
 ἐταράττετο, μὴ μάτην ὀνειροπολοῦσιν αὐτόν.
 Συνεχῇ μὲν οὖν τὰ φιλήματα, καὶ ὥσπερ
 συμπεφυκότων αἱ περιβολαί· καὶ τὰ φιλή-

When Eudromus was ready to hurry back to the city, Daphnis gave him several presents, such as a goatherd might have been expected to give, some well-made cheeses, a young kid, and the shaggy skin of a white goat, to wear during the winter when he was running messages. Eudromus was highly pleased, kissed Daphnis, and promised to say everything in his favour to his master. Then he departed, full of kindly feelings: but Daphnis, full of anxiety, remained with Chloe in the fields. She felt equally timid, when she remembered that Daphnis, a youth who had never seen anything but goats, mountains, husbandmen, and herself, was now for the first time to see his master, whom he had hitherto only known by name. She was very anxious to know how Daphnis would address his master, and was greatly disturbed in mind regarding their marriage, for fear it might prove an idle dream. They kissed each other over and over again, and embraced tenderly: but their kisses were mingled with apprehension and their embraces were tinged with sad-

ματα δειλά ἦν, καὶ αἱ περιβολαὶ σκυθρωπαί, καθάπερ ἤδη παρόντα τὸν δεσπότην φοβουμένων, ἢ λανθανόντων. Προσγίνεται δέ τις αὐτοῖς καὶ τοιόσδε τάραχος.

Λάμπις τις ἦν ἀγέρωχος βουκόλος. Οὗτος καὶ αὐτὸς ἐμνᾶτο τὴν Χλόην παρὰ τοῦ Δρύαντος, καὶ δῶρα ἤδη πολλὰ ἐδεδώκει σπείδων τὸν γάμον. Αἰσθόμενος οὖν ὥς, εἰ συγχωρηθείη παρὰ τοῦ δεσπότην, Δάφνις αὐτὴν ἄξεται, τέχνην ἐξήτει δι' ἧς τὸν δεσπότην αὐτοῖς ποιήσειε πικρόν· καὶ εἰδὼς πάνυ αὐτὸν τῷ παραδείσῳ τερπόμενον, ἔγνω τοῦτον, ὅσον οἶός τέ ἐστι, διαφθεῖραι καὶ ἀποκοσμησαί. Δένδρα μὲν οὖν τέμνων, ἔμελλεν ἀλώσεσθαι διὰ τὸν κτύπον· ἐπεῖχε δὲ τοῖς ἄνθεσιν, ὥστε διαφθεῖραι αὐτά. Νύκτα δὲ φυλάξας, καὶ ὑπερβὰς τὴν αἵμασιάν, τὰ μὲν ἀνώρυξε, τὰ δὲ κατέκλασε, τὰ δὲ κατεπάτησεν ὥσπερ σῦς. Καὶ ὁ μὲν λαθὼν ἀπεληλύθει· Λάμων δὲ τῆς

ness, as if their master were already present, and they were afraid of him or were obliged to keep their love a secret. While they were in this distress, the following trouble came upon them.

In the neighbourhood there lived a cowherd named Lampis, a man of insolent and overweening disposition. He also sought Chloe's hand from Dryas, and had already given him several presents to further his suit. Seeing that, if his master's consent were obtained, Daphnis would marry her, he cast about for the means of embittering the master against the young couple. Knowing that he took great pride in his garden, he determined to spoil and rob it of its beauty. Since, if he cut down the trees, he might be betrayed by the noise, he determined to devote his energies to destroying the flowers. He waited until it was night, climbed over the low wall, pulled up, broke off, and trod down the flowers like a wild boar, and then withdrew without having been seen by anybody. The next morning, Lamon went into the garden to water the flowers from his spring; and,

ἐπιούσης παρελθὼν εἰς τὸν κῆπον, ἔμελλεν ὕδωρ αὐτοῖς ἐκ τῆς πηγῆς ἐπάξειν. Ἰδὼν δὲ πᾶν τὸ χωρίον δεδηωμένον, καὶ ἔργον οἶον ἂν ἐχθρὸς, οὐ ληστής ἐργάσαιτο, κατερρήξατο μὲν εὐθὺς τὸν χιτωνίσκον, βοῇ δὲ μεγάλῃ θεοὺς ἀνεκάλει· ὥστε καὶ ἡ Μυρτάλη τὰ ἐν χερσὶ καταλιπούσα, ἐξέδραμε, καὶ ὁ Δάφνις ἐλάσας τὰς αἶγας, ἀνέδραμε· καὶ ἰδόντες ἐβόων, καὶ βοῶντες ἐδάκρυον.

Καὶ ἦν μὲν κενὸν πένθος ἀνθῶν, ἀλλ' οἱ μὲν φοβούμενοι δεσπότην, ἔκλαιον· ἔκλαυσε δ' ἂν τις καὶ ξένος ἐπιστάς· ἀποκεκόσμητο γὰρ ὁ τόπος, καὶ ἦν λοιπὸν πᾶσα ἡ γῆ πηλώδης. Τῶν δὲ εἴ τι διέφυγε τὴν ὕβριν, ὑπὴνθει καὶ ἔλαμπε, καὶ ἦν ἔτι καλὸν καὶ κείμενον. Ἐπέκειντο δὲ αὐτοῖς καὶ μελιτται συνεχεῖς, καὶ ἅπανστον βομβοῦσαι, καὶ θρηνούσαις ὅμοιον. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ Λάμων ὑπ' ἐκπλήξεως κἀκείνα ἔλεγε· “Φεῦ τῆς ῥοδωνιάς, ὡς κατακέκλασται. Φεῦ τῆς ἰωνιάς, ὡς πεπάτηται. Φεῦ τῶν

when he saw the whole place thus ravaged, at the sight of this desolation, which was clearly the work of an enemy rather than of a robber, he immediately rent his cloak, and invoked the Gods with loud cries. Myrtale at once threw down what she had in her hands and ran out: Daphnis, who was driving out his goats, turned back: and when they saw what had happened they cried aloud and burst into tears.

It was idle to lament the loss of the flowers, but the fear of their master made them weep. Even a stranger would have wept at the sight: the whole place was in disorder, and nothing could be seen but upturned earth and mud. If by chance some flower had escaped the general destruction, it still looked gay and bright, and retained its former beauty, although lying on the ground. Swarms of bees hovered round, humming incessantly, as if they too lamented what had happened. Lamon cried out in his consternation: "Alas! my rose trees, how they are broken! Alas! my violets, how they are trodden under foot! Alas! my hyacinths

υακίνθων καὶ τῶν ναρκίσσων, οὓς ἀνώρυξέ τις
 πονηρὸς ἄνθρωπος. Ἀφίξεται τὸ ἦρ· τὰ δὲ
 οὐκ ἀνθήσει. Ἔσται τὸ θέρος· τὰ δὲ οὐκ
 ἀκμάσει. Μετόπωρον· ἀλλὰ τάδε οὐδένα στε-
 φανώσει. Οὐδὲ σὺ, δέσποτα Διόνυσε, τὰ
 ἄθλια ταῦτα ἠλέησας ἄνθη, οἷς παρώκεις, καὶ
 ἔβλεπες, ἀφ' ὧν ἔστεφάνωσά σε πολλάκις;
 Πῶς δείξω νῦν τὸν παράδεισον τῷ δεσπότῃ;
 Τίς ἐκεῖνος, θεασάμενος, ἔσται; Κρεμᾶ γέροντα
 ἄνθρωπον ἐκ μιᾶς πίτνυς ὡς Μαρσύαν· τάχα
 δὲ καὶ Δάφνιν, ὡς τῶν αἰγῶν ταῦτα εἰργασ-
 μένων.”

Δάκρυα ἦν ἐπὶ τούτοις θερμότερα· καὶ ἐθρή-
 νουν οὐ τὰ ἄνθη λοιπὸν, ἀλλὰ τὰ αὐτῶν
 σώματα. Ἐθρήνει καὶ Χλόη Δάφνιν εἰ κρε-
 μήσεται, καὶ ἤρχετο μηκέτι ἐλθεῖν τὸν δεσ-
 πότην αὐτῶν, καὶ ἡμέρας διήντλει μοχθηρὰς,
 ὡς ἤδη Δάφνιν βλέπονσα μαστιγούμενον. Καὶ
 ἤδη νυκτὸς ἀρχομένης, ὁ Εὐδρομος αὐτοῖς

and narcissuses, which the hand of some wretch has uprooted ! The spring will return, but they will blossom no more : the summer will come, but they will not bloom : autumn will come again, but they will not deck anyone's head. And you, my lord Dionysus, had you no pity for these unhappy flowers, near which you dwelt, with which I have often crowned your brows ? How can I show the garden to my master ? What will he think when he sees it ? he will hang the old man on a pine tree, like Marsyas : and perhaps Daphnis as well, thinking that his goats have done this damage."

At these words, they wept even more bitterly, not so much on account of the flowers as themselves. Chloe was bitterly distressed, at the thought that Daphnis would be hung : she prayed that their master might not come, and passed her days in bitterness, thinking that she already saw Daphnis under the lash. One evening, Eudromus came to inform them that the master himself would not arrive for three days, but that his son

ἀπήγγελλεν, ὅτι ὁ μὲν πρεσβύτερος δεσπότης μεθ' ἡμέρας ἀφίξεται τρεῖς, ὁ δὲ παῖς αὐτοῦ τῆς ἐπιούσης πρόεισι. Σκέψις οὖν ὑπὲρ τῶν συμβεβηκότων, καὶ κοινωνὸν εἰς τὴν γνώμην τὸν Εὐδρομον παρελάμβανον· ὁ δὲ, εὖνους ὦν τῷ Δάφνιδι, παρῆνει τὸ συμβὰν ὁμολογήσαι πρότερον τῷ νέῳ δεσπότη, καὶ αὐτὸς συμπράττειν ἐπηγγέλλετο, τιμώμενος ὡς ὁμογάλακτος· καὶ ἡμέρας γενομένης, οὕτως ἐποίησαν.

Ἦκε μὲν ὁ Ἄστυλος ἐφ' ἵππου, καὶ παράσιτος αὐτοῦ, καὶ οὗτος ἐφ' ἵππου· ὁ μὲν, ἀρτιγένειος· ὁ δὲ Γνάθων (τουντὶ γὰρ ἐκαλεῖτο), τὸν πώγωνα ξυρώμενος πάλαι· Ὁ δὲ Λάμων ἅμα τῇ Μυρτάλῃ καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι, πρὸ τῶν ποδῶν αὐτοῦ καταπεσὼν, ἰκέτευεν οἰκτεῖραι γέροντα ἄτυχῃ, καὶ πατρώας ὀργῆς ἐξαρπάσαι τὸν οὐδὲν ἀδικήσαντα· ἅμα τε αὐτῷ καταλέγει πάντα. Οἰκτεῖρει τὴν ἱκεσίαν ὁ Ἄστυλος, καὶ ἐπὶ τὸν παράδεισον ἐλθὼν, καὶ τὴν ἀπό-

would be there on the morrow. They accordingly thought over what had happened, and took Eudromus into their confidence. He, being well disposed towards Daphnis, advised him to tell everything to their young master beforehand, promising to do his best for them, since he possessed some influence with him, being his foster-brother. When the day came, they did as he had advised them.

Astylus arrived on horseback, accompanied by his parasite, also on horseback. Astylus's beard was only just beginning to grow, but Gnathon's (so was the parasite named) had long been familiar with the razor. Lamon, together with Daphnis and Myrtale, fell at his feet and besought him to have compassion upon an unfortunate old man, and to save from his father's wrath one who had committed no offence: and at the same time he told him all that had occurred. Astylus was moved to pity by his supplication: he went to the garden, inspected the damage done to the flowers, promised to make his father relent, and undertook to lay the blame upon his

λειαν τῶν ἀνθῶν ἰδὼν, αὐτὸς ἔφη παραιτή-
 σεσθαι τὸν πατέρα, καὶ κατηγορήσειν τῶν
 ἵππων, ὥς ἐκεῖ δεθέντες ἐξύβρισαν, καὶ τὰ
 μὲν κατέκλασαν, τὰ δὲ κατεπάτησαν, τὰ δὲ
 ἀνώρυξαν λυθέντες. Ἐπὶ τούτοις ἠύχοντο
 μὲν αὐτῷ πάντα τὰ ἀγαθὰ Λάμων καὶ Μυρ-
 τάλη· Δάφνις δὲ δῶρα προσεκόμισεν ἐρίφους,
 τυροὺς, ὄρνιθας, καὶ τὰ ἔκγονα αὐτῶν, βότρυς
 ἐπὶ κλημάτων, μῆλα δὲ ἐπὶ κλάδων. Ἦν ἐν
 τοῖς δώροις καὶ ἀνθοσμίας οἶνος Λέσβιος,
 ποθῆναι κάλλιστος οἶνος.

Ὁ μὲν δὴ Ἄστυλος ἐπῆναι ταῦτα, καὶ περὶ
 θήραν εἶχε λαγῶν, οἷα πλούσιος νεανίσκος,
 καὶ τρυφῶν ἀεὶ, καὶ ἀφιγμένος εἰς τὸν ἀγρὸν
 εἰς ἀπόλαυσιν ξένης ἡδονῆς. Ὁ δὲ Γνάθων,
 οἷα μαθὼν ἐσθίειν ἄνθρωπος καὶ πίνειν εἰς
 μέθην, καὶ οὐδὲν ἄλλο ὢν ἢ γνάθος, καὶ γαστήρ,
 καὶ τὰ ὑπὸ γαστέρα, οὐ παρέργως εἶδε τὸν
 Δάφνιν τὰ δῶρα κομίσαντα· ἀλλὰ καὶ φύσει

own horses, and to say that they had been fastened up in the garden, but, having become frisky, had broken loose, and trampled down, trodden under foot, and uprooted the flowers. Lamon and Myrtale wished him all prosperity in return for his kindness: and Daphnis presented him with some kids, cheeses, birds with their young, grapes still on the vine-branches, and apples on the boughs: to these he added some fragrant Lesbian wine, most delightful to drink.

Astylus, having expressed his satisfaction, went to hunt the hares, like a wealthy young man who had nothing to do but amuse himself, and was visiting the country in search of some fresh diversion. Gnathon, who knew nothing except how to eat till he could eat no more, and to drink till he was drunk, and was all throat and belly and lust, had carefully observed Daphnis when he brought the presents to Astylus. Being naturally fond of boys, and finding Daphnis handsomer than any of the youths in the city, he resolved to make advances to him, thinking that he

παιδεραστῆς ὦν, κάλλος, οἶον οὐδὲ ἐπὶ τῆς πόλεως, εὐρῶν, ἐπιθέσθαι διέγνω τῷ Δάφνιδι, καὶ πείσειν ᾤετο ῥαδίως, ὥς αἰπόλον. Γνοὺς δὲ ταῦτα, θήρας μὲν οὐκ ἐκοινώνει τῷ Ἀστύλῳ, κατιῶν δὲ ἵνα ἔνεμεν ὁ Δάφνις, λόγῳ μὲν, τῶν αἰγῶν, τὸ δὲ ἀληθές, Δάφνιδος ἐγίνετο θεατῆς. Μαλθάσσων δὲ αὐτὸν, τὰς τε αἶγας ἐπῆνει, καὶ συρίσαι τὸ αἰπολικὸν ἠξίωσε· καὶ ἔφη ταχέως ἐλεύθερον θήσειν, τὸ πᾶν δυνάμενος.

Ὡς δὲ εἶχε χειροήθη, νύκτωρ λοχήσας ἐκ τῆς νομῆς ἐλαύνοντα τὰς αἶγας, πρῶτον μὲν ἐφίλησε προδραμών· εἶτα ὅπισθεν παρασχεῖν τοιοῦτον οἶον αἱ αἶγες τοῖς τράγοις. Τοῦ δὲ βραδέως νοήσαντος, καὶ λέγοντος, “ὥς αἶγας μὲν βαίνειν τράγους, καλόν· τράγον δὲ οὐπω ποτέ τις εἶδε βαίνοντα τράγον, οὐδὲ κριὸν ἀντὶ τῶν οἴων κριὸν, οὐδὲ ἀλεκτρυνόνας ἀντὶ τῶν ἀλεκτορίδων ἀλεκτρυνόνας,” οἷός τε ἦν ὁ Γνάθων βιάζεσθαι, τὰς χεῖρας προσφέρων· ὁ

would find no difficulty in seducing a simple goatherd. Having made up his mind to this, instead of accompanying Astylus to the chase, he went down to the place where Daphnis was tending his flock, under pretence of looking at the goats, but in reality he had eyes for nothing but Daphnis. In order to coax him, he praised his goats, and begged him to play a pastoral air upon his pipe: then he promised to obtain his freedom for him shortly, saying that he was all-powerful with his master.

When Gnathon thought he had won Daphnis's affection, he lay in wait for him one evening as he was driving back his goats from pasture, ran up to him and kissed him. Then he asked him to turn his back to him and let him do to him what the he-goats did to the she-goats. Daphnis was slow to understand, but at last he said to himself that, while it was quite natural for he-goats to mount she-goats, no one had ever seen a he-goat mounting a he-goat, or a ram another ram instead of a sheep, or a cock treading

δὲ μεθύοντα ἄνθρωπον καὶ ἐστῶτα μόλις
 παρωσάμενος, ἐσφηλεν εἰς τὴν γῆν, καὶ, ὥσπερ
 σκύλαξ ἀποδραμὼν, κείμενον κατέλιπεν, ἀνδρὸς,
 οὐ παιδὸς, πρὸς χειραγωγίαν δεόμενον. Οὐκέτι
 προσίετο ὅλως, ἀλλὰ ἄλλοτε ἄλλη τὰς αἰγας
 ἔνεμεν, ἐκεῖνον μὲν φεύγων, Χλόην δὲ τηρῶν.
 Οὐδὲ ὁ Γνάθων ἔτι περιειργάζετο, καταμαθὼν
 ὡς οὐ μόνον καλὸς, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἰσχυρὸς ἐστίν.
 Ἐπετήρει δὲ καιρὸν διαλεχθῆναι περὶ αὐτοῦ
 τῷ Ἀστύλῳ, καὶ ἤλπιζε δῶρον αὐτὸν ἔξειν
 παρὰ τοῦ νεανίσκου πολλὰ καὶ μεγάλα χαρίζε-
 σθαι θέλοντος.

Τότε μὲν οὖν οὐκ ἠδυνήθη· προσῆει γὰρ ὁ
 Διονυσοφάνης ἅμα τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ· καὶ ἦν
 θόρυβος πολλὸς κτηνῶν, οἰκετῶν, ἀνδρῶν,
 γυναικῶν· μετὰ δὲ τοῦτο συνέταττε λόγον
 καὶ ἐρωτικὸν καὶ μακρόν. Ἦν δὲ ὁ Διονυσο-
 φάνης μεσαιπόλιος μὲν ἦδη, μέγας δὲ καὶ καλὸς,
 καὶ υειρακίοις ἀμιλλᾶσθαι δυνάμενος· ἀλλὰ

a cock in place of a hen. Meanwhile, Gnathon attempted to lay violent hands upon Daphnis, who dealt him a vigorous blow, which felled him to the ground, since he was already drunk and could hardly stand. After this, Daphnis ran away as swiftly as a fawn, leaving Gnathon on the ground, more in need of the assistance of a man, than of a boy, to help him along. From that time Daphnis shunned him altogether, changing the pasturage of his goats from one place to another, avoiding Gnathon as carefully as he sought Chloe. Nor did Gnathon trouble him any more, when he found that he was not only handsome, but also strong and vigorous. But he watched for an opportunity to speak to Astylus about him, hoping that his young master would make him a present of Daphnis, since he knew that he was ready to grant almost every favour he asked.

For the moment he could do nothing: for Dionysophanes had just arrived with Clearista, and nothing was heard but the noise of animals, slaves, men, and women. In the meantime, Gnathon set about com-

καὶ πλούσιος ἐν ὀλίγοις, καὶ χρηστὸς ὥς οὐδεὶς ἕτερος. Οὗτος ἐλθὼν, τῇ πρώτῃ μὲν ἡμέρᾳ θεοῖς ἔθυσεν ὅσοι προεστᾶσιν ἀγροικίας, Δῆμητρι, καὶ Διονύσῳ, καὶ Πανὶ, καὶ Νύμφαις, καὶ κοινὸν πᾶσι τοῖς παροῦσιν ἔστησε κρατῆρα· ταῖς δὲ ἄλλαις ἡμέραις ἐπεσκόπει τὰ τοῦ Λάμωνος ἔργα· καὶ ὁρῶν τὰ μὲν πεδία ἐν αὖλακι, τὰς δὲ ἀμπέλους ἐν κλήματι, τὸν δὲ παράδεισον ἐν κάλλει (περὶ γὰρ τῶν ἀνθῶν Ἄστυλος τὴν αἰτίαν ἀνελάμβανεν) ἦδετο περιττῶς, καὶ τὸν Λάμωνα ἐπῆνει, καὶ ἐλεύθερον ἀφήσειν ἐπηγγέλλετο. Κατῆλθε μετὰ ταῦτα καὶ εἰς τὸ αἰπόλιον, τάς τε αἴγας ὀψόμενος καὶ τὸν νέμοντα.

Χλόη μὲν οὖν εἰς τὴν ὕλην ἔφυγεν, ὄχλον τοσοῦτον αἰδεσθεῖσα καὶ φοβηθεῖσα· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις εἰστήκει δέρμα λάσιον αἰγὸς ἐξωσμένος, πῆοαν νεορῥαφῇ κατὰ τῶν ὤμων ἐξηρτημένος, κοατῶν ταῖς χερσὶν ἀμφοτέραις, τῇ μὲν, ἀρτι-

posing a long and amorous discourse upon Daphnis. Dionysophanes, whose hairs were already beginning to turn grey, was a tall, handsome man, who need not have shrunk from rivalry with many a young man: in addition to this, he was richer than most men, and none were more virtuous. On the first day of his arrival, he offered sacrifice to all the Gods who preside over husbandry, to Demeter, Dionysus, Pan, and the Nymphs, and gave a feast to all the household. On the following days, he went to see how Lamon had done his work: and, at the sight of the ploughed fields, the well-kept vines, and the beautiful garden—for Astylus had taken the blame for the damage done to the flowers—he was delighted, congratulated Lamon, and promised him his freedom. After this he went to see the goats and the goatherd.

Chloe immediately ran away into the forest, feeling bashful and afraid of so many visitors: but Daphnis remained where he was, with a shaggy goat-skin fastened round him, and a new wallet

παγείς τυρούς, τῇ δὲ, ἐρίφους γαλαθηνούς. Ἐπὶ ποτὲ Ἀπόλλων Λαομέδοντι θητεύων ἐβουκόλησε, τοιόσδε ἦν, οἷος τότε ὥφθη Δάφνις. Αὐτὸς μὲν οὖν εἶπεν οὐδὲν, ἀλλὰ ἐρυθήματος πλησθεῖς, ἔνευσε κάτω, προτείνας τὰ δῶρα· ὁ δὲ Λάμων, “οὗτος,” εἶπε, “σοὶ, δέσποτα, τῶν αἰγῶν αἰπόλος. Σὺ μὲν ἐμοὶ πεντήκοντα νέμειν ἔδωκας, καὶ δύο τράγους· οὗτος δέ σοι πεποίηκεν ἑκατὸν, καὶ δέκα τράγους. Ὅρα ὡς λιπαραὶ καὶ τὰς τρίχας λάσiai, καὶ τὰ κέρατα ἄθραυστοι. Πεποίηκεν αὐτὰς καὶ μουσικάς· σύριγγος γοῦν ἀκούουσαι ποιοῦσι πάντα.”

Παρούσα τοῖς λεγομένοις ἡ Κλεαρίστη, πεῖραν ἐπεθύμησε τοῦ λεχθέντος λαβεῖν, καὶ κελεύει τὸν Δάφνιν ταῖς αἰξὶν οἷον εἴωθε συρίσαι, καὶ ἐπαγγέλλεται συρίσαντι χαρίσασθαι χιτῶνα καὶ χλαῖναν καὶ ὑποδήματα. Ὁ δὲ καθίσας αὐτοὺς ὥσπερ θέατρον, σταῖς ὑπὸ τῇ φηγῷ, καὶ ἐκ τῆς πύρας τὴν σύριγγα

hanging from his shoulder, holding in one hand some fresh cheeses, and in the other some sucking kids. If ever Apollo tended the flocks of Laomedon as a hired servant, he must have looked like Daphnis, who, without saying a word, his face covered with blushes, bowed and presented his gifts. Then Lamon said: "O master, this is the goatherd: you gave me fifty goats and two he-goats to look after: he has doubled the number of the goats, and increased the he-goats to ten. You see how fat and sleek they are, what long hair they have, and how sound their horns are. He has also taught them to understand music: when they hear the sound of his pipe, they are ready to do anything."

Clearista, who was present and heard what was said, was anxious to put it to the proof: she ordered Daphnis to play on his pipe to his goats as he was accustomed to do, and promised to give him a cloak, a tunic, and a pair of shoes for his trouble. Daphnis made them sit down as if they were at the theatre, stood up under the beech tree, took his pipe out

κομίσας, πρῶτα μὲν ὀλίγον ἐνέπνευσε· καὶ αἱ αἶγες ἔστησαν, τὰς κεφαλὰς ἀράμεναι. Εἶτα ἐνέπνευσε τὸ νόμιον· καὶ αἱ αἶγες ἐνέμοντο, νεύσασαι κάτω. Αὐθις λιγυρὸν ἔδωκε· καὶ ἀθρόαι κατεκλίθησαν. Ἐσύρισέ τε καὶ ὀξύ μέλος· αἱ δὲ, ὥσπερ λύκου προσιόντος, εἰς τὴν ὕλην κατέφυγον. Μετ' ὀλίγον ἀνακλητικὸν ἐφθέγγετο· καὶ ἐξελθούσαι τῆς ὕλης, πλησίον αὐτοῦ τῶν ποδῶν συνέδραμον. Οὐδὲ ἀνθρώπους οἰκέτας εἶδεν ἄν τις οὕτω πειθομένους προστάγματι δεσπότη. Οἳ τε οὖν ἄλλοι πάντες ἐθαύμαζον, καὶ πρὸ πάντων ἡ Κλεαρίστη, καὶ δῶρα ἀποδώσειν ὥμοσε καλῷ τε ὄντι αἰπόλῳ καὶ μουσικῷ· καὶ ἀνελθόντες εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν, ἀμφὶ ἄριστον εἶχον, καὶ τῷ Δάφνιδι ἀφ' ὧν ἥσθιον ἔπεμψαν.

Ὁ δὲ μετὰ τῆς Χλόης ἥσθιε, καὶ ἤδετο γευόμενος ἀστυκῆς ὀψαρτυσίας, καὶ εὐελπὶς ἦν τεύξεσθαι τοῦ γάμου, πείσας τοὺς δεσπότης. Ὁ δὲ Γνάθων προσεκκαυθεὶς τοῖς κατὰ τὸ

of his wallet, and, to commence with, drew from it merely a feeble strain. The goats immediately stood up, and lifted their heads. Then he piped to pasture and the goats began to browse, with their heads towards the ground. He played a clear sweet strain, and they all lay down. He played a shrill air, and they fled towards the forest, as if a wolf was approaching. After a brief interval, he piped a recall, and they came out of the forest, and ran to his feet. They obeyed the notes of the pipe more readily than servants obey their masters' orders. The visitors were astonished, especially Clearista, who swore to give what she had promised to the gentle goatherd who played so well. Then they returned to the homestead for dinner, and sent Daphnis something from their own table.

Daphnis shared the food with Chloe, highly pleased at tasting city cookery, and feeling sanguine of obtaining his master's consent to his marriage. Gnathon, inflamed still more by what he had seen of the goatherd, and considering that life

αἰπόλιον γεγενημένοις, καὶ ἀβίωτον νομίζων
τὸν βίον, εἰ μὴ τεύξεται Δάφνιδος, περιπα-
τοῦντα τὸν Ἄστυλον ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ φυ-
λάξας, καὶ ἀναγαγὼν εἰς τὸν τοῦ Διονύσου
νεῶν, πόδας καὶ χεῖρας κατεφίλει. Τοῦ δὲ πυν-
θανομένου, τίνος ἔνεκα ταῦτα δρᾷ, καὶ λέγειν κε-
λεύοντος, καὶ ὑπουργήσῃν ὁμνύοντος, “Οἴχεται
σοι Γνάθων,” ἔφη, “δέσποτα. Ὁ μέχρι νῦν μόνης
τραπέξης ἐρῶν, ὁ πρότερον ὁμνὺς ὅτι μηδὲν
ἔστιν ὠραιότερον οἴνου γέροντος, ὁ κρείττους
τῶν ἐφήβων τῶν ἐν Μιτυλήνῃ τοὺς σοὺς ὀψαρ-
τυτὰς λέγων, μόνον λοιπὸν καλὸν εἶναι Δάφνιν
νομίζω. Καὶ τροφῆς μὲν τῆς πολυτελοῦς οὐ
γεύομαι, καίτοι τοσούτων παρασκευαζομένων
ἐκάστης ἡμέρας, κρεῶν, ἰχθύων, μελιττωμάτων,
ἠδέως δ’ ἂν αἰξ γενόμενος πόαν ἐσθίοιμι καὶ
φύλλα, τῆς Δάφνιδος ἀκούων σύριγγος, καὶ
ὑπ’ ἐκείνῳ νεμόμενος. Σὺ δὲ σῶσον Γνάθωνα
τὸν σὸν, καὶ τὸν ἀήττητον ἔρωτα νίκησον. Εἰ
δὲ μὴ, σοὶ ἐπόμενι τὸν ἐμὸν θεόν, ξιφίδιον

would not be endurable if he did not get possession of Daphnis, waited his opportunity until Astylus was walking in the garden : then, leading him up to the temple of Dionysus, he kissed his hands and feet. When Astylus asked what was the meaning of his behaviour, and bade him speak, swearing that he would grant whatever favour he asked, Gnathon replied : “ Your poor Gnathon is lost, O master. I who hitherto cared for nothing but the pleasures of the table, who used to swear that there was nothing more delightful than old wine, who considered your cooks far superior to all the youths of Mitylene—I now think that there is nothing beautiful in the world but Daphnis. I do not so much as taste the most dainty dishes, although so many are prepared each day—meat, fish, and honey-cakes. I should like to be a goat, I should like to eat grass and leaves, listening to his pipe and tended by him. Save Gnathon, I beseech you, and remedy a love that is irremediable. If you do not, I swear to you by my God that I will take a hearty meal, and then

λαβὼν, καὶ ἐμπλήσας τὴν γαστέρα τροφῆς, ἐμαντὸν ἀποκτενῶ πρὸ τῶν Δάφνιδος θυρῶν· σὺ δὲ οὐκέτι καλέσεις Γναθωνάριον, ὥσπερ εἰώθεις παίζων αἰεί.”

Οὐκ ἀντέσχε κλαίοντι, καὶ αὖθις τοὺς πόδας καταφιλοῦντι, νεανίσκος μεγαλόφρων, οὐκ ἄπειρος ἐρωτικῆς λύπης, ἀλλ’ αἰτήσιν αὐτὸν παρὰ τοῦ πατρὸς ἐπηγγέλλετο, καὶ κομίσειν εἰς τὴν πόλιν, αὐτῷ μὲν δοῦλον, ἐκείνῳ δὲ ἐρώμενον. Εἰς εὐθυμίαν δὲ καὶ αὐτὸν ἐκείνον θέλων προαγαγεῖν, ἐπυνθάνετο μειδιῶν, εἰ οὐκ αἰσχύνεται Δάμωνος υἱὸν φιλῶν, ἀλλὰ καὶ σπουδάξει συγκατακλιθῆναι νέμοντι αἵγας μεираκίῳ; Καὶ ἅμα ὑπεκρίνετο τὴν τραγικὴν δυσωδίαν μυσάττεσθαι. Ὁ δὲ, οἶα πᾶσαν ἐρωτικὴν μυθολογίαν ἐν τοῖς τῶν ἀσώτων συμποσίοις πεπαιδευμένος, οὐκ ἀπὸ σκοποῦ καὶ ὑπὲρ αὐτοῦ καὶ ὑπὲρ τοῦ Δάφνιδος, ἔλεγεν· “Οὐδεὶς ταῦτα, δέσποτα, ἐραστὴς πολυπραγμονεῖ· ἀλλ’ ἐν οἷῳ ποτὲ ἂν σώματι εὐρῇ τὸ κάλλος,

stab myself in front of Daphnis's door :
and you will never again call me your
dear little Gnathon, as you used to do
in jest."

When Gnathon began to kiss his feet again, Astylus could no longer resist his entreaties, for he was a generous youth, who had himself felt the pains of love. He promised to ask his father for Daphnis and to take him to the city, nominally as his slave, but really as Gnathon's minion. Then, wishing to cheer him up, he asked him with a smile if he were not ashamed of being in love with Lamon's son, and why he was so anxious to sleep with this young goatherd, at the same time pretending that the smell of goats disgusted him. But Gnathon, like one who had gone through the whole course of erotic lore at the tables of debauchees, replied shrewdly enough in regard to himself and Daphnis : " No lover troubles himself about such things : in whatever form he finds beauty, he is smitten with it. Men have been known to become enamoured of a plant, a river, or a wild beast : and yet

ἐάλωκε. Διὰ τοῦτο καὶ φυτοῦ τις ἠράσθη,
 καὶ ποταμοῦ, καὶ θηρίου. Καίτοι τίς οὐκ ἂν
 ἐραστὴν ἠλέησεν ὃν ἔδει φοβεῖσθαι τὸν ἐρώ-
 μενον; Ἐγὼ δὲ σώματος μὲν ἐρῶ δούλου,
 κάλλους δὲ ἐλευθέρου. Ὅρας, ὡς ὑακίνθῳ μὲν
 τὴν κόμην ὁμοίαν ἔχει, λάμπουσι δὲ ὑπὸ ταῖς
 ὀφρύσιν οἱ ὀφθαλμοὶ, καθάπερ ἐν χρυσῇ
 σφενδόνῃ ψηφίς; Καὶ τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἐρυ-
 θήματος μεστὸν, τὸ δὲ στόμα λευκῶν ὀδόντων
 ὥσπερ ἐλέφαντος; Τίς ἐκείθεν οὐκ ἂν εὗξαιτο
 λαβεῖν ἐραστῆς λευκὰ φιλήματα; Εἰ δὲ
 νέμοντος ἠράσθην, θεοὺς ἐμιμησάμην. Βουκό-
 λος ἦν Ἀγχίστης, καὶ ἔσχεν αὐτὸν Ἀφροδίτη·
 αἶγας ἔνεμε Βράγχιος, καὶ Ἀπόλλων αὐτὸν
 ἐφίλησε· ποιμὴν ἦν Γανυμήδης, καὶ αὐτὸν ὁ
 Ζεὺς ἥρπασε. Μὴ καταφρονῶμεν παιδὸς, ᾧ
 καὶ αἶγας, ὡς ἐρώσας, πειθομένης εἶδομεν· ἀλλ'
 εἰ ἔτι μένειν ἐπὶ γῆς ἐπιτρέπουσι τοιοῦτο
 κάλλος, χάριν ἔχωμεν τοῖς Διὸς αἵετοῖς."

Ἡδὺ δὲ γελάσας ὁ Ἄστυλος ἐπὶ τούτῳ μά-

who would not pity a lover who has to fear what he loves? No doubt the form that I love is that of a slave, but its beauty is free. Do you see how like his hair is to the hyacinth, how his eyes glitter beneath his brows, like a jewel in a setting of gold? His face is ruddy, his teeth are white as ivory. Who would not long for a tender kiss from his lips? In loving a goatherd, I am but following the example of the Gods. Anchises was a cowherd, and Aphrodite possessed him: Branchius tended goats, and Apollo loved him: Gany-mede was a shepherd, and Zeus carried him up to heaven. Let us not despise a lad, whose goats we see obey him, as if even they were enamoured of him: let us rather thank the eagles of Zeus for allowing such beauty to remain upon the earth."

Astylus, who was highly amused by this speech, laughed and told Gnathon that love produced very plausible orators: at the same time, he promised to watch

λιστα τῷ λεχθέντι, καὶ ὡς μεγάλους ὁ Ἑρως ποιεῖ σοφιστὰς, εἰπὼν, ἐπετήρει καιρὸν ἐν ᾧ τῷ πατρὶ περὶ Δάφνιδος διαλέξεται. Ἀκούσας δὲ τὰ λεχθέντα κρύφα πάντα ὁ Εὐδρομος, καὶ τὰ μὲν τὸν Δάφνιν φιλῶν, ὡς ἀγαθὸν νεανίσκον, τὰ δὲ ἀχθόμενος εἰ Γνάθωνος ἐμπαροίνημα γενήσεται τοιοῦτο κάλλος, αὐτίκα καταλέγει πάντα κἀκείνῳ καὶ Δάμῳ. Ὁ μὲν οὖν Δάφνις ἐκπλαγεὶς, ἐγίνωσκεν ἅμα τῇ Χλόῃ τολμῆσαι φυγεῖν, ἢ ἀποθανεῖν, κοινωνὸν κἀκείνην λαβών. Ὁ δὲ Δάμων προσκαλεσάμενος ἔξω τῆς αὐλῆς τὴν Μυρτάλην. “Οἰχόμεθα, εἶπεν, ὦ γύναι. Ἦκει καιρὸς ἐκκαλύπτειν τὰ κρυπτά. Ἑρμιοὶ δὲ αἱ αἰγες καὶ τὰ λοιπὰ πάντα· ἀλλὰ, μὰ τὸν Πᾶνα, καὶ τὰς Νύμφας, οὐδ’ εἰ μέλλω βούς, φασὶν, ἐν αὐλείῳ καταλείπεσθαι, τὴν Δάφνιδος τύχην ἣτις ἐστὶν οὐ σιωπήσω μὲν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ὅ, τι εὖρον ἐκκείμενον, ἐρῶ, καὶ ὅπως τρεφόμενον, μηνύσω, καὶ ὅσα εὖρον συνεκκείμενα, δείξω. Μαθέτω Γνάθων ὁ μισαρὸς οἶος

for an opportunity to speak to his father about Daphnis. But Eudromus had heard all that was said without being seen. His friendship for Daphnis, whom he considered a worthy young man, and his indignation at the idea of such beauty being handed over to the insults of a drunken wretch like Gnathon, made him go and tell Daphnis and Lamon at once. Daphnis, in great consternation, at first thought of flight in company with Chloe, or of dying together with her. Then Lamon called Myrtale out, and said to her: "We are lost, my dear wife: the moment is come to reveal what has long been hidden. Although the goats and everything else be abandoned, I swear, by Pan and the Nymphs, even though I should be left like a worn-out ox in the stall, that I will no longer hold my tongue in regard to the history of Daphnis. I will tell how I found him exposed: I will declare how he has been brought up: and I will show all the tokens that I found exposed with him. That infamous wretch Gnathon shall know what manner of man

ὦν οἶων ἐρᾷ. Παρασκευάζέ μοι μόνον εὐτρεπῆ τὰ γνωρίσματα.”

Οἱ μὲν ταῦτα συνθέμενοι, ἀπῆλθον εἴσω πάλιν· ὁ δὲ Ἄστυλος σχολὴν ἄγοντι τῷ πατρὶ προσρύνει, αἰτεῖ τὸν Δάφνιν εἰς τὴν πόλιν καταγαγεῖν, ὥς καλὸν τε ὄντα καὶ ἀγροικίας κρείττονα, καὶ ταχέως ὑπὸ Γνάθωνος καὶ τὰ ἀστυκὰ διδαχθῆναι δυνάμενον. Χαίρων ὁ πατήρ διδῶσι· καὶ μεταπεμψάμενος τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην, εὐηγγελίζετο αὐτοῖς, ὅτι Ἄστυλον θεραπεύσει λοιπὸν ἀντὶ αἰγῶν καὶ τράγων Δάφνις· ἐπηγγέλλετο δὲ δύο ἀντ’ ἐκείνου δώσειν αὐτοῖς αἰπόλους. Ἐνταῦθα ὁ Λάμων, πάντων ἤδη συνερῥυηκότων, καὶ ὅτι καλὸν ὁμόδουλον ἔξουσιν ἡδομένων, αἰτήσας λόγον, ἤρξατο λέγειν· “Ἀκουσον, ὦ δέσποτα, παρὰ ἀνδρὸς γέροντος ἀληθῆ λόγον· ἐπόμνυμι δὲ τὸν Πᾶνα καὶ τὰς Νύμφας, ὥς οὐδὲν ψεύσομαι. Οὐκ εἰμὶ Δάφνιδος πατήρ, οὐδ’ εὐ-

he is, and who it is that he has the audacity to love. Do you look after the tokens, and see that I have them ready to hand."

Having settled this, they went indoors. Meanwhile, Astylus, finding his father disengaged, hastened to him and asked permission to take Daphnis home with him to the city, declaring that he was a handsome lad and too superior to be left in the country, and that Gnathon would soon teach him city manners. His father willingly gave his consent, and, having sent for Lamon and Myrtale, told them the good news that Daphnis would in future serve his son Astylus instead of tending goats, and promised to give them two goatherds to take his place. Then, when all the other slaves had gathered together, delighted at the prospect of having so handsome a fellow-servant, Lamon asked leave to speak, and, on its being granted, began as follows: "O master, hear a true story from an old man: I swear by Pan and the Nymphs that I will not utter a word that is false.

τύχησε Μυρτάλη μήτηρ γενέσθαι. Ἄλλοι πατέρες ἐξέθηκαν τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον, ἴσως παιδίων πρεσβυτέρων ἅλις ἔχοντες· ἐγὼ δὲ εὖρον ἐκκείμενον, καὶ ὑπὸ αἰγὸς ἐμῆς τρεφόμενον, ἣν καὶ ἀποθανοῦσαν ἔθαψα ἐν τῷ περικλήπῳ, φιλῶν ὅτι ἐποίησε μητρὸς ἔργα. Εὖρον αὐτῷ καὶ γνωρίσματα συνεκείμενα· ὁμολογῶ, δέσποτα, καὶ φυλάττω· τύχης γάρ ἐστι μείζονος ἢ καθ' ἡμᾶς σύμβολα. Ἀστύλου μὲν οὖν εἶναι δοῦλον αὐτὸν οὐχ ὑπερηφανῶ, καλὸν οἰκέτην καλοῦ καὶ ἀγαθοῦ δεσπότη· παροίνημα δὲ Γνάθωνος οὐ δύναμαι περιῦδεῖν γενόμενον, ὃς ἐς Μιτυλήνην αὐτὸν ἄγειν ἐπὶ γυναικῶν ἔργα σπουδάζει."

Ὁ μὲν Δάμων ταῦτα εἰπὼν ἐσιώπησε, καὶ πολλὰ ἀφῆκε δάκρυα. Τοῦ δὲ Γνάθωνος θρασυνομένου, καὶ πληγὰς ἀπειλοῦντος, ὁ Διονυσόφανης τοῖς εἰρημένοις ἐκπλαγεῖς, τὸν μὲν Γνάθωνα σιωπᾷν ἐκέλευσε, σφύδρα τὴν ὀφρῦν εἰς αὐτὸν

I am not the father of Daphnis, nor has Myrtale the good fortune to be his mother. He was exposed when a child by other parents, who perhaps had enough children already. I found him abandoned, and being suckled by one of my goats, which I buried in the garden when it died: for I loved it because it had performed the part of a mother towards the infant. I also found some tokens lying by its side: this I confess, master, and also that I kept them: for they show that he belongs to a higher rank of life than our own. I have no objection to his serving Astylus, for he will be a good servant to a good and honourable master: but I cannot endure that he should become the laughing-stock of the drunken Gnathon, who wants to take him to Mitylene and make him play the part of a woman."

After this Lamon was silent and burst into tears. But when Gnathon waxed bolder and threatened to chastise him, Dionsophanes, astounded at what Lamon had said, knitted his brows and ordered Gnathon to hold his tongue: then he again

τοξοποιήσας· τὸν δὲ Λάμωνα πάλιν ἀνέκρινε, καὶ παρεκελεύετο τὰληθῇ λέγειν, μηδὲ ὅμοια πλάττειν μύθοις, ἐπὶ τῷ κατέχειν τὸν υἱόν. Ὡς δὲ ἀτενὴς ἦν, καὶ κατὰ πάντων ὥμννε θεῶν, καὶ ἐδίδου βασανίζειν αὐτόν, εἴ τιψεύδεται, καθημένης τῆς Κλεαρίστης ἐβασάνιζε τὰ λελεγμένα. “Τί δ’ ἂν ἐψεύδετο Λάμων, μέλλων ἀνθ’ ἐνὸς δύο λαμβάνειν αἰπόλους; Πῶς δ’ ἂν καὶ ταῦτα ἔπλασεν ἄγροικος; Οὐ γὰρ εὐθὺς ἦν ἄπιστον, ἐκ’ τοιούτου γέροντος καὶ μήτρας εὐτελοῦς υἱὸν καλὸν οὕτω γενέσθαι;”

Ἐδόκει μὴ μαντεύεσθαι ἐπιπλέον, ἀλλὰ ἤδη τὰ γινωρίσμάτα σκοπεῖν, εἰ λαμπρᾶς καὶ ἐνδοξοτέρας τύχης. Ἀπῆει μὲν Μυρτάλη κομίσουσα πάντα φυλαττόμενα ἐν πῆρᾳ παλαιᾳ. Κομισθέντα δὲ πρῶτος Διονυσοφάνης ἔβλεπε, καὶ ἰδὼν χλαμύδιον ἄλουργές, πόρπην χρυσήλατον, ξιφίδιον ἐλεφαντόκωπον, μέγα βοίσας,

questioned the old man, exhorting him to speak the truth, and not to invent some story, in order that he might keep his son. When Lamon persisted in his tale, swore by all the Gods that it was true, and offered to submit to the torture if he had lied, Dionysophanes, with Clearista sitting by his side, carefully considered what he had said. "What object could Lamon have in speaking falsely, seeing that he was to have two goatherds in place of one? how could a rude peasant have invented such a story? again, was it not at the outset incredible that so handsome a youth should be the offspring of an old man like Lamon and a shabby old woman like Myrtale?"

They determined not to trust any further to conjecture, but to examine the tokens at once, to see if they indicated that Daphnis belonged to a higher rank of life. Myrtale immediately went to fetch them out of an old sack in which they had been stored away. When they were brought, Dionysophanes looked at them first, and when he saw the little purple tunic with

ὦ Ζεῦ δέσποτα, καλεῖ τὴν γυναῖκα θεασομένην.
 Ἡ δὲ ἰδοῦσα, μέγα καὶ αὐτὴ βοᾷ· “Φίλαι
 Μοῖραι· οὐ ταῦτα ἡμεῖς συνεξεθήκαμεν ἰδίῳ
 παιδί, καὶ εἰς τούτους τοὺς ἀγροὺς κομίζουσιν
 Σωφροσύνην ἀπεστέιλामεν; Οὐκ ἄλλα μὲν οὖν,
 ἀλλὰ ταῦτά· φίλε ἄνερ, ἡμέτερόν ἐστι τὸ
 παιδίον· σὸς υἱός ἐστι Δάφνης, καὶ πατρῷας
 ἔνεμεν αἶγας.”

Ἔτι λεγούσης αὐτῆς, καὶ τοῦ Διονυσοφάνους
 τὰ γνωρίσματα φιλοῦντος, καὶ ὑπὸ περιττῆς
 ἡδονῆς δακρύνοντος, ὁ Ἄστυλος συνεῖς ὡς ἀδελ-
 φός ἐστι, ῥίψας θοιμάτιον, ἔθει κατὰ τοῦ
 παραδείσου, πρῶτος τὸν Δάφνιν φιλῆσαι
 θέλων. Ἰδὼν δὲ αὐτὸν μετὰ πολλῶν, καὶ
 βοῶντα, Δάφνι, νομίσας ὅτι συλλαβεῖν αὐτὸν
 βουλόμενος τρέχει, ῥίψας τὴν πήραν καὶ τὴν
 σύριγγα, πρὸς τὴν θάλατταν ἐφέρετο, ῥίψων
 ἑαυτὸν ἀπὸ τῆς μεγάλης πέτρας. Καὶ ἴσως

its golden clasp, and the dagger with the ivory handle, he cried aloud, "O Lord and master Zeus," and called his wife to look: and she, as soon as she saw them, in like manner cried aloud, "O kindly Fates: are not these the jewels which we gave to Sophrosyne to put by the side of our own son when she exposed him? There is no doubt about it: they are the same. Dear husband, the child is ours. Daphnis is your son, and has fed his father's goats."

While she was still speaking, Dionysophanes kissed the token, and wept from excess of joy. Then Astylus, understanding that Daphnis was his brother, immediately threw off his cloak, and hastened to the garden, wishing to be the first to embrace him. But when Daphnis saw him coming towards him, accompanied by a number of people, and shouting "Daphnis," thinking that he wanted to seize him, he threw away his wallet and his pipe, and fled towards the sea, intending to throw himself from the top of the rock: and perhaps, by a strange caprice of Fortune, Daphnis,

ἂν τὸ καινότατον εὐρεθεὶς ἀπολώλει Δάφνις, εἰ μὴ συνεῖς ὁ Ἄστυλος ἐβόα πάλιν. “ Στῆθι, Δάφνι, μηδὲν φοβηθῆς· ἀδελφός εἰμί σου; καὶ γονεῖς, οἱ μέχρι νῦν δέσποται. Νῦν ἡμῖν Λάμων τὴν αἶγα εἶπε, καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα ἔδειξεν· ὅρα δὲ ἐπιστραφεὶς πῶς ἴασι φαιδροὶ καὶ γελῶντες. Ἄλλ’ ἐμὲ πρῶτον φίλησον· ὅμνυμι δὲ τὰς Νύμφας, ὡς οὐ ψεύδομαι.”

Μόλις καὶ μετὰ τὸν ὄρκον ἔστη, καὶ τὸν Ἄστυλον τρέχοντα περιέμεινε, καὶ προσελθόντα κατεφίλησεν. Ἐν ᾧ δὲ ἐκείνον ἐφίλει, πλῆθος τὸ λοιπὸν ἐπιρρεῖ θεραπόντων, θεραπαινῶν, αὐτὸς ὁ πατὴρ, ἡ μήτηρ μετ’ αὐτοῦ. Οὗτοι πάντες περιέβαλλον, κατεφίλουν χαίροντες, κλάοντες. Ὁ δὲ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων ἐφιλοφρονεῖτο· καὶ ὡς πάλαι εἰδὼς προσεστερνίζετο, καὶ ἐξελθεῖν τῶν περιβολῶν οὐκ ἠθέλεν· οὕτω φύσις ταχέως πιστεύεται. Ἐξελάθετο καὶ Χλόης πρὸς ὀλίγον· καὶ ἐλθὼν εἰς τὴν ἔπαυλιν, ἐσθῆτά τε ἔλαβε πολυτελῆ, καὶ παρὰ τὸν πατέρα τὸν ἴδιον καθεστθεὶς, ἤκουεν αὐτοῦ λέγοντος οὕτως.

who had just been found, would have been lost, had not Astylus, perceiving his intention, shouted to him: "Stop, Daphnis: fear nothing: I am your brother: your former master and mistress are your parents. Lamon has told us all about the goat, and shown us the tokens: look, turn round and see how glad and cheerful they seem. But kiss me first: I swear by the Nymphs that I am speaking the truth."

Even when he heard this oath, Daphnis was loth to stop: however, he waited for Astylus, and kissed him when he came running up to him. In the meantime, all the household, men and women servants, and his mother and father came and embraced and kissed him, with tears of joy. Daphnis welcomed them all affectionately, but especially his father and mother, whom he clasped to his bosom as if he had already known them for a long time: so quickly does Nature make her claim felt. For a while he even forgot Chloe: and when he reached the homestead, they gave him a handsome dress, and he sat down by the side of his father, who addressed him and Astylus as follows:

“Ἐγὼ γάρ, ὦ παῖδες, κομιδῇ νέος, καὶ χρόνου
 διελθόντος ὀλίγου, πατήρ, ὡς ὤμην, εὐτυχῆς
 ἐγεγόνειν. Ἐγένετο γάρ μοι πρῶτος υἱός,
 καὶ δευτέρα θυγάτηρ, καὶ τρίτος Ἄστυλος.
 Ὡμην ἱκανὸν εἶναι τὸ γένος, καὶ γενόμενον ἐπὶ
 πᾶσι τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον ἐξέθηκα, οὐ γνωρίσ-
 ματα ταῦτα συνεκθεῖς, ἀλλὰ ἐντάφια. Τὰ δὲ
 τῆς Τύχης ἄλλα βουλεύματα. Ὁ μὲν γὰρ
 πρεσβύτερος παῖς καὶ ἡ θυγάτηρ ὁμοίᾳ νόσφ
 μιᾶς ἡμέρας ἀπώλοντο· σὺ δέ μοι προνοίᾳ
 θεῶν ἐσώθης, ἵνα πλείους ἔχωμεν χειραγωγούς.
 Μήτε οὖν σύ μοι μνησικακήσης ποτὲ τῆς ἐκ-
 θέσεως· (ἐκὼν γὰρ οὐκ ἐβουλευσάμην), μήτε
 σὺ λυπηθῇς, Ἄστυλε, μέρος ληψόμενος ἀντὶ
 πάσης τῆς οὐσίας· (κρεῖττον γὰρ τοῖς εὐφρο-
 νοῦσιν ἀδελφοῦ κτῆμα οὐδέν·) ἀλλὰ φιλεῖτε
 ἀλλήλους, καὶ χρημάτων γ’ ἕνεκα καὶ βασιλεῦσιν
 ἐρίζετε. Πολλὴν μὲν γὰρ ὑμῖν καταλείψω

“ My sons, I married when I was a very young man, and, after a short time, I became a happy father, as I then imagined. My first child was a son, the second a daughter, and the third, Astylus. I thought that three children were enough, and, when another son was born, I exposed him together with these jewels and tokens, which I considered rather as funeral ornaments than as tokens by which he might be afterwards recognised. But Fortune willed otherwise. My eldest son and daughter died of the same complaint on the same day: but you, Daphnis, have been preserved to us by the providence of the Gods that we may have greater support in our old age. Do not bear a grudge against me, my son, for having exposed you: for, though I did so, it was sorely against my will. Nor do you, Astylus, be annoyed that you will have to share your inheritance, for to a wise man a brother is better than all possessions. Love one another: as far as wealth is concerned, you need not envy even a king. For I will leave to both large estates,

γῆν, πολλοὺς δὲ οἰκέτας δεξιούς, χρυσόν, ἄργυρον, ὅσα ἄλλα εὐδαιμόνων κτήματα. Μόνον ἐξαίρετον τοῦτο Δάφνιδι τὸ χωρίον δίδωμι, καὶ Λάμωνα καὶ Μυρτάλην, καὶ τὰς αἶγας ἃς αὐτὸς ἔνεμεν.”

Ἔτι αὐτοῦ λέγοντος, Δάφνις ἀναπηδήσας, “καλῶς με, εἶπε, ταῦτα, πάτερ, ἀνέμνησας. Ἀπειμι τὰς αἶγας ἀπάξων ἐπὶ τὸν ποτὸν, αἷ που νῦν διψῶσαι παραμένονσι τὴν σύριγγα τὴν ἐμὴν, ἐγὼ δὲ ἐνταυθοὶ καθεξομαι.” Ἡδὺ πάντες ἐγέλασαν, ὅτι δεσπότης γεγενημένος, ἔτι θέλει εἶναι αἰπόλος. Κἀκείνας μὲν θεραπεύσων ἐπέμφθη τις ἄλλος· οἱ δὲ θύσαντες Διὶ Σωτῆρι, συμπόσιον συνεκρότουν. Εἰς τοῦτο τὸ συμπόσιον μόνος οὐχ ἦκε Γνάθων· ἀλλὰ φοβούμενος ἐν τῷ νεῷ τοῦ Διονύσου καὶ τὴν ἡμέραν ἔμεινε καὶ τὴν νύκτα, ὥσπερ ἰκέτης. Ταχείας δὲ φήμης εἰς πάντας ἐλθούσης, ὅτι Διονυσοφάνης εὗρεν υἱὸν, καὶ ὅτι Δάφνις ὁ αἰπόλος δεσπότης τῶν ἀγρῶν εὐρέθη, ἅμα ἔφ

a number of clever and industrious servants, gold, silver, and all other blessings that rich men enjoy. But I specially wish that Daphnis should have this estate, and I make him a present of Lamon and Myrtale, and the goats which he has tended."

While he was still speaking, Daphnis suddenly started up and said: "You have just reminded me, father: I will go and take my goats to drink: they are thirsty about this time, and are waiting for the sound of my pipe, while I am sitting here." Hereupon all laughed, at the idea that Daphnis, who had just become a master, should still wish to perform the duties of a goatherd. They sent some one else to look after his goats, offered sacrifice to Zeus Soter, and held high festival. Gnathon alone was not present, but, seized with alarm, he remained day and night in the temple of Dionysus, as a suppliant. The report soon spread that Dionysophanes had found his son, and that the goatherd Daphnis had become master of the estate: and, the next morn-

συνέτρεχον ἄλλος ἄλλαχόθεν, τῷ μὲν μειρακίῳ
 συνηδόμενοι, τῷ δὲ πατρὶ αὐτοῦ δῶρα κομί-
 ζοντες, ἐν οἷς καὶ ὁ Δρύας πρῶτος, ὁ τρέφων
 τὴν Χλόην.

Ὁ δὲ Διονυσοφάνης κατεῖχε πάντας, κοινω-
 νοὺς μετὰ τὴν εὐφροσύνην καὶ τῆς ἐορτῆς ἐσο-
 μένους. Παρεσκεύαστο δὲ πολὺς μὲν οἶνος,
 πολλὰ δὲ ἄλευρα, ὄρνιθες ἔλειοι, χοῖροι γαλα-
 θηνοὶ, μελιτώματα ποικίλα· καὶ ἱερεῖα δὲ
 πολλὰ τοῖς ἐπιχωρίοις θεοῖς ἐθύετο. Ἐνταῦθα
 ὁ Δάφνις συναθροίσας πάντα τὰ ποιμενικὰ
 κτήματα, διένειμεν ἀναθήματα τοῖς θεοῖς. Τῷ
 Διονύσῳ μὲν ἀνέθηκε τὴν πήραν καὶ τὸ δέρμα·
 τῷ Πανὶ τὴν σύριγγα καὶ τὸν πλάγιον αὐλόν·
 τὴν καλαύροπα ταῖς Νύμφαις, καὶ τοὺς γαυλοὺς
 οὓς αὐτὸς ἐτεκτήνατο. Οὕτω δὲ ἄρα τὸ σύνθητες
 ξενιζούσης εὐδαιμονίας τερπνότερόν ἐστιν, ὥστε
 ἐδάκρυσεν ἐφ' ἐκάστῳ τούτων ἀπαλλαττόμενος·
 καὶ οὔτε τοὺς γαυλοὺς ἀνέθηκε, πρὶν ἀμέλξαι,
 οὔτε τὸ δέρμα, πρὶν ἐνδύσασθαι, οὔτε τὴν
 σύριγγα, πρὶν συρίσαι· ἀλλὰ καὶ ἐφίλησεν

ing, the peasants gathered together from all parts to congratulate the young man, and offer presents to his father, the first to arrive being Dryas, who had brought up Chloe.

Dionysophanes made them all stay for the festivities: for he had prepared abundance of bread and wine, water-fowl, sucking-pigs, honey-cakes of all kinds, and victims to be offered as a sacrifice to the Gods of the country. Then Daphnis, having collected all his pastoral equipments, distributed them as offerings to the Gods. To Dionysus he consecrated his wallet and goat-skin, to Pan his pipe and flute, to the Nymphs his crook and the milk-pails which he had made himself. But—so much sweeter is that to which we are accustomed than strange and unexpected good fortune—Daphnis wept as he parted with each of these things. He did not offer up his milk-pails before he had milked his goats once again, nor his goat-skin before he had put it on again, nor his pipe before he had played upon it: he kissed them all, spoke to his goats,

αὐτὰ πάντα, καὶ τὰς αἶγας προσεῖπε, καὶ τοὺς τράγους ἐκάλεσεν ὀνομαστί· τῆς μὲν γὰρ πηγῆς καὶ ἔπιεν, ὅτι πολλάκις καὶ μετὰ Χλόης. Οὐπω δὲ ὁμολόγει τὸν ἔρωτα, καιρὸν παραφυλάττων.

Ἐν ᾧ δὲ Δάφνις ἐν θυσίαις ἦν, τάδε γίνεται περὶ τὴν Χλόην. Ἐκάθητο κλάουσα, τὰ πρόβατα νέμουσα, λέγουσα οἷα εἰκὸς ἦν· “ἐξελάθητό μου Δάφνις· ὄνειροπολεῖ γάμους πλουσίους. Τί γὰρ αὐτὸν ὁμνύειν ἀντὶ τῶν Νυμφῶν τὰς αἶγας ἐκέλευον; Κατέλιπε καὶ ταύτας ὡς καὶ Χλόην. Οὐδὲ θύων ταῖς Νύμφαις καὶ τῷ Πανὶ ἐπεθύμησεν ἰδεῖν Χλόην. Εὗρεν ἴσως παρὰ τῇ μητρὶ θεραπαίνας ἐμοῦ κρείττονας. Χαιρέτω· ἐγὼ δὲ οὐ ζήσομαι.”

Τοιαῦτα λέγονσαν, τοιαῦτα ἐννοοῦσαν, ὁ Δάμπις ὁ βουκόλος μετὰ χειρὸς γεωργικῆς ἐπιστάς, ἤρπασεν αὐτήν· ὡς οὔτε Δάφνιδος ἔτι γαμήσοντος, καὶ Δρύαντος ἐκείνον ἀγαπήσον-

and called his he-goats by name: he also went and drank at the fountain, because he had often done so before with Chloe. But he did not yet venture to declare his love, since he was waiting for a better opportunity.

While Daphnis was engaged in these ceremonies, this was what happened to Chloe. She was sitting down, weeping, while she tended her flock, and lamenting, as indeed was only natural: "Daphnis has forgotten me: he is dreaming of a wealthy match. Why did I make him swear by his goats instead of the Nymphs? he has abandoned them as he has abandoned Chloe: even when he was sacrificing to the Nymphs and Pan, he felt no desire to come and see me. Perhaps he has found some handmaids at his mother's house whom he prefers. May he be happy: but I can live no longer."

While she thus gave utterance to her thoughts, the herdsman Lampis came up with a band of peasants and carried her off, being persuaded that Daphnis would no longer care to marry her and that

τος. Ἡ μὲν οὖν ἐκομίζετο βοῶσα ἐλεεινόν· τῶν δέ τις ἰδόντων ἐμήνυσε τῇ Νάπῃ, καὶ κείνη τῇ Δρύαντι, καὶ ὁ Δρύας τῷ Δάφνιδι. Ὁ δὲ ἔξω τῶν φρενῶν γενόμενος, οὔτε εἰπεῖν πρὸς τὸν πατέρα ἐτόλμα, καὶ καρτερεῖν μὴ δυνάμενος, εἰς τὸν περίκηπον εἰσελθὼν ὠδύρετο, “ὦ πικρὰς ἀνευρέσεως,” λέγων. “Πόσον ἦν μοι κρεῖττον νέμειν; Πόσον ἤμην μακαριώτερος, δοῦλος ὢν; Τότε ἔβλεπον Χλόην· νῦν δὲ τὴν μὲν Λάμπις ἀρπάσας οἷχεται, νυκτὸς δὲ γενομένης, κοιμήσεται. Εγὼ δὲ πίνω, καὶ τρυφῶ, καὶ μάτην τὸν Πᾶνα, καὶ τὰς αἴγας, καὶ τὰς Νύμφας ὥμοσα.”

Ταῦτα τοῦ Δάφνιδος λέγοντος ἤκουσεν ὁ Γνάθων ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ λανθάνων· καὶ καιρὸν ἤκειν διαλλαγῶν πρὸς αὐτὸν νομίζων, τινὰς τῶν τοῦ Ἀστύλου νεανίσκων προσλαβὼν, μεταδιώκει τὸν Δρύαντα. Καὶ ἡγεῖσθαι κελεύσας ἐπὶ τὴν τοῦ Λάμπιδος ἑπαυλιν, συνέτεινε

Dryas would accept him¹ as her husband. As she was being carried off, uttering piercing cries, some one who had seen what had taken place went and told Nape, who informed Dryas, who in his turn told Daphnis. The latter, almost beside himself, had neither the courage to confess everything to his father, nor the strength of mind to resign himself to this misfortune; he entered the garden-walk, and thus lamented: "What a painful discovery! how much better would it have been for me to remain a shepherd! how much happier I was when I was a slave! Then I used to see Chloe: but now Lampis has carried her off, and at night he will sleep with her. But I am drinking and enjoying myself, and in vain have I taken an oath by Pan, my goats, and the Nymphs."

Daphnis's lamentations were heard by Gnathon, who was concealed in the garden. Thinking this a good opportunity for making peace with him, he went in search of Dryas, accompanied by some young men of Astylus's retinue, ordered him to conduct him to Lampis's

¹ Lampis.

δρόμον· καὶ καταλαβὼν ἄρτι εἰσάγοντα τὴν Χλόην, ἐκείνην τε ἀφαιρείται, καὶ ἀνθρώπους γεωργοὺς συνηλόησε πληγαῖς. Ἐσπούδαξε δὲ καὶ τὸν Λάμπιν δήσας ἄγειν ὡς αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ πολέμου τινὸς, εἰ μὴ φθάσας ἀπέδρα. Κατορθώσας δὲ τηλικούτον ἔργον, νυκτὸς ἀρχομένης ἐπανέρχεται. Καὶ τὸν μὲν Διονυσοφάνην εὐρίσκει καθεύδοντα, τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ἀγρυπνοῦντα, καὶ ἔτι ἐν τῷ περικήπῳ δακρύνοντα. Προσάγει δὴ τὴν Χλόην αὐτῷ, καὶ διδοὺς διηγείται πάντα, καὶ δεῖται μηδὲν ἔτι μνησικακοῦντα, δοῦλον ἔχειν οὐκ ἄχρηστον, μηδὲ ἀφελέσθαι τραπέζης, μεθ' ἣν τεθνήξεται λιμῷ. Ὁ δὲ ἰδὼν Χλόην, καὶ ἔχων ἐν χερσὶ, τῷ μὲν ὡς εὐεργέτῃ διηλλάττετο, τῇ δὲ ὑπὲρ τῆς ἀμελείας ἀπελογοίτο.

Βουλευομένοις δὲ αὐτοῖς ἐδόκει τὸν γάμον κρύπτειν, ἔχειν δὲ κρύφα τὴν Χλόην, πρὸς μόνην ὁμολογήσαντα τὸν ἔρωτα τὴν μητέρα·

house, and hastened thither with him. He came upon the herdsman just as he was taking Chloe inside, snatched her away from him, and severely beat the peasants who were with him. He was anxious to bind Lampis, and to take him away like a prisoner of war, but he got the start and ran away. Having accomplished this exploit, Gnathon returned at nightfall. He found Dionysophanes in bed, but Daphnis was still up, weeping in the garden. Gnathon conducted Chloe to him, told him what had taken place, begged him not to bear him ill-will any longer, but to keep him—for he would be a useful servant—and not to drive him away from his table, otherwise he would die of hunger. When Daphnis saw Chloe, and clasped her in his arms, he pardoned Gnathon in consideration of the service he had rendered him, and excused himself to Chloe for his own neglect.

After taking counsel together, they resolved not to mention their marriage as yet: meanwhile, Daphnis would see Chloe secretly, and only tell her mother of his

ἀλλ' οὐ συνεχώρει Δρύας, ἡξίου δὲ τῷ πατρὶ λέγειν, καὶ πείσειν αὐτὸς ἐπηγγέλλετο. Καὶ γενομένης ἡμέρας, ἔχων ἐν τῇ πύρᾳ τὰ γνωρίσματα, πρόσεισι τῷ Διονυσοφάνει καὶ τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ, καθημένοις ἐν τῷ παραδείσῳ· (παρῇν δὲ καὶ ὁ Ἄστυλος, καὶ αὐτὸς ὁ Δάφνις·) καὶ σιωπῆς γενομένης, ἤρξατο λέγειν· “Ὁμοία με ἀνάγκη Δάμῳνι τὰ μέχρι νῦν ἄρρητα ἐκέλευσε λέγειν. Χλόην ταύτην οὔτε ἐγέννησα, οὔτε ἀνέθρεψα· ἀλλὰ ἐγέννησαν μὲν ἄλλοι, κειμένην δὲ ἐν ἄντρῳ Νυμφῶν ἀνέτρεφεν οἷς. Εἶδον τοῦτο αὐτὸς καὶ ἰδὼν ἐθαύμασα καὶ θαυμάσας, ἔθρεψα. Μαρτυρεῖ μὲν καὶ τὸ κάλλος, ἔοικε γὰρ οὐδέν ἡμῖν· μαρτυρεῖ δὲ καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα, πλουσιώτερα γὰρ ἢ κατὰ ποιμένα. Ἰδετε ταῦτά, καὶ τοῖς προσήκοντας τῇ κόρῃ ζητήσατε, ἂν ἀξία ποτὲ Δάφνιδος φανῇ.”

love. Dryas, however, did not agree with this: he thought it best to tell Daphnis's father, and himself promised to obtain his consent. At daybreak, he put the tokens which had been found with Chloe into his wallet, and presented himself before Dionysophanes and Clearista, whom he found seated in the garden, together with Astylus and Daphnis. When all were silent, he addressed them as follows: "A necessity, similar to that which forced Lamon to speak, compels me to reveal what has hitherto been kept a secret. Chloe is not my daughter, neither did I rear her. She is the daughter of other parents who exposed her in the grotto of the Nymphs, where she was suckled by an ewe. I saw this with my own eyes, and when I saw it, I wondered, and brought up the child as my own. Her beauty is sufficient proof of this: she in no way resembles us. The tokens also bear witness; for they are too valuable to belong to shepherds. Look at them, try and discover the girl's parents, and see whether you consider her worthy of marriage with Daphnis."

Τοῦτο οὔτε Δρύας ἀσκόπως ἔρριψεν, οὔτε Διονυσοφάνης ἀμελῶς ἤκουσεν, ἀλλὰ ἰδὼν εἰς τὸν Δάφνιν, καὶ ὄρων αὐτὸν χλωριῶντα, καὶ κρύφα δακρύοντα, ταχέως ἐφώρασε τὸν ἔρωτα· καὶ ὥς ὑπὲρ παιδὸς ἰδίου μᾶλλον ἢ κόρης ἀλλοτρίας δεδοικῶς, διὰ πάσης ἀκριβείας ἤλεγχε τοὺς λόγους τοῦ Δρύαντος. Ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ τὰ γνωρίσματα εἶδε κομισθέντα, τὰ ὑποδήματα κατὰ χρυσα, τὰς περισκελίδας, τὴν μίτραν, προσκαλεσάμενος τὴν Χλόην, παρεκελεύετο θαρρῆναι, ὥς ἄνδρα μὲν ἔχουσαν ἤδη, ταχέως δὲ εὐρήσουσαν καὶ τὸν πατέρα καὶ τὴν μητέρα. Καὶ τὴν μὲν ἢ Κλεαρίστη παραλαβοῦσα, ἐκόσμει λοιπὸν ὥς υἱοῦ γυναῖκα· τὸν δὲ Δάφνιν ὁ Διονυσοφάνης ἀναστήσας μόνον, ἀνέκρινεν εἰ παρθένος ἐστί· τοῦ δὲ ὁμόσαντος μηδὲν γεγονέναι φιλήματος καὶ ὄρκων πλέον, ἡσθεὺς ἐπὶ τῷ συνωμοσίῳ, κατέκλινεν αὐτούς.

Ἦν οὖν μαθεῖν οἷόν ἐστι τὸ κάλλος, ὅταν

Dryas did not say this without a purpose, and it was not lost upon Dionysophanes, who, casting his eyes upon Daphnis, and seeing that he turned pale and was weeping silently, easily discovered the secret of his love. He accordingly took the greatest pains to verify what Dryas had said, being more anxious about his own son than about a young girl who was a stranger to him. When he saw the tokens — the gilt shoes, the anklets, and the head-dress, he called Chloe to him, and bade her be of good cheer, since she already had a husband, and would soon find her father and mother. Then Clearista took her and dressed her as became her son's intended wife: while Dionysophanes took Daphnis aside, and inquired of him whether Chloe was a virgin: and when he swore that nothing more had taken place between them than kisses and vows of fidelity, he expressed himself pleased at the oath they had taken, and made them sit down to table.

Then could be seen the power of beauty, when it is adorned: for Chloe, richly

κόσμον προσλάβη· ἐνδυθεῖσα γὰρ ἡ Χλόη, καὶ ἀναπλεξαμένη τὴν κόμην, καὶ ἀπολούσασα τὸ πρόσωπον, εὐμορφοτέρα τοσοῦτον ἐφάνη πᾶσιν, ὥστε καὶ Δάφνις αὐτὴν μόλις ἐγνώρισεν. Ὡμοσεν ἂν τις καὶ ἄνευ τῶν γνωρισμάτων, ὅτι τοιαύτης κόρης οὐκ ἦν Δρύας πατήρ. Ὅμως μέντοι παρῇν καὶ αὐτὸς, καὶ συνεισistiατο μετὰ τῆς Νάπης, συμπότας ἔχων ἐπὶ κλίνης ἰδίᾳ τὸν Λάμωνα καὶ τὴν Μυρτάλην. Πάλιν οὖν ταῖς ἐξῆς ἡμέραις ἐθύετο ἱερεῖα, καὶ κρατῆρες ἴσταντο, καὶ ἀνετίθει καὶ Χλόη τὰ ἑαυτῆς, τὴν σύριγγα, τὴν πῆραν, τὸ δέρμα, τοὺς γανλούς. Ἐκέρασε δὲ καὶ τὴν πηγὴν οἴνω, τὴν ἐν τῷ ἄνθρωπῳ, ὅτι καὶ ἐτράφη παρ' αὐτῇ, καὶ ἐλούσατο πολλάκις ἐν αὐτῇ. Ἐστεφάνωσε καὶ τὸν τάφον τῆς οἶος, δείξαντος Δρύαντος. Καὶ ἐσύριξέ τι καὶ αὐτὴ τῇ ποιίμνῃ· καὶ ταῖς θεαῖς συρίσασα, ἠὔξατο τοὺς ἐκθέοντας εὐρεῖν ἀξιόους τῶν Δάφνιδος γάμων.

dressed, with her hair plaited and her face washed, appeared far handsomer to all who saw her, so that even Daphnis scarcely recognised her. Leaving the tokens out of consideration, anyone would have been ready to swear that Dryas could not be the father of such a daughter. However he was present, and sat on the same couch with Nape, Lamon, and Myrtale. On the next and following days, victims were sacrificed, goblets of wine were prepared, and Chloe also consecrated to the Gods everything that belonged to her — her pipe, wallet, goat-skin, and milk-pails. She poured some wine into the water of the fountain at the bottom of the grotto, because she had been suckled on its brink, and had often bathed in it: she also crowned with a garland of flowers the tomb of the sheep, which was pointed out to her by Dryas. She also piped to her flocks, and, having sung a hymn to the Nymphs, she prayed to them that the parents who had exposed her might be found worthy to be allied by marriage with Daphnis.

Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἄλις ἦν τῶν κατ' ἀγρὸν ἐορτῶν, ἔδοξε βαδίζειν εἰς τὴν πόλιν, καὶ τοὺς τε τῆς Χλόης πατέρας ἀναζητεῖν, καὶ περὶ τὸν γάμον αὐτῶν μηκέτι βραδύνειν. Ἔωθεν οὖν ἐνσκευασάμενοι, τῷ Δρύαντι μὲν ἔδωκαν ἄλλας τρισχιλίας, τῷ Λάμωνι δὲ τὴν ἡμίσειαν μοῖραν τῶν ἀγρῶν θερίζειν καὶ τρυγᾶν, καὶ τὰς αἶγας ἅμα τοῖς αἰπόλοις, καὶ ζεύγη βοῶν τέτταρα, καὶ ἐσθῆτας χειμερινὰς, καὶ ἐλευθέραν τὴν γυναῖκα.¹ Καὶ μετὰ τοῦτο ἤλαυνον ἐπὶ Μιτυλήνῃ ἵπποις, καὶ ζεύγεσι, καὶ τρυφῇ πολλῇ. Τότε μὲν οὖν ἔλαθον τοὺς πολίτας, νυκτὸς κατελθόντες· τῆς δὲ ἐπιούσης, ὄχλος ἠθροίσθη περὶ τὰς θύρας, ἀνδρῶν, γυναικῶν. Οἱ μὲν τῷ Διονυσοφάνει συνήδοντο παῖδα εὐρόντι, καὶ μᾶλλον, ὀρῶντες τὸ κάλλος τοῦ Δάφνιδος· αἱ δὲ τῇ Κλεαρίστῃ συνέχαιρον ἅμα κομιζούσῃ καὶ παῖδα καὶ νύμφην. Ἐξέπληξε γὰρ κακείνας ἡ Χλόη, κάλλος ἐκφαίνουσα παρενδοκιμηθῆναι μὴ δυνά-

¹ Read: καὶ ἐλεύθερον εἶναι αὐτοῦ τε καὶ τὴν γυναῖκα.

When they became tired of the rustic festivities, they resolved to return to the city, to try and find out who Chloe's parents were, and to hasten on the marriage. Accordingly, in the morning, they packed up their things, and made ready for their journey: but, before they started, they gave Dryas another 3,000 drachmas, and to Lamon the privilege of gathering the corn and grapes of half the estate, together with the goats and goatherds, four yoke of oxen, some winter garments, and freedom for himself and his wife. After this, they set out for Mitylene, with a splendid equipage of horses and chariots. As they reached the city at night, the inhabitants were not aware of their arrival: but, on the following day, a crowd of men and women assembled round the house. The former congratulated Dionysophanes on having found a son, and all the more, when they saw how handsome Daphnis was: the latter shared Clearista's joy at having found, not only a son, but a wife for him. They also were struck with astonishment at Chloe's incomparable

μενον. Ὅλη γὰρ ἐκινεῖτο ἡ πόλις ἐπὶ τῇ
 μεираκίῳ καὶ τῇ παρθένῳ, καὶ εὐδαιμόνιζον μὲν
 ἤδη τὸν γάμον· ἤρχοντο δὲ καὶ τὸ γένος ἄξιον
 τῆς μορφῆς εὐρεθῆναι τῆς κόρης· καὶ γυναῖκες
 πολλαὶ τῶν μέγα πλουσίων ἤρασαντο θεοῖς
 αὐτὰι πιστευθῆναι μητέρες θυγατρὸς οὕτω
 καλῆς.

*Ὅναρ δὲ Διονυσοφάνει μετὰ φροντίδα πολλὴν
 εἰς βαθὺν ὕπνον κατενεχθέντι, τοιόνδε γίνεται·
 ἐδόκει τὰς Νύμφας δεῖσθαι τοῦ Ἑρωτος, ἥδη
 ποτ' αὐτοῖς κατανεῦσαι τὸν γάμον· τὸν δὲ
 ἐκλύσαντα τὸ τοξάριον, καὶ ἀποθέμενον παρὰ
 τὴν φαρέτρην, κελεύσας τῷ Διονυσοφάνει, πάν-
 τας τοὺς ἀρίστους τῶν Μιτυληναίων θέμενον
 συμπότας, ἡνίκα ἂν τὸν ὕστατον πλήσῃ κρα-
 τήρα, τότε δεικνύειν ἐκάστῳ τὰ γνωρίσματα·
 τὸ δὲ ἐντεῦθεν ἄδειν τὸν ὑμέναιον. Ταῦτα ἰδὼν
 καὶ ἀκούσας, ἔωθεν ἀνίσταται, καὶ κελεύσας
 λαμπρὰν ἐστίασιν παρασκευασθῆναι τῶν ἀπὸ
 γῆς, τῶν ἀπὸ θαλάττης, καὶ εἴ τι ἐν λίμναις,

beauty. The whole city was in a state of excitement over the young man and the maiden: their union was already looked upon as a happy one, and hopes were expressed that Chloe's birth might be found to be worthy of her beauty. More than one wealthy woman prayed to the Gods that she might be credited with being the mother of so beautiful a daughter.

Dionysophanes, weary with constant thought, fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed a dream. It seemed to him that the Nymphs were begging Love to give his consent to the marriage. Then the God unbent his bow, placed it on the ground by the side of his quiver, and ordered Dionysophanes to invite all the nobles of Mitylene to a banquet, and, when the last cup was filled, to show the tokens to each guest, and to sing the song of Hymen. Struck with this vision and the directions given by the God, when he rose in the morning, he ordered a sumptuous banquet to be prepared, furnished with every dainty that the land, the sea, the lakes, and rivers could produce, and invited all the nobles

καὶ εἴ τι ἐν ποταμοῖς, πάντας τοὺς ἀρίστους
Μιτυληναίων ποιεῖται συμπότας. Ὡς δὲ ἦδη
νύξ ἦν, καὶ ἐπέπληστο κρατὴρ ἐξ οὗ σπένδουσιν
Ἑρμῇ, εἰσκομίζει τις ἐπὶ σκεῦος ἀργυροῦν θε-
ράπων τὰ γνωρίσματα, καὶ περιφέρων ἐνδέξια
πᾶσιν ἐδείκνυε.

Τῶν μὲν οὖν ἄλλων ἐγνώρισεν οὐδεῖς. Μεγα-
κλῆς δέ τις διὰ γῆρας ὕστατος κατακείμενος,
ὥς εἶδε, γνωρίσας, πάνυ μέγα καὶ νεανικὸν
ἐβόα· “Τίνα ὁρῶ ταῦτα; Τί γέγονάς μοι
θυγάτριον; Ἄρα καὶ σὺ ξῆς; Ἡ ταῦτά τις
ἐβάστασε μόνα ποιμὴν ἐντυχών; Δέομαι, Διο-
νυσόφανες, εἰπέ μοι· πόθεν ἔχεις ἐμοῦ παιδίου
γνωρίσματα; Μὴ φθονήσης μετὰ Δάφνιν εὔρεῖν
τι καμέ.” Κελεύσαντος δὲ τοῦ Διονυσοφάνους
πρότερον ἐκείνον λέγειν τὴν ἔκθεσιν, ὁ Μεγα-
κλῆς οὐδὲν ὑφελὼν τοῦ τόνου τῆς φωνῆς, ἔφη·
“Ἦν ὀλίγος μοι βίος τὸν πρότερον χρόνον·
ὄν γὰρ εἶχον, εἰς χορηγίας καὶ τριηραρχίας
ἐξεδάπάνησα. Ὅτε ταῦτα ἦν, γίνεταιί μοι
θυγάτριον. Τοῦτο τρέφειν ὀκνήσας ἐν πενία,

of Mitylene. At evening, after the cup with which libations are offered to Hermes had been filled, one of the attendants brought in the tokens upon a silver vessel, and carried them round and showed them to each of the guests.

All declared that they did not recognise them, with the exception of one Megacles, who, on account of his great age, had been placed at the end of the table. As soon as he beheld them, he shouted out loudly: "What is this I see? my daughter, what has become of you? are you still alive? or did some shepherd find these tokens and pick them up? Dionysophanes, I beseech you, tell me, where did you get these tokens of my child? Now that you have found Daphnis, do not grudge me the happiness of finding something." Dionysophanes at first desired him to state how she had been exposed: and Megacles, in as firm a tone and voice as before, replied: "Formerly I was badly off, for I had spent what I possessed upon the public games and triremes. While I was thus situated, a daughter was born to me.

τούτοις τοῖς γνωρίσμασι κοσμήσας ἐξέθηκα, εἰδὼς ὅτι πολλοὶ καὶ οὕτω σπουδάζουσι πατέρες γενέσθαι. Καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐξέκειτο ἐν ἄνθρω Νυμφῶν, πιστευθὲν ταῖς θεαῖς· ἐμοὶ δὲ πλουτοῦς ἐπέρρει καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν, κληρονόμον οὐκ ἔχοντι. Οὐκέτι γοῦν οὔτε θυγατρίου γενέσθαι πατὴρ ἠτύχησα· ἀλλ' οἱ θεοὶ ὥσπερ γέλωτά με ποιούμενοι, νύκτωρ ὀνείρους μοι ἐπιπέμπουσι, δηλοῦντες ὅτι με πατέρα ποιήσει ποίμνιον.”

Ἀνεβόησεν ὁ Διονυσοφάνης μεῖζον τοῦ Μεγακλέους, καὶ ἀναπηδήσας, εἰσάγει Χλόην πάνυ καλῶς κεκοσμημένην, καὶ λέγει· “Τοῦτο τὸ παιδίον ἐξέθηκας. Ταύτην σοι τὴν παρθένον οἷς προνοία Νυμφῶν ἐξέθρεψεν, ὡς αἰξ Δάφνιν ἐμοί. Λάβε τὰ γνωρίσματα καὶ τὴν θυγατέρα· λαβὼν δὲ, ἀπόδος Δάφνιδι νύμφην. Ἀμφοτέρους ἐξέθήκαμεν, ἀμφοτέρους εὐρήκαμεν· ἀμφοτέρων ἐμέλῃσε Πανὶ, καὶ Νύμφαις, καὶ Ἐρωτι.” Ἐπῆνει τὰ λεγόμενα ὁ Μεγακλῆς, καὶ τὴν γυναῖκα Ῥόδην μετεπέμπετο, καὶ τὴν

Being afraid to bring her up in poverty, I decked her out with these tokens and exposed her, for I knew that there were many people who are ready to adopt the children of others. She was exposed in the grotto of the Nymphs, and intrusted to the protection of the Goddesses. In the meantime, Fortune favoured me: my wealth increased daily, but I had no heir, for I have not been fortunate to have even another daughter. The Gods also, as if to mock me, send me visions at night, announcing that a ewe shall make me a father."

Then Dionysophanes shouted even louder than Megacles: he started up, brought in Chloe richly attired, and said: "Here is the child you exposed: thanks to the providence of the Nymphs, a ewe nourished this maiden, as a goat suckled Daphnis for me. Take the tokens and your daughter, and give her to Daphnis as his bride. We exposed them both: we have found them both: both have been under the care of Pan, the Nymphs, and the God of Love." Megacles approved, clasped Chloe in his

Χλόην ἐν τοῖς κόλποις εἶχε. Καὶ ὕπνον αὐτοῦ μένοντες εἵλοντο· Δάφνις γὰρ οὐδενὶ διώμνυτο προήσεσθαι τὴν Χλόην, οὐδὲ αὐτῷ τῷ πατρί.

Ἡμέρας δὲ γενομένης, συνθέμενοι, πάλιν εἰς τὸν ἀγρὸν ἤλαυνον· ἐδείθησαν γὰρ τοῦτο Δάφνις καὶ Χλόη, μὴ φέροντες τὴν ἐν ἄστει διατριβήν. Ἐδόκει δὲ κακείοις ποιμενικοῦς τινας αὐτοῖς ποιῆσαι τοὺς γάμους. Ἐλθόντες οὖν παρὰ τὸν Λάμωνα, τὸν τε Δρύαντα τῷ Μεγακλεῖ προσήγαγον, καὶ τῇ Ῥόδῃ τὴν Νάπην συνέστησαν, καὶ τὰ πρὸς τὴν ἐορτὴν παρεσκευάζοντο λαμπρῶς. Παρέδωκε μὲν οὖν ἐπὶ ταῖς Νύμφαις τὴν Χλόην ὁ πατήρ, καὶ μετ' ἄλλων πολλῶν ἐποίησεν ἀναθήματα τὰ γνωρίσματα, καὶ Δρύαντι τὰς λειπούσας εἰς τὰς μυρίας ἐπλήρωσεν.

Ὁ δὲ Διονυσοφάνης, εὐημερίας οὔσης, αὐτοῦ πρὸ τοῦ ἄντρου στιβάδας ὑπεστόρεσεν ἐκ χλωρᾶς φυλλάδος, καὶ πάντας τοὺς κωμήτας κατακλίνας, εἰστία πολυτελῶς. Παρῆσαν δὲ Λάμων καὶ Μυρτάλη, Δρύας καὶ Νάπη, οἱ Δόρ-

arms, and sent for his wife Rhode. They slept that night at the house of Dionysophanes: for Daphnis had sworn that he would not intrust Chloe to anyone, not even to her own father.

At daybreak they agreed to return to the country, at the earnest request of Daphnis and Chloe, who could not get used to city life: besides, they had decided that the wedding should be a rustic one. They returned to Lamon's house, where Dryas was presented to Megacles, and Nape to Rhode, and all preparations were made for a brilliant festival. Megacles consecrated Chloe in presence of the Nymphs, and, amongst other offerings, dedicated the tokens to them, and made up to Dryas the sum of 10,000 drachmas.

As it was a very fine day, Dionysophanes ordered couches of green leaves to be spread in front of the grotto, invited all the villagers to the festivities, and entertained them handsomely. Lamon and Myrtale were there, together with Dryas and Nape, Dorcon's relations; Philetas and his sons, Chromis and Lycaenium: even

κωνι προσήκοντες, Φιλητᾶς, οἱ Φιλητᾶ παῖδες, Χρῶμις καὶ Λυκαίνιον· οὐκ ἀπὴν οὐδὲ Λάμπις συγγνώμης ἀξιοθεῖς. Ἦν οὖν, ὥς ἐν τοιοῖσδε συμπόταις, πάντα γεωργικὰ καὶ ἄγροικα· ὁ μὲν ἦδεν οἶα ἄδουσι θερίζοντες· ὁ δὲ ἔσκωπτε τὰ ἐπὶ ληνοῖς σκώμματα· Φιλητᾶς ἐσύρισε· Λάμπις ἠύλησε· Δρύας καὶ Λάμων ὠρχήσαντο· Χλόη καὶ Δάφνις ἀλλήλους κατεφίλουν. Ἐνέμοντο δὲ καὶ αἱ αἰγες πλησίον, ὥσπερ καὶ αὐταὶ κοινωνοῦσαι τῆς ἐορτῆς. Τοῦτο τοῖς μὲν ἀστυκοῖς οὐ πᾶν τερπνὸν ἦν· ὁ δὲ Δάφνις καὶ ἐκάλεσέ τινας αὐτῶν ὀνομαστί, καὶ φυλλάδα χλωρὰν ἔδωκε, καὶ κρατήσας ἐκ τῶν κεράτων κατεφίλησε.

Καὶ ταῦτα οὐ τότε μόνον, ἀλλ' ἔστε ἔζων, τὸν πλείστον χρόνον ποιμενικὸν εἶχον, θεοὺς σέβοντες, Νύμφας, καὶ Πᾶνα, καὶ Ἑρωτα, ἀγέλας δὲ προβάτων καὶ αἰγῶν πλείστας κτησάμενοι, ἡδίστην δὲ τροφήν νομίζοντες ὀπώραν καὶ γάλα. Αἰγὶ καὶ ἄρρεν μὲν παιδίον ὑπέθηκαν, καὶ θυγάτριον γενόμενον δεύτερον,

Lampis was forgiven, and allowed to be present. All the amusements were of a rustic and pastoral character, as was natural, considering the guests. One sang a reaper's song, another repeated the jests of the vintage season: Philetas played the pipe, Lampis the flute, Dryas and Lamon danced: Daphnis and Chloe embraced each other. The goats also were feeding close at hand, as if they desired to take part in the banquet. This was not altogether to the taste of the city people: but Daphnis called some of them by name, gave them some green leaves to eat, took them by the horns and kissed them.

And not only then, but as long as they lived, they devoted most of their time to a pastoral life. They paid especial reverence to the Nymphs, Pan, and Love, acquired large flocks of goats and sheep, and considered fruit and milk superior to every other kind of food. When a son was born to them, they put him to suck a goat: their daughter was suckled by a ewe: and they called the former Philo-

οἶος ἐλκύσαι θηλὴν ἐποίησαν· καὶ ἐκάλεσαν τὸν μὲν, Φιλοποίμενα, τὴν δὲ, Ἀγέλην· οὕτως αὐτοὶ κἀνταῦθα συνεγήρασαν· Οὗτοι καὶ τὸ ἄντρον ἐκόσμησαν, καὶ εἰκόνας ἀνέθεσαν, καὶ βωμὸν ἐποίησαντο Ποιμένος Ἑρωτος, καὶ τῷ Πανὶ δὲ ἔδοσαν ἀντὶ τῆς πίτνους οἰκεῖν νεῶν, Πᾶνα Στρατιώτην ὀνομάσαντες.

Ἄλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν ὕστερον ὠνόμασαν καὶ ἔπραξαν· τότε δὲ νυκτὸς γενομένης, πάντες αὐτοὺς παρέπεμπον εἰς τὸν θάλαμον, οἱ μὲν συρίττοντες, οἱ δὲ αὐλοῦντες, οἱ δὲ δᾶδας μεγάλας ἀνίσχοντες. Καὶ ἐπεὶ πλησίον ἦσαν τῶν θυρῶν, ἦδον σκληρᾷ καὶ ἀπηνεῖ τῇ φωνῇ, καθάπερ τριαίναις γῆν ἀναρρήγνύντες, οὐχ ὑμέναιον ᾄδοντες· Δάφνις δὲ καὶ Χλόη γυμνοὶ συγκατακλιθέντες, περιέβαλλον ἀλλήλους καὶ κατεφίλουν, ἀγρυπνήσαντες τῆς νυκτὸς ὅσον οὐδὲ γλαῦκες· καὶ ἔδρασέ τι Δάφνις ὦν αὐτὸν ἐπαίδευσεν Λυκαῖνιον· καὶ τότε Χλόη πρῶτον ἔμαθεν, ὅτι τὰ ἐπὶ τῆς ὕλης γινόμενα ἦν ποιμένων παίγνια.

poemen, and the latter Agele. Thus they lived to a good old age in the fields, decorated the grotto, set up statues, and erected an altar to Shepherd Love, and, in place of the pine, built a temple for Pan to dwell in, and dedicated it to Pan the Soldier.

But this did not take place until later. After the banquet, when night came, all the guests accompanied them to the nuptial chamber, playing on the pipe and flute, and carrying large blazing torches. When they were near the door, they began to sing in a harsh and rough voice, as if they were breaking up the earth with forks, instead of singing the marriage hymn. Daphnis and Chloe, lying naked side by side, embraced and kissed each other, more wakeful than the owl, the whole night long. Daphnis put into practice the lessons of Lycaenium, and then for the first time Chloe learned that all that had taken place between them in the woods was nothing more than the childish amusement of shepherds.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

*The following fragment, which fills up the hiatus in the narrative indicated by the asterisks on page 14, was discovered by P. L. Courier, in 1809, in the Laurentian Library at Florence.*¹

* * * And Daphnis, standing by the spring, began to wash his hair and his whole person. His hair was dark and thick, and his body tanned by the sun; one would have thought that it was darkened by the reflection of his hair. Chloe looked at him, and he seemed to her to be very handsome: and, because she had never thought him handsome before, she imagined that he owed his beauty to his bath. She washed his back and shoulders, and, finding his skin soft and yielding beneath her hand,

¹ See Introduction.

she more than once secretly touched herself, to see whether her own skin was more delicate. Then, as it was near sunset, they drove back their flocks to the homestead : and, from that moment, Chloe had but one thought, one desire—to see Daphnis in the bath again.

The following day, when they returned to the pasture, Daphnis sat down under his favourite oak-tree and played on his pipe, looking awhile at his goats, which, lying at his feet, seemed to be listening to his strains. Chloe, seated near him, was also looking after her sheep, but her eyes were more frequently fixed upon Daphnis. She again thought him handsome as he was playing on his pipe, and this time, imagining that he owed his beauty to the music, she took the pipe herself, to see whether she could make herself beautiful. She persuaded him to take a bath again, saw him in the bath and touched him : then, on her way home, she again began to praise his beauty, and this praise was the beginning of love. She did not know what was the matter with her, being a young girl brought

up in the country, who had never even heard anyone mention the name of Love. But her heart was a prey to languor, she no longer had control over her eyes, and she often uttered the name of Daphnis. She ate little, could not sleep at night, and neglected her flock: by turns she laughed and cried, slept and started up: her face was pale one moment, and covered with blushes the next: a cow, stung by the gadfly, was not more uneasy than Chloe. Sometimes, when she was quite alone, she talked to herself in the following strain:

“ I am ill, but I do not know the nature of my illness: I feel pain, but I am not wounded: I am sad, but I have lost none of my sheep. I am burning, although seated in the shade. The brambles have often torn my flesh, but I did not weep: the bees have often stung me, but I ate my food. The evil which now gnaws my heart must be sharper than all those. Daphnis is beautiful, but so are the flowers: his pipe gives forth sweet notes, but so do the nightingales: but yet I care not for them. Would that I were his pipe, that I might receive

his breath! Would that I were one of his goats, that I might be tended by him! O cruel water, that hast made Daphnis so beautiful, while I have washed in thee in vain! I perish, O beloved Nymphs, and you, too, refuse to save the girl who has been brought up in your midst. When I am dead, who will crown you with garlands? Who will feed my poor sheep? Who will look after the noisy grasshopper, which I took so much trouble to catch, that it might send me to sleep, chirping in front of the grotto? But now Daphnis has robbed me of sleep, and the grasshopper chirps in vain."

Such were the words she spoke in her suffering, seeking in vain for the name of Love. But Dorcon, the herdsman who had extricated Daphnis and the goat from the pit, a youth whose beard was just beginning to grow, who knew the name of Love and what it meant, had felt an affection for Chloe ever since that day, and, as time went on, his passion increased. Thinking little of Daphnis, whom he looked upon as a mere child, he resolved

to gain his object, either by bribery or violence. He first made them presents: to Daphnis he gave a rustic pipe, the nine reeds of which were fastened together with brass instead of wax, and to Chloe a spotted fawn's skin, such as Bacchus was wont to wear. Then, thinking that he was on sufficiently friendly terms with them, he gradually began to neglect Daphnis, while every day he brought Chloe a fresh cheese, a garland of flowers, or some ripe fruit; and once he presented her with a young calf, a gilt cup, and some young birds, which he had caught on the mountains. She, knowing nothing of the arts of lovers, was delighted to receive the presents, because she could pass them on to Daphnis. One day—since Daphnis also was destined to learn what Love meant—a discussion arose between him and Dorcon as to which of them was the handsomer. Chloe was appointed judge: and the victor's reward was to be a kiss. Dorcon spoke first:

“I am taller than Daphnis: I am a cow-herd, while he is only a goatherd, as much

superior to him as cows are superior to goats. I am white as milk, ruddy as corn fit for the sickle : my mother reared me, not a wild beast. He is short, beardless as a woman, black as a wolf. He tends goats, and stinks like them. He is so poor that he cannot even keep a dog : and if, as is reported, a goat has suckled him, he differs little from a kid."

After Dorcon had spoken thus, Daphnis replied :

" Yes, like Zeus, I was suckled by a goat : I tend goats that are larger than his cows, and I do not smell of them, any more than Pan, who is more like a goat than anything else. I am content with cheese, hard bread, and sweet wine : if he have these, a man is rich in the country. I am beardless, so was Dionysus : I am dark, so is the hyacinth : and yet Dionysus is superior to the Satyrs, the hyacinth to the lily. He is as red as a fox, bearded like a goat, white as a woman from the city. If you kiss me, you will kiss my mouth : but, if you kiss him, you will only kiss the hairs on his chin. Lastly, O

maiden, remember that you were suckled by a sheep: and yet how beautiful you are!"

Chloe could wait no longer: delighted at such praise, and having long been eager to kiss Daphnis, she jumped up and kissed him, simply and artlessly, but yet her kiss had power to inflame his heart. Dorcon, deeply annoyed, hastened away, to think of some other way of satisfying his desires. Daphnis, on the other hand, seemed to have received a sting, rather than a kiss. He immediately became sad and pensive: he was seized with a chill, and was unable to restrain his palpitating heart: he wanted to look at Chloe, and, when he did so, his face was covered with blushes. Then, for the first time, he admired her fair hair, her eyes as large as those of a heifer, her face whiter than goats' milk: it seemed as if he then began for the first time to see, and had hitherto been blind. He merely tasted his food, and hardly moistened his lips with drink. He who was once more noisy than the locusts, remained silent: he who was formerly more active than his

goats, sat idle: his flock was neglected, his pipe lay on the ground, his face was paler than the grass in summer. He could only speak of Chloe: and, whenever he was away from her * * *.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
1000 5th Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

1000 5th Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

EXPLANATORY NOTE

PAUL LOUIS COURIER, the writer of the letter which follows, had discovered at Florence, at the monastery of Monte Cassino, a complete MS. of the Pastorals of Longus, which had hitherto been printed only in a mutilated form, and was preparing to publish the Greek text, together with a translation, when he received permission to dedicate the whole to the Princess, as Élise, the sister of Bonaparte, was called in Tuscany. This permission, announced to Courier by the Prefect of Florence in the presence of a number of people, caused him surprise. It was the last thing he expected, and he refused to take advantage of it, alleging as his excuse that the public always ridiculed such dedications : but the excuse was considered frivolous ; the public, at that time, counted for nothing, and Courier was looked upon as a man not sufficiently devoted to the dynasty which was considered worthy to occupy every throne. He was accordingly branded as a philosopher, inde-

pendent or even worse, and deprived of the protection of the Government. He was immediately attacked : the newspapers denounced him at first as a philosopher, then as a thief. One Signor Puccini, the Italian chamberlain of the august Élisabeth, wrote about the matter in France and Germany : the virtuous princess herself sent a message to Paris that a certain person who had by accident discovered a fragment of valuable Greek, had seized it in order to sell it to the English. This meant that the man was to be shot and his Greek confiscated, if the opportunity occurred ; for the *savants* were already in possession of the unearthed fragment which completed Longus—the fragment that was really very valuable, printed and distributed gratis with Courier's version.

Another Florentine, a professor of Greek named Furia, very ignorant of Greek and every other language, annoyed at the stir this discovery produced amongst the Italian men of letters, took his pen in hand and composed a pamphlet. Pamphlets were rare in the time of the great Napoleon : this was read beyond the mountains, and even reached Paris. M. Renouard, the publisher, who was accused in the pamphlet of having an understanding with Courier to steal the monks' Greek,

alone replied : Courier was thinking of something else.

Prints also appeared, one of which represented him in a library, upsetting all the ink from his inkhorn upon an open book, which book was the MS. of Longus. For, as will be explained, he had made a blot in it while copying it, which was the sole pretext for the persecution and clamour that was raised against him. It was declared that he intended to destroy the original text, in order to be the sole possessor of a complete Longus. A high official considered this reasoning admirable, and, without making further inquiries, ordered the confiscation of the Greek and French published by Courier at Florence : this was truly amusing, for, for fear that he might be the sole possessor of what he was giving to the whole world, the librarian, who knew nothing about Greek or MSS., and as little about Longus as about his translator, had at first written to stop the sale of the work, whatever it was : then, learning that it was not on sale, but that the Greek and French were being presented to a small number of learned men, he caused all the copies to be confiscated, to prevent Courier from appropriating them. The latter, without betraying any emotion, left his Chloe in the hands of

the police, having resolved to take no steps to get out of the difficulty ; but at length he was informed that it was intended to arrest him himself. This made him consider the matter with attention, and he began to think how he might get out of the difficulty, when he was summoned by the Prefect of Rome (where he was at the time) to give information concerning his conduct, connections, position, property, birth, and the blot of ink, all in accordance with orders from his superiors. He wrote to the Prefect as follows :

“Monsieur, I have not thought it worth while to reply to the slanders that have been published against me during the past year, believing that such follies would make little impression upon sensible minds ; but, since the minister attaches importance to them, and I must at length explain myself in regard to this miserable affair, I intend to offer the public, before whom I am accused, as clear and precise a justification of myself as lies within my power. You shall receive the first copy of this brief pamphlet, in which his Excellency will find the information he requires.”

The Prefect replied : “Monsieur, beware of publishing anything in regard to the matter in question : you will expose yourself to great risk,

and the printer who lends you his services will be equally compromised."

It was a question of a blot of ink, and observe (for there is a moral in all history, and everything supplies material for instruction to him who will reflect) and wonder at the doctrine of power: slanders are printed, the reply to them is not. Anyone who pleases can tell the public in pamphlets and in the newspapers that *Courier* is a thief, while he must not address the same public and prove that he is an honest man. The minister carries the matter before his cabinet, where he alone will decide, and will declare Paul Louis an honest man or a scoundrel according as he thinks it will please her Majesty, according to the pleasure of her Imperial Highness Madame Baccocchi.¹

Courier, although forbidden, wrote to the Prefect again as follows: "Monsieur, I did not know that your permission to print my little justificatory pamphlet was necessary; but, since it is, I beg you will let me have it."

As he had fully expected, he received no answer. Fortunately, he remembered a poor devil of a printer named Lino Contadini, who lived near the Sapience, who printed nothing but almanacks, and was little in harmony with

¹ Éliisa, the sister of Napoleon I., was married to a Corsican named Felice Pasquale Baccocchi.

the new censorship. He went to him and said : "Quick, get this printed for his Excellency the Prefect of Police;" to which the worthy man replied, "My dear sir, how can I do it? I do not understand a word of French; how, then, can I make out this scrawl, full of erasures?" "Well, then," rejoined Courier, "we will work at it together; but let us be quick, the Prefect is waiting." So then they set to work, and Courier was compositor, corrector, printer, and everything else. The copy was a wonderful work: there were ten mistakes in every line, but with great effort it was capable of being deciphered. When it was finished, the worthy printer felt certain qualms of conscience. "Do we not want a permit," he asked, "to do what we are doing?" "No." "Yes," said Lino. "What, for the Prefect?" "Wait," said Lino, "I will be back directly." He went off to the Prefect, and, in the meantime, Courier made up a parcel of 100 copies or so, which he carried away with him. A quarter of an hour later the printing-office was full of *sbirri* (gendarmes).

Having now obtained almost all he wanted, Courier wrote a final letter to the Prefect: "Mon-sieur, I have deceived Lino the printer. I made him believe that he was working for you: I spoke

to him in your name and as if I had been commissioned by you. I hurried him on by declaring that you were waiting impatiently for the result of his work ; in fact, I have employed all the means I could think of to deceive this man, who, thinking that he was serving you, was ignorant of what he was doing. After this declaration on my part, Monsieur, I feel sure that you are too sensible to lay upon him, instead of upon me alone, the blame for the publication of my literary polemic. I will only ask you to be kind enough to send it, together with this letter, to the Minister, who is curious to know what I am working at and who I am."

Poor Lino was arrested, questioned, reprimanded, and then dismissed. The Prefect did not forward either the letter or pamphlet to the Minister, but soon afterwards he received a sharp reproof from his master. What a blunder on the part of a Prefect—to allow the complaint of an ill-treated man to be printed and published ! The trickery of which he had been the dupe did not excuse him in the eyes of a strong Government. He was responsible ; the complaint had appeared ; it was his fault,—the man who was paid for the very purpose of preventing such things. He nearly lost his post, and it would

have been really a pity ; he would not be what he is at the present day (a State councillor) if he had ceased at that time to serve the dynasties.

After this, Courier lived quietly at Rome, and heard no more of the Prefect or the Minister. His letter made a stir, especially in Italy. The Lombards were delighted to see Florence laughed at and treated as ignorant. Some pamphlets appeared supporting Courier ; those who wanted to answer them were forbidden to do so by the Government, which enjoined silence on all. At that time, the least discussion, in which the public would have been the judge, was dreaded. The present dispute, which at first was merely silly and ridiculous, led to serious, even tragic results. It made Furia ill and killed Puccini : the latter, when dining one day with the Comtesse d'Albani, the widow of the English Pretender, began to quarrel with one of the guests, who was defending Courier, and became so enraged that, when he returned home in the evening, he wrote a letter of excuses to Madame d'Albani, took to his bed and died, regretted by all, for he was a worthy man, except for his violent temper. Courier was not responsible for this, as he has been reproached with being ; but, if he had been able to foresee such a catastrophe, the fear of causing

the death of a Chamberlain would not have hindered him from writing in his own defence, when he thought it his duty to do so.

What gave offence in this pamphlet was a freedom of style, an air of discontent which was considered very extraordinary at that time, and the disrespectful manner in which he spoke of the Government employees ; but, above all, the fact that it revealed the hatred of Italy for this Government and the French name. Bonaparte believed he was worshipped everywhere ; his police assured him of the fact every morning ; a voice which gave utterance to a contrary opinion was highly embarrassing to the police, and might possibly have attracted Bonaparte's attention, as in fact happened : for he spoke of it one day, and wanted to know who was the retired officer who lived at Rome and was having Greek printed. What he heard about him induced him to leave him in peace.

A LETTER
FROM
P. L. COURIER
TO
MONSIEUR RENOUARD

MONSIEUR,—I have seen your notice of a fragment of Longus recently discovered, that is to say, your apology in reference to this discovery, in which you were accused of having had some ulterior object. It seems to me that you have completely justified yourself, and I should rejoice with you, if I could rejoice ; but this affair, which you have come out of with such flying colours, has taken a different turn as far as I am concerned ; and, while you have escaped our common enemies, I really do not know what is going to become of me.

I have heard from Florence that this poor translation, of the existence of which you have informed the public, has just been seized at the bookseller's ; that a search is being made for the translator, and that, while he is still undiscovered,

he is still the subject of legal proceedings. There is a talk of prosecution, inquiries, evidence, and nothing is said about the rest.¹ Such, Monsieur, is the pretty mess in which you have involved me ; for, if you remember, it was you who first thought of giving this unhappy fragment to the public ; I, who had been acquainted with it since I spoke of it to you at Bologna, two years before, had not even thought of reading it. "Were it not for this fragment fatal to the tranquillity of my life, my days would pass away quietly and leisurely, free from the attacks of jealousy ;"² I should not have had anything to do with the *savants* of Florence ; no one would ever have suspected that they knew their trade so ill, and the ignorance of these gentlemen, which is only made manifest in their works, would have remained unknown.

For you know well that in that lies all the mischief, and that no one cares about this blot, as to which so much fuss has been made ; you did not like to say so, because you are wise. You confine yourself within the strict limits of your justification ; and, in a spirit of unexampled moderation,

¹ *Et l'on se tait du reste*, a quotation from Corneille, an allusion to the intervention of the Princess Élisabeth, the sister of Bonaparte.

² *Sans ce fragment fatal au repos de ma vie,
Mes jours dans le loisir couleront sans envie.*

when replying to the lies which are published against you, you maintain silence about the truths which might have caused annoyance to your calumniators. In fact, of what use would it have been to you, who felt sure of being able to clear yourself of blame, to irritate persons who, utterly contemptible as they are, have a licence, a salary, and a livery—who, without being of much importance, are of some consideration, and whose hatred is capable of injuring? And then, you well knew that I should be obliged to state what you said nothing about, that you would thus be avenged without striking a blow, and that the devil would lose nothing by it.¹

As for myself, as long as the attacks upon me were confined to certain articles inserted in the Italian newspapers, and to certain obscure libels signed by pedants, I laughed at them together with my friends, for I knew that, as you well put it, few persons take an interest in such matters, and these would not fail to understand the reasons of such frenzy and gross calumnies. During the eight months that these gentlemen have honoured me with their insults, you know in what terms I have written to you; I told you that they were a

¹ *Le diable n'y perdrait rien*: A phrase used in reference to a violent emotion, which, though held in check for a time, is bound to show itself later.

rabble whom I was obliged to allow to bark. I had reason to despise them ; but I was wrong not to fear them, and now that I should like to put myself upon my guard against them, there is no longer time.

Sometimes, however, it somewhat consoles me to reflect that Columbus discovered America, and was clapped into a dungeon ; that Galileo discovered the true system of the universe, and his reward was a prison. I have discovered five or six pages in which it is a question of knowing who is to kiss Chloe : shall I be treated worse than them ? I ought at most to be censured by the Court ; but the punishment is not always proportionate to the offence, and it is that which makes me uneasy.

You say that the facts are notorious ; nevertheless, your story and M. Furia's do not agree. His contains many falsehoods ; yours, many omissions. You do not state all you know ; perhaps even you do not know all ; I, who am less cautious, better informed, and equally trustworthy, will fill up the gap caused by your silence.

When staying at Florence about three years ago, I went with one of my friends, M. Akerblad,¹ a member of the Institute, to see the library of the Abbey in that city. There, amongst other MSS. of great antiquity, I was shown one of Longus. I examined it for some time, and the

¹ A Swedish Orientalist.

first book, which everybody knows is incomplete in all the editions, appeared to me complete in this MS.; I gave it back and thought no more about it. At that time I was occupied with very different matters. Afterwards, having travelled through France, Germany, and Switzerland, I returned to Italy, and with you to Florence, where, finding myself at leisure, I copied from this MS. what was missing in the printed edition. In this task I secured the assistance of MM. Furia and Bencini, who were both employed at the library of Saint Laurence, where the MS. was at the time. While working with them, I was so careless as to make a blot of ink which spread over about twenty words in the inedited passage already transcribed by me. To repair in some degree this trifling disaster, I offered, without being asked, to give up my copy, that is to say, that which had been made by myself, M. Furia, and his assistant, and which, being the work of three hands and taken from the original, and revised by three persons before the accident occurred, possessed an exactness and authenticity which was wanting in every other copy. At first my offer was treated with contempt, on the ground that the copy could not take the place of the original; afterwards it was demanded from

me, but at that time I had reasons for refusing it. I paid these gentlemen, and went from Florence to Rome, where, having found, as I had hoped, other MSS. of Longus, I had the text of this author printed at my own expense, with the variants of Rome and Florence. This edition is not on sale, I make a present of it to anyone I please ; but the Florentine fragment, printed separately, is given gratis to anyone who desires to have it.

In regard to all this, I need not call for your evidence, which happily I can dispense with. I understand your caution ; I can appreciate your carefulness, and I have no wish to bring you into collision with the authorities, by obliging you to explain yourself in matters of such importance. If anyone speaks to you about them, shrug your shoulders, lift your eyes to Heaven, heave a sigh, or smile, and say that it is a fine day.

But, before I go further, allow me to complain of the manner in which you have introduced me to the public. You announce me as the author of a translation of Longus, entirely unknown, an anonymous *brochure*, of which there are only a very few copies in the hands of a few friends ; and, as I am no better known than my translation, you inform your readers that I am a very

"clever Hellenist," to use your words. You could not have found a worse expression ; if I am clever, I have not shown it on this occasion. After I have discovered this trifle, which completes a beautiful work which has been mutilated for so many generations, you see what advantage I have been able to derive from it. I have made a present of it to the public, and I am considered to have not only stolen, but utterly destroyed it ; you yourself deplore the loss of it. The Italian journals denounce me as the destroyer of one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity. M. Furia is in mourning for it, his clique cries vengeance, and, while this supplement is in the hands of those who can read it, thanks to my efforts and my purse, a libel is being scattered broadcast against me, entitled, *The history of the discovery and sudden loss of a fragment of Longus*. So much for my cleverness. Anyone else would at least have gained some honour ; I have lost my money and my reputation, and I shall think myself lucky if nothing worse happens to me. Believe me, Monsieur, the clever literary men are those who, like Pascal's Jesuits, "do not read at all, write little, and intrigue much."

Neither am I a "Hellenist," or else I do not know myself. If I understand this word properly (and

I confess it is new to me), you use the word "Hellenist" like "chemist" and "druggist": following this analogy, a "Hellenist" would be a man who displays Greek to the public, who lives by it, and sells it to the public, to the book-sellers, to the Government. That is very different from what I do. You are well aware, Monsieur, that I devote myself to these studies simply from inclination, or rather, from caprice, and when I have no other fancies; that I attach no importance to them, and derive no profit from them; that my name has never been seen at the head of any book; that I desire none of the positions which are attained by these means, and that, had it not been for the chance which has induced me to give this text of a few pages to the public, the latter would never have had this proof of my cleverness; and that, lastly, even after that, unless you had revealed, unnecessarily and contrary to all the rules of politeness, this cleverness, which you are pleased to assume in me, it would never have been attributed to me, or would still be a secret confined to persons capable of judging of it.

Pray tell me, Monsieur, what is the use of a notice of a book which is not for sale, which is given to a few people, and cannot even be given again? And what does it matter to anyone who

reads your works whether this book be good or bad, if people cannot have it? It is quite natural that you should defend yourself against the crime imputed to you by naming the person who has executed the translation; but no one accused you of having executed it. I do not wish to press you too hard upon this point, or to appear more angry than I really am. You thought it a matter of trifling importance, and rightly judged that such a work could do me neither great honour nor great harm; but you might have dispensed with mentioning my name, at least as translator, and if you had thought better of it, you would not have said that I was either "clever" or a "Hellenist."

Nor are you more accurate in speaking of M. Furia. Without any further explanation, you describe him simply as librarian, guardian of a literary trust which is celebrated throughout Europe. Consider, Monsieur. You are writing at Paris, you are addressing Frenchmen, who, seeing these posts occupied by persons of recognised merit, some of whom are even Italians, will most certainly believe that M. Furia is a person of importance from his position and learning. I can understand that this mistake is a matter of indifference to you, and that, having apparently more reasons to spare him than to complain of him, you

are glad to leave him the importance attached to his title in the country in which you are ; but it is important for me, whom he attacks with the support of a clique of pedants, that he should be appreciated at his just value ; nor can I endure that he should be confounded with persons whose learning and good taste are an honour to Italy.

If you had desired to give a just idea of the little known persons of whom you had to speak, after having stated that I was an old soldier, a Hellenist, and since you will have it so, "very clever," you ought to have added ; M. Furia is a pedant, a retired shoemaker like his father, the keeper of a library which he ought still to be sweeping, who at the present time makes bad books, never having been able to make good shoes, a Hellenist the reverse of clever, with a salary of 800 francs, copying Greek for those who pay him to do it, the pupil and successor of Signor Bandini, whose ignorance is famous. You ought not only to have said that this man discovers offences in the merest accidents, but that he is interested in discovering them, because he is an angry pedant whose rage and cruelly wounded vanity serve as instruments of a hatred which does not venture to display itself in any other manner.

These are the things upon which you maintain a prudent silence. Voltaire says somewhere : Fontenelle was full of this circumspection ; he would not, for anything in the world, have consented even to whisper that F * * * * * was a rascal. Voltaire concealed his thoughts less ; but it is safer to imitate Fontenelle. Unfortunately, the choice does not rest with me, and I am obliged to tell all.

To begin with Signor Furia's possible reasons for not being as disinterested in this matter as one might imagine, you must know that the discovery of the precious fragment of Longus was made in a MS. on which Furia had worked for several years, and which he regarded as, in a manner, his own property ; that the discovery was made exactly at the moment when Signor Furia had just presented the public with a very full and, according to him, "very accurate" account of this MS., in which is set forth, page by page, and in great detail, all that he found worthy of observation ; that his work upon this little volume, announced a long time before, has lasted six years, during which he has never ceased to examine and describe it with extraordinary patience ; that he has even, according to his own account, extracted from it several variants of the

pretended fables of Aesop, which are reprinted by him at the end of his account ; for these silly productions of some monk, with which we begin the study of Greek at school, are to be found at the end of the romance by Longus, and M. Furia has not failed to profit by them ; that, lastly, hardly had he finished his work, which he sold himself, and in which he thought that he had exhausted all there was to be said about the divine MS., than by chance there comes someone who, at the first glance, finds and points out to the public the only really interesting thing in it, and the only thing also that Signor Furia had not observed.

At the present day it is common enough for persons to write about what they understand the least. Every petty scholar sets himself up for a doctor : to judge by what is printed every day, one would say that every one thinks himself obliged to show his ignorance. But proofs of such strength of mind are not common, and Signor Bandini himself, famous for similar blunders, never did anything to approach that.

We possess narratives of travel, the authors of which are suspected of never having been out of their study ; and, in another field, "How many have given accounts of battles which they

have never been near";¹ but an account of a book by one who has not read it is quite a new kind of buffoonery, for which the public ought to be obliged to Signor Furia. I do not mean to imply by that that he has not examined it with considerable attention. On the contrary, I am astonished that he has been able to enter into all these details and to have made two volumes of them. His work (which I have not read) will some day be useful to the binder to prevent any mistake in the arrangement of the sheets. In a word, in the account which he has given of this book, and which, according to him, was so interesting that it has occupied him six years, he has thought of everything, except reading it.

It is to be regretted for your sake, Monsieur, that you did not witness the effect produced upon him by the first sight of this lacuna in the printed work, and the inedited fragment in the MS. which filled it up. His surprise was very great, and when he found that the fragment consisted, not merely of a few lines, but of several pages, I assure you I could not help pitying him. At first he seemed dazed: you would perhaps have laughed at him at first, but soon you would have been afraid of him, for in a moment he became

¹ Combien de gens ont fait des récits de batailles
Dont ils s'étoient tenus loin !

furious. I had never before seen a pedant in a rage : you cannot think what one is like. "The quadruped foams and his eye flashes fire."¹ If looks could have bitten me, I should have had a bad time of it.

From that time Signor Furia believed himself a disgraced man. You know that Vatel² killed himself because his master had no roast meat for supper. In his way, as the King said when he heard of his death, he was a man of honour. M. Furia did not kill himself, because soon afterwards he conceived the hope of regaining to some extent his reputation at the expense of mine : for I think it was two days later that I made the blot in the MS., for which he is in his heart so grateful to me, although he so loudly complains of it. After having copied all the inedited fragment, I finished the collation of the rest with these gentlemen. In order to mark in the volume the place where the supplement was to be found, I put in it a sheet of paper, without noticing that it was smeared with ink underneath. This paper stuck to the sheet, and made a blot which spread over a few words in a few lines.

¹ Le quadrupède écume et son œil étincelle.—LA FONTAINE.

² The *maître d'hôtel* of the Prince de Condé. The occasion referred to was a dinner given by the latter to Louis XIV.

M. Furia has described, in historic prose, the history of this event. It is said to be his best work : it is at any rate the only one that has been read. He has inserted in it a great deal of his own, both in matter and style ; but the chief part of it is taken from the Pharsalia and Seneca's tragedies.

I confess that the accident seemed to me a very trifling one. I did not know that this book was the Palladium of Florence, that the destiny of this city depended upon the words which I had just effaced ; however, I ought to have suspected that these were sacred objects to the Florentines, since they never touch them. But I was not conscious of my blood freezing in my veins, or of my hair standing up on end ; I did not lose my voice for a moment, my breath did not stop, my pulse did not cease to beat. M. Furia declares that this was what happened to him ; but I looked carefully, and I swear that I did not see in him any of these alarming symptoms of approaching faintness, except when I put his nose to the fragment of Greek which he had been unable to see without my assistance.

M. Furia's expressions, in which he describes the shock he felt at the sight of this blot, which covered, as I have told you, about twenty words, are written in very high style, and in a tone of

pathos rare even in Italy. You have been struck by them, Monsieur, and you have quoted them, but without venturing to translate them. Perhaps you imagined that the weakness of our language could not attain such elevation of style ; I am more venturesome, and I think that, whatever Horace may say, one may attempt to translate Pindar and M. Furia ; it is all the same. Here is my literal version :

At this horrible sight (he means the blot I made on his old book) my blood froze in my veins, and, for several instants, when I attempted to cry or speak, my voice stopped in my throat a cold shiver seized upon my numbed limbs . . . Do you see, Monsieur ? this blot of ink is for him the head of Medusa. He is stupified ; he asserts it positively, and it is the only assertion that is proved by his book.

But there is as much malice as frankness in this confession ; for he wants to make people believe that it is I who have produced this effect upon him, to the great detriment of literature. For my part, I maintain that, long before he saw this frightful blot, "the mere recollection of which fills him with horror and indignation," he was dazed, or certainly very nearly so, since he has held, turned over, examined, described, and

marked in detail each page of this little volume, without even suspecting what it contained.

When his director, or his preserver as he sometimes calls him, Signor Thomas Puzzini,¹ "heard of this strange accident through the loud-sounding trumpet of Fame, which ever unwearied re-echoed it in his ear;" in short, when he was told of the incident of the blot, "he was seized with horror; he shuddered at the recital of so atrocious an action." In fact, there may be greater crimes, but none blacker. Besides, M. Furia represents "Florence in deep distress, a whole city in tears, the citizens in a state of consternation;" as for him, in the midst of this public mourning, when everyone was weeping, you may guess that he did not spare himself. From the time when "his voice stuck in his throat," he never said a word, and doubtless he thought no more about it, for he "became dazed." But, "during the night, in his dreams, this cruel (he did not venture to say bloody) image presented itself to his eyes." And he declares, at the outset, that the obligation of relating this fact "weighs heavily upon him, is a very heavy burden for him, because it recalls to

¹ His real name was Puccini: the writer, by way of a joke, has changed this into Puzzini, meaning "stinking"; as Regnier says, "he smelt much more strongly, but not sweeter, than roses."

him the liveliest recollections of the bitterness of an event which, while no length of time could ever veil it in oblivion for him, he can never think of again without feeling himself overwhelmed with horror." Here I translate word for word. Here it is Virgil amplified in proportion to the subject; for, what the poet said of the whole massacre of a whole people did not seem strong enough to M. Furia for a blot of ink. Do you not wonder, Monsieur, that a man writing in this style attaches such importance to the text of Longus, which is simplicity itself? It is zeal for old books which inflames M. Furia and causes him to speak like a prophet. For the rest, hyperbole is familiar to him, and it is in that that he is most successful. Do you want a good instance of it? One of his patrons (for he has several, all fired with the same zeal and desperately enraged against me) undertook to print one of his books, when the publishers refused it: immediately M. Furia proclaimed him, in his dedication, to be the foremost man of the age, and assured him that "no age to come would ever cease to praise him." Cicero formerly said as much to the conquerors of the world.¹ Now, if a man who spends fifty crowns on printing Signor Furia's foolish effusions de-

¹ Nulla aetas de tuis laudibus conticescet.

Oratio pro Marcello.

serves to have altars erected to him, it is clear that he who, although involuntarily, makes everyone see and feel the ignorance of the said Signor is worthy of every punishment: that is the substance of the libel which he has published against me.

We are agreed upon the facts and circumstances which he relates: most of them, of his own invention, are really unimportant. What does it really matter whether he was the first to notice this blot, as he declares, or whether I showed it to him, as soon as I saw it myself, which is the truth? whether it was he who showed me this MS. of Longus, or whether I had been acquainted with it a long time before, as you, Monsieur, know to be the case, and all the other persons to whom I had written or spoken about it? whether, as he says, I copied the whole supplement at his dictation, or whether I deciphered and explained to him the passages which he was unable to read, because he did not understand the meaning,—all this has nothing to do with the matter.

I have made the blot, “the horrible blot,” and I have given a declaration to that effect to M. Furia, without his having thought of asking me for it, whatever he may say. After having offered him my copy, which he did not ask me

for either, I afterwards refused it to him. I am far from regretting it, and you shall hear why.

I at first offered this copy to M. Furia, as I have stated, on my own initiative, and he accepted my offer without appearing to attach much importance to it, very judiciously observing that no copy could repair the injury done to the MS. I continued my work : you arrived two days later, and you saw the "disaster," as M. Furia called it. On that day, as far as I remember, he laid but little stress upon the promised copy ; however, I see, from your account, that it was talked about, and no doubt I promised it again. It was not until the next day, when you were no longer at Florence, that M. Furia pressed me for this copy. I told him that I had not time to make a duplicate of it for myself, but that, as soon as I had finished collating the MS., I would think about satisfying him. The same day, when I looked at the blot, it seemed to me larger, and I began to have my suspicions. In the evening, when I went out of the library, M. Furia pressed me strongly to call at my rooms with him, to give him the copy. He wanted it immediately, he said, because it might get lost with me. His eagerness added to the mistrust I already felt,

and I replied that, having carefully considered the matter, I should be glad to keep this copy for myself ; since, as it had been written by three hands, it was the only and the only authentic proof which I could give of the text I intended to publish, as far as the passage that was obliterated was concerned. "For this very reason," said he to me, "it is the only one that properly belongs to the library, and in my hands it will run no risk of being lost." I did not tell him what I thought, but I refused point-blank. He got angry, I got angrier, and I sent him about his business in language which cannot be described.

Did I not warn you, Monsieur, when you wanted to take away the paper that was gummed to the MS. ? Did I not exclaim : "Take care ; touch nothing ; you do not know the people with whom you are dealing." I perhaps made use of other words dictated by the occasion and the contempt which I felt for them, but that was in the main the meaning, and you recollect it. Fear nothing, Monsieur ; this cannot compromise you. You did not heed what I said ; you put your hand upon the fatal blot ; you have suffered for it ; but your conduct showed that you always think well of people "who occupy a position," whatever their position may be. You may there-

fore admit, without fear of becoming embroiled with anyone, that I warned you of what would happen to you, and you will do so, for we like to tell the truth when it cannot hurt us.

You see, Monsieur, that from that time I had divined their spiteful intention ; I did not as yet know what they were meditating ; but I knew, when I refused my copy to M. Furia.

In order to understand the importance which we both attached to it, you must know how this copy was made. The character of the MS. was strange to me : MM. Furia and Bencini, having had it long enough to be tolerably familiar with it, at first dictated to me while I wrote, and, while writing, I left blank spaces in the passages which they had not been able to read in the original, because the characters were effaced or blurred. When I had in this manner finished writing all that was missing in the printed copy, I in my turn took the MS., and, guided by the sense, which I understood better than they did, made out or conjectured the words which these gentlemen had been unable to decipher, while they, holding the pen, wrote what I dictated to them, and filled up the blanks which I had left in my copy. In addition, there were certain mistakes in what I had written from their dictation, which

I made them correct in accordance with the MS., which caused a number of erasures. Thus, on every page, almost in every line, amongst the words written by me, are to be found words written by one of them, and it is this which establishes the authenticity of the whole ; you also see that M. Furia, in his diatribe against me, attests the accuracy of this copy, which he could not deny without injuring himself.

Several persons at Florence, when speaking to me at the time of the blot made in the MS., appeared to me to be convinced that it was an idea of my own, so that I might be able to alter the text in an obscure passage, and in this manner avoid its difficulties. These reports were spread by M. Furia, who, by any means in his power, wished to discredit the edition which you had announced, and of which he believed that you and I hoped to make a most profitable speculation ; for he could neither believe nor understand that I should do all that gratuitously, and, now that he is obliged to believe it, he does not understand it any the more.

Even at that time you were able to read in the *Milan Gazette* an article written by one of M. Furia's clique, in which the public was warned "not to attach any credit to a supplement of

Longus which was about to be published at Paris, considering the destruction of the original MS.,” and so forth. You may imagine, Monsieur, that, in this state of things, M. Furia was the last person to whom I could have intrusted the deposit which he required. How could I repair the injury done to the MS., except by giving to the public the text, printed from an authentic copy? and could I put the only proof of the text, which I was going to publish, into the hands of a man who accused me of wishing to falsify this text?

You will observe that this document, so necessary to me, is perfectly useless to the library; it cannot possess, in the eyes of learned men, the authority of the MS., and, consequently, cannot take its place. If there is any error in my edition, it is because I have wrongly read the original, and my copy cannot be of any use in correcting it. It is useless to those who might doubt the accuracy of the printed text, of which it is not the source; but it is useful to me against the disloyalty and bad faith of Signor Furia, who, if he had it in his hands, could bring suspicion upon the whole by altering a single word, whereas his own writing now obliges him to confess the authenticity of this text, which he would assuredly deny, if he were able to do so.

If M. Furia had had this copy in his hands, he would first have published lengthy discussions upon the erasures, of which it is full. It is easy to guess the conclusion at which he would have arrived, and the foolishness of his arguments would only have been seen by really clever men, who are few in number, and can never decide about anything ; therefore, far from intrusting it to him, I refused even to show it to him : for, if he could only have known what were the words written by his own hand, it would have been enough to enable him to fill the newspapers with fresh impertinences. In a word, every request on his part was bound to be suspected by me, and his eagerness was the first reason for my refusal.

Assuredly the rage of these gentlemen was manifested too openly for me to be mistaken as to their intentions. A few days after your departure, the directors, inspectors, and preservers of Signor Furia met, together with him, at the house of Signor Puzzini, Chamberlain and Keeper of the Museum ; the sacred MS., "attended by the four faculties," was conveyed thither with all ceremony. There, the chemists, who had been summoned to give their opinion upon the blot, unanimously declared that they could not understand it at all ; that this blot was made with an

extraordinary ink, the composition of which, invented on purpose by myself for this great scheme, was beyond their capacity, resisted all analysis, and could not be removed by any known means. An official report was issued and published in the newspapers. M. Furia described at length all that took place at this memorable sitting ; it is the finest episode of his history of the blot of ink, and finished in the style of *Diafoirus*¹ or *Chiampot la perruque*. As for myself, I cannot help saying, even if it makes me fresh enemies, that it only proves that the Professors of Florence are not more skilled in chemistry than in literature, for any binder in Paris could have proved to them that it was ink *de la petite vertu*, and could have removed it before their eyes by a method which, as you know, is practised every day.

But what do you think, Monsieur, of this devotion to old books ? To judge from the importance that these gentlemen attach to their MSS. would you not say that they read them ? You will naturally imagine that, being paid to direct, inspect, and preserve the letters and arts at Florence, they carefully look after the deposit that is intrusted to their charge, without exactly knowing what it is, and regard their careful

¹ The name of two characters in Molière's *Malade imaginaire*.

attention as a merit, the only one which they can claim. But this zeal of the house of the Lord is, I assure, quite a new thing with them : it has never been aroused on quite a recent occasion, of far greater importance, as you shall see.

The Abbey of Florence, whence this text of Longus originally comes, was known throughout Europe as containing the most valuable MSS. in existence. Few persons had seen them ; for, during several centuries, this library remained inaccessible, only monks could enter it, that is to say, no one entered it. The collection which it contained, the more interesting as it was so little known, was an entirely new mine for the learned to work : it was there that could have been found not only a Longus, but a Plutarch, a Diodorus, a Polybius, more complete than we at present possess them. I at last managed to get in, as I have told you, with M. Akerblad, when the French Government took possession of Tuscany, and in an hour we saw a sight that would have roused the ecstasy of all the " Hellenists " (to use your term) in the world—eighty MSS. of the 9th and 10th centuries. We especially noticed the Plutarch of which I have so often spoken to you. What we were able to read of it appeared to me to belong to the life of Epaminondas, which is

wanting in the printed editions. Some months later, this volume disappeared, and with it the most valuable treasure of the library, with the exception of the Longus, which was too well known by the recent account given of it by M. Furia, for anyone to venture to sell it. In consequence of complaints made by M. Akerblad and myself, the Junta gave orders for the recovery of the MSS. It was known where they were, who had bought them, who had sold them; nothing would have been easier than to find them again; it was a matter to exercise the zeal of the conservators, and we pressed these gentlemen strongly to act, but they replied that "they did not wish to cause pain to anyone." The matter went no further. I have kept a copy of the letter which I wrote on the subject to M. Chaban, a member of the Junta.

Livourne, Sept. 30th, 1808.

MONSIEUR,—The orders which I have received have compelled me to depart in such haste, that I hardly had the time to leave my card with you at an hour when I had little hope of being able to speak to you—a way of taking leave of you which was quite at variance with my plans; for, after the marks of kindness which you had shown me, I had intended to pay my respects to you and to take advantage of your favourable disposition

towards me to collect and preserve anything else of value that might be found in your monastic libraries. But, since my duties prevent me from taking part in this good work, I desire at least to assist it by my prayers. I beseech you, then, to be good enough to give instructions that all the MSS. of the Abbey should be removed to the library of Saint-Laurent, and that those which are missing, according to the existing catalogue, should be searched for. I have recently noticed that some of the most important of them have already disappeared ; but it will be easy to trace them, and to prevent these monuments of antiquity passing into foreign hands, which are only too eager to secure them, or even being lost in the hands of those who conceal them, as has frequently happened, &c., &c."

Fresh orders were given for the search for the MSS. I was even nominated by the Junta, a commissioner for this object, together with M. Akerblad, but we refused the honour, he as a foreigner, I, as being engaged elsewhere. The task was accordingly intrusted to MM. Puzzini and Furia, whom nothing could induce to give the slightest attention to it—"they did not at the time wish to cause pain to anybody." Those who had the MSS. kept them, and still have them in their possession.

Now, will it be believed that these persons, who were so indifferent to the loss of a collection of all the classic authors, are the very same as those who, at the present moment—for the sake of a few words of a single page of a romance, a few words which, had it not been for me, they would never have known, a few words which are printed, and which they could read, if they knew how to read—are now working with such zeal to stir up the Government and the public against me, are filling the newspapers with insults and ridiculous slanders, and, by means of circulars, promise the literary *canaille* of Italy the pleasure of soon seeing me treated as a State criminal? M. Puccini answers for it; he no doubt knows what he is saying, and, “upon my honour, I myself begin to believe a little,” as Sosia says.

It will surprise you to learn, Monsieur, that not one of them knows me. Not one of them, with the exception of Signor Furia, has ever had the least quarrel, or connection of any kind with me. I have spoken for a quarter of an hour with M. Puccini, and I do not even recall his features; therefore their hatred against me cannot be personal. The reason of their waging such cruel war against me, and for such a trifle, considering that they are “naturally disinclined to cause pain to anyone,” is something quite different from per-

sonal animosity. The offence which I have involuntarily given to Signor Furia concerns him particularly ; the rage of his clique has a more general cause.

You remember the Spanish expression : Not as French, but as heretics.¹ These gentlemen certainly say something like it ; but I assure you that they but ill-disguise the true reasons of their hatred ; everybody knows it. My first crime was that I discovered their ignorance, but that alone would have been nothing ; for, if they persecuted all those who knew more than themselves, whom would they be able to pardon ? The second, which renders me utterly unworthy of pardon, is that I do not pronounce the word *ciceri*² as they do. That is a kind of original sin which nothing can obliterate.

If I had the least influence, or could promise them any post, however unimportant, or offer them any reward or bribe, they would all be at my feet, and would think of as many petty meanesses, to pay their court to me, as they now invent calumnies, in order to injure me. You may rest assured, Monsieur, that, before making up their

¹ The Spaniards in Florida hung and burned the French, "not as French, but as heretics," according to the placards, to which the filibusters subsequently replied by massacring the Spaniards, "not as Spaniards, but as assassins."

² The Shibboleth of the Sicilian Vespers.

minds to attack me, they have taken good care to find out whether I had anyone to support me, and, when they found out that I had nothing to depend upon, that I lived alone with a few friends as unknown as myself, that I kept away from the great, and that no highly-placed personage took any interest in me, they declared war against me. You must confess that they are clever people : it was certainly something for the worthy Spaniards to make an *auto-da-fé* of the French in Florida, it was something to praise God for ; but what a triumph, what fun to cause a Frenchman to be burned by the French themselves ! I see here people reading this gloomy rhapsody of Furia against myself : his style is bad, they say, but his intention is good. According to what these gentlemen say, the discovery I have made in the MS. is nothing, it is the most trifling thing that could ever have been discovered, but the harm that I have done is "immense." Understand this well, Monsieur, the whole fragment is nothing, but a few words of it, unfortunately obliterated, are an immense loss, even when the whole is printed. M. Furia has extended this loss as far as he possibly could, since the blot is now twice as large as when I made it, if the sketch of it as published by him is correct.

He has increased it to this extent in order to be able to say that it was immense ; for he accommodates, not the epithet to the thing, but the thing to the epithet which he desires to employ. With all that, the damage is far from being immense, and even if I had drowned all his old books as well as himself, in ink, the evil would still be small.

However, M. Furia understands, or rather agrees, that this discovery is common to us, for it is clear that the whole credit of it belongs to him, since it is he, as he asserts, who made me acquainted with the MS., showed and deciphered it to me, whereas without his assistance I should have been unable to discover it, or to read it when discovered. This, in truth, is the chief aim of his pamphlet, and all the details invented by him tend in this direction. Without employing much skill, he has found his readers disposed to believe him and to adjudge him half the credit, for it would be too much for one man to enjoy the whole.

What hatred accompanies fame ! how difficult it is to escape neglect and jealousy ! Of all the roads which lead to the temple of Memory, I have followed the most obscure : my reputation rests upon eight pages of Greek, and these are

disputed with me! M. Furia wants his share of them; he cries in the newspapers, he arranges and prints a tissue of lies in order to arrive at the expression, "our common discovery." You see the trick, Monsieur, and far from revealing it, you endeavour to profit by it by slipping between us two. You seem to say to each of us: At least allow me to be your shadow; Furia would consent; but I am intractable; I desire to go down to posterity alone.

Reputation is very rare at the present day; one would never believe it: in this enlightened and triumphant age there are not two men certain of leaving a name behind them. As for me, if I have completed the text of Longus, as long as people read Greek, there will always be four or five "Hellenists" who will know that I once existed. A thousand years hence, some learned man will prove, in a dissertation, that my name was Paul Courier, that I was born at such and such a place, in such and such a year, that I died on such and such a day in the year of grace * * *, without anyone having ever known anything about it, and, for this famous discovery, he will be made a member of the Academy. Let me try, then, to prove that I am the real, the only restorer of the mutilated work of Longus; it is worth the trouble; it is a question of nothing less than immortality.

You know the truth, Monsieur, although you do not state it, and M. Clavier, to whom I wrote as follows from Milan, knows it as well :

Milan, October 13th, 1809.

Please send me your Greek commissions without delay ; I shall be at Florence for a month, at Rome during the whole winter, and I will give you a good account of the MSS. of Pausanias. There is not an old book in Italy over which I shall not be willing to lose my eyesight for love of you and of Greek. I shall also examine on my own account the MSS. in the Abbey of Florence. There was something of value for you and me in about one hundred volumes belonging to the ninth and tenth centuries ; what has not been sold by the monks still remains ; perhaps I shall find what you want there. With Dorville's¹ Chariton there is a Longus which I believe to be complete ; at least, I did not discover any lacunas when I examined it ; but, really, one needs to be a magician in order to read it. I hope, however, to manage to do so, "by having frequent recourse to spectacles," as Maître François² says. It is really a pity that this pretty little romance, which has

¹ Jacques Philippe d'Orville, a well known *littérateur* and archæologist.

² Rabelais.

been translated into every language and meets with universal approval, should be in its present condition. If I could offer it you in a perfect state, I should think my time profitably spent and my name amply commended to the Greeks, present and future. I want little glory ; it is enough for me that it should one day be known that I have shared your studies and your friendship."

M. Lamberti read this letter, in which he was mentioned, and promised me that he would translate the supplement, as he could do it better than anyone. He well remembers all the circumstances, and the following is his letter :

"The hope which you entertained of finding in the Florentine MSS. a complete text of Longus was communicated to me by you as soon as you arrived at Milan, and I spoke about it to several friends, who cannot fail to remember it. Mention was also made of a translation of the supplement into Italian, if your hopes of the discovery did not turn out ill-founded ; and I bound myself to undertake it by a solemn promise, founded upon the friendship which unites us. It was therefore with great astonishment that I afterwards saw the silly nonsense written by Signor Furia, who, in his *brochure*, claimed to have had a share in the discovery."

Lastly, here is a letter from M. Akerblad, which sufficiently shows when it was that I saw this MS. for the first time :

“I certainly remember that, three years ago, we went together to the library of the Abbey at Florence, where, amongst other MSS., we were shown that which contains the romances of Longus, and several other of the Greek “erotic” writers. I also remember quite well that, while I was occupied in going through the catalogue of these MSS., the finest of which have since disappeared, you stopped long enough to examine that of Longus, the same one which supplied you with the interesting fragment which you have just published.” Thus, certainly before this MS. passed into the library of Saint-Laurent at Florence, I had seen it at the Abbey of Florence: I knew that it was perfect; I had spoken or written to that effect to all those whom it might interest. Since then, M. Furia “showed” me in the library the book which I asked him for, and which I knew better than he did, although I had not had it in my possession so long, and it was I who “showed” him what he had not seen in the MS. during the six years he had spent in describing it and extracting its rubbish. This clearly shows that all M. Furia’s story, and the trivialities

with which he has embellished it, in order to show that chance caused us both to make this discovery together, which he calls "common," are so many falsehoods. Now if, in dealing with a fact so well known, M. Furia lies with such effrontery, it is easy to judge of his good faith in things which he asserts on his testimony alone; for to this lie, of little importance in itself, he has added other impostures, the most innocent of which would certainly deserve a hundred lashes. It was this upon which he counted "so as to be a little at his ease," like the *huissier* in the *Plaideurs*.¹ I might have fallen into the snare twenty years ago; but now I know these tricks, and I advise him to turn his attention somewhere else. I might certainly, in my absent-mindedness, have let the ink-bottle fall upon the old book; but, in falling upon the pedant, I should not have the same excuse, and I know what it would cost me.

Since the insertion in the *Gazette* of Florence of the article in which you announced an edition of the supplement and of the entire work, I was in full possession of my discovery, and more interested than anyone else in its preservation. Everyone knew that I had discovered this fragment of Longus, that I intended to work upon it

¹ By Racine.

and print it: thus my "privilege" and my right of discovery were assured; it cannot therefore be imagined that I purposely made the blot on the MS. in order to appropriate the inedited fragment, which belonged to me. Nevertheless, this is what M. Furia alleges; he says that this blot of ink was made in order to deprive him of his share in the little find (you have seen, by what precedes, to what this share reduces itself), and in order to prevent him or any other equally capable person from bringing out an edition of it. This, according to him, is proved by my refusal to let him have the copy.

Such language can only find credit with those who have no idea of such a work; for who would have been able to undertake it at Florence, even if your announcement had not informed the public both of the discovery and of the person to whom it belonged? Do not take my word for it, Monsieur; consult the learned men of your acquaintance, and they will all tell you that there was no one at Florence capable of producing a tolerable edition of this text according to a single MS. This requires a knowledge of the Greek language, not indeed very extraordinary, but far superior to that possessed by the Florentine Professors.

Imagine to yourself, Monsieur, eight pages without stops or commas, in every place words mutilated, transposed, omitted and added, glosses confused with the text, entire phrases altered by the ignorance, and, more frequently, the impertinent corrections of the copyists. Schrevelius¹ affords little assistance in clearing up this confusion to one who only knows the *Fables of Aesop*. I can flatter myself that I have been completely successful, although I was without all the necessary aids; but, with the exception of one or two places, which those who have books will be easily able to correct, I have restored the whole to such a condition that even M. Furia, with my translation and his Schrevelius, would easily be able to follow the author's meaning from one end to the other. All this can be done by others, and better than by myself, at Venice or Milan, but not at Florence.

The Florentines are witty, but they know very little Greek, and I believe that they care very little about it; there are amongst them several talented persons, well informed and agreeable; they speak the most beautiful of living languages admirably, which enables them to dispense readily with Greek.

What preface, I ask you, could M. Furia have written for this book, if he had edited it? He

¹ A Dutch scholar, who compiled a Greek Lexicon.

would have been obliged to say : In my lengthy work upon this MS., from which I have extracted what is of very little interest, I forgot to say that it contained the complete work of Longus : this fact has just been brought to my notice. On that point he would have quoted your article in the *Gazette*. You see, Monsieur, how many reasons there were why I should have little fear that he or any other person would think of disturbing me in the possession of the blessed fragment. I refused to give M. Furia, not *any* copy, which would have been useless to him as librarian, but a *particular* copy, which he wanted to misuse as my declared enemy ; and this misuse did not consist in his wish to publish it, for he could not do that, but to alter it, so as to throw doubt upon what I was going to publish. All this is, I think, sufficiently clear.

But if it is positively declared that, against my own obvious interest, I mutilated this fragment, which I had then just unearthed and which belonged to me, apparently for the purpose of consoling M. Furia for the trifling annoyance which this discovery caused him, it will have to be confessed that the worshippers of Longus owe me far more thanks than reproaches. If this text is so sacred, I deserve a statue for having

completed it. The blot which has destroyed a few words in the MS. cannot be a State crime unless the restoration of the whole in the printed copies be not a public benefit: but if all the work, as some very sensible persons think, is in itself only a piece of silliness, what is this blot, about which such a fuss is made? In all sincerity, the affair of Figaro, which also turned upon a blot of ink, and the case of the Intimé, are, compared with this, serious matters: "and, even if it should be true that, out of pure mischief, I purposely spoiled the whole or part of the said fragment, let what I have done since then be regarded as a set-off,"¹ and the edition of the supplement which is distributed gratis, and that of the whole work which is "presented" to the learned, and lastly, this translation of which you give an account, which certainly clears up the text more than the blot obscures it. You will not be suspected of partiality for me, Monsieur. You are of opinion that I have completed Amyot's version so "skilfully" that there appears very little incongruity between his work and my additions, and you confess that "the task was diffi-

¹ Et quand il seroit vrai que, par pure folie,
J'aurois exprès gâté le tout ou bien partie
Du dit fragment, qu'on mette en compensation
Ce que nous avons fait depuis cette action.

cult." I am not here in a position to play the modest man : an accused man in the dock, who sees that things are going badly for him, recommends himself whenever he can and takes advantage of everything. This translation of Amyot is generally admired, and is considered one of the most beautiful works in our language. A whole volume could be made of the commendation which has been passed upon it even during the last four or five years, in the journals and in various books. One considers it a masterpiece of *naïveté* ; another calls Amyot the creator of a style which no one has been able to imitate ; a third declares the translation inimitable, and even goes so far as to attribute to him the great reputation of Longus's work. Now, this inimitable masterpiece, this model which no one has been able to reach, has not only been imitated by me very "skilfully," to use your expression, but I have corrected it throughout, and you cannot say that any of the beauties of the original have been lost. The undertaking was of such a nature that, before it was carried out, everybody would have laughed at the idea, because, in fact, there were very few persons capable of carrying it out. There are five or six people in Europe who know Greek ; those who know French are fewer. But it is not

only Greek and French that have helped me to finish this beautiful copy, after having been so fortunate as to restore the original ; it is rather the excellent Italian writers, from whom I have derived more benefit than from our own, and who are the real origin of the beauties of Amyot ; for, in order to touch up and finish Amyot's work, it was necessary to possess his knowledge of the three languages (a sufficiently rare combination) which have formed his style. Thus this trifle, trifle though it is, and certainly a very small one, could have been produced by few.

I can understand, Monsieur, that your judgment is not that of everyone else, and that what has met with your approval may seem ridiculous to others ; but, as the work is only known by your notice of it, the public ought, for the moment, to be favourably disposed towards me ; and, if this prejudice in favour of my translation is able to procure my acquittal from the charge of *lèse-manuscrit*, it does not matter to me whether it is afterwards considered good or bad.

I would ask, then, that it should be considered whether the merit of having completed, corrected, and perfected this version, which everybody reads with such delight, and of having given to the learned a text which will soon be translated into

every language, can atone for the crime of having involuntarily obliterated a few words in an old book which no one before me has ever read, and which no one will read after me? If I possessed M. Furia's eloquence, I would here summon the shade of Longus, and, if I related the incident to him, I would wager that he would laugh at it, and would embrace me for having at last "restored his amorous work to the light of day." You may imagine what a face he would make at M. Furia, who left him to be eaten with worms in the venerable old book.

I have the honour to be, Monsieur, &c.

Tivoli, Sept. 28th, 1810.

P.S.—Is it worth while to tell you the reason why I have not sent you either the text or the translation which I promised? Being accused of entering into a speculation with you in regard to this fragment, of which I made you a present, as you admit, was not my only course to "give it" to the public myself? I will also confess that your ambition alarmed me. If, after having accompanied me into a library, you had said and printed at Milan, "We have discovered, we are going to bring out a complete Longus," would it not have been clear that, once master and

publisher of this text, you would have said, like Archimedes, *Εὕρηκα*. You and M. Furia would have decked yourself in my finest feathers, and I should have been left with my spot of ink, of which no one disputed possession with me. I had meant to make a division: the profit for you, the honour for me; you wanted to have both, and to leave me nothing but the blot. Such a claim upset all our arrangements.

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